

"I don't see how it can be prevented, if mamma chooses to enter into such an arrangement, Judith."

"Oh, I do, though. I should prevent it, if I thought it wrong."

"You, Judith!"

"Yes, I, Delphine. I think I shall have to prevent it."

"You speak somehow quite differently," said Delphine. "I do not understand you, Judith. I feel as if something had happened, and you look as if you had the world on your shoulders."

Judith looked at her, strangely moved; Delphine was the dearest thing she had in the world—her most precious possession. To-day's interview marked a change in their relations to one another, an epoch. For until now they had always met on terms of equality; but this after-

noon Judith knew that she was holding something back from her sister, knew that she stayed her hand from inflicting a blow upon her—which blow she yet felt would have to be dealt.

"I feel as if I had a great deal on my shoulders," she answered, trying to speak carelessly.

"And now I must go, Delphine, or mamma will grow uneasy, and darkness will overtake me. And you must run home too."

"Then the day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, Judith?"

"Yes. Mr. Aglionby has promised that we shall have the brougham. Give my love to Rhoda, and good-night."

The two figures exchanged a parting kiss in the twilight, and went their several ways.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC HOMES.

By H. Cox.

ALTHOUGH our artists' homes are so constantly cited as great examples of what may be accomplished in the way of decorating habitations so that they may become "palaces of art," rather than mere commonplace dwellings; yet happily the knowledge and appreciation of true art, viz, perfect form, exquisite symmetry, and harmonious color, is not confined to one small section of the community alone. Many persons who would in former times have left the painting, papering, and, to a great extent, the furnishing of their houses in the hands of the decorator and upholsterer, now prefer to bring their own individual taste to bear on their surroundings; and the highest perfection is assuredly secured when, without following blindly the prevailing fashion, each one chooses for himself the style best suited for his purpose, and carries it out artistically, considering no thought, labor, or time lost which he expends on making his rooms beautiful and at the same time characteristic of his tastes and feelings. As a library that has been formed by the owner, and not merely inherited, at once reveals the bent of his mind and suggests to us the studies in which he engages; as an artist's studio gives us an insight into the school he loves best to follow; so a home, which is such in the true sense of the

word, should discover to us somewhat of the characters, the tastes, the pursuits of its inhabitants. The word "artistic" brings us to the consideration of what really constitutes true art in decoration. It should be borne in mind that from the bringing together beautiful things, however lovely they individually are, will never be evolved an agreeable whole unless they are suited one to another and suitable for the purpose to which they are put. A house built in the Gothic style must be decorated in a suitable manner; but not in this alone must fitness be regarded. Rooms should be decorated and furnished so as to insure the greatest possible amount of comfort, repose, and pleasure, compatible with the uses for which they are designed: a dining-room should be arranged so that it may appear to advantage in artificial light, and present a warm, solid appearance; while a drawing-room may be more lightly and elegantly furnished. Then, again, harmony is another distinctive feature in decorative art. If a good scheme of coloring is faithfully carried out, a satisfactory and pleasing effect will be the unfailling result. A third point of no less importance is the due recognition of true proportion. All decoration is worthless if it is not perfectly adapted to the space it is intended to embellish;

the design also must be on a scale proportionate to the size of the panel it occupies. But a brief passing notice is given to these three fundamental points, the object of the present paper being to offer some practical hints for home decoration; but they will be alluded to, perchance more than once, as necessity requires.

The several portions of entrance-hall and rooms, the floors, walls, ceilings, etc., first call for attention; we will afterward consider the house as a whole, and suggest a scheme or two that may be of assistance to our readers. The hall flooring may be laid in plain marbles, or patterned in mosaic work; this style is more uncommon, but, unless evenly and well laid, is no improvement on the tiles that are so fashionable at present. Either pavement is desirable on account of the ease with which perfect cleanliness may be maintained. The designs on tiles suitable for halls are so numerous that choice of the prettiest is rendered a difficult undertaking, the one great objection to their use being the noise occasioned by every passing footstep. Plain oak or parqueterie is charming for a hall, presenting, as it does, with one or two Oriental rugs laid down, a rich, warm appearance. The polishing process keeps it as clean and free from dust as the tile pavement, and it possesses this advantage over the other, that it gives back but a subdued echo, whereas the tiles ring out each successive footfall clearly and sharply. All floors in a house may be laid either with oak or parqueterie, or the borders only may be of ornamental wood, the centre covered with a carpet.

For wall decoration we have various methods and materials offered us. Woven or painted tapestry, silk, satin, cretonne, are among the textile fabrics suitable for hangings. They afford the depth and richness necessary to suit the prevailing taste. Walls either flatted or done in distemper are preferred by many to other modes of ornamentation. They can be more easily cleansed, and will not hold the dust, as do the above-named fabrics; they can be made to look warm, cool, rich, sombre, light, dim, or glowing, according to the colors the artist pleases to lay upon them, and may thus be brought to form fitting backgrounds to the furniture of any known period, and to enhance by good contrasts the colors of chair-coverings and carpets. Paper-hangings, though some would relegate them to the bedroom floors, are cool and bright-looking, and, when artistically

designed and harmoniously colored, are worthy of decorating some of our choicest rooms. Entrance-halls may be painted, tiled, hung with embossed leather or Lincrusta Walton. The mention of walls brings us to the consideration of dados. And first as to height. A dado cannot in any case be allowed to be of such a height that the wall is thereby divided into two equal parts. The usual plan is to raise it somewhat higher than the chair-back; but it may be carried up as high as the top of the door with advantage; this gives an odd yet picturesque appearance, eminently suited to old country houses, where there is plenty of light. In town houses, closely surrounded as they are, the light obtainable is so small in quantity that it is oftentimes requisite that the walls should be as light in tone as possible, in order that they may reflect all the natural light and diffuse it around. This is especially needful in houses where the back windows are of necessity filled in with stained glass, that the outlook, which is often none of the pleasantest, may be hidden. While a rich old oaken dado cannot be rivaled for beauty, durability, and fitness, yet the many other methods of forming dados are good and effective in their several degrees. Matting forms a useful lower covering for a wall; it is held in place by a wooden moulding, both at top and bottom. Dark paint, a geometrical-patterned paper, leather, tapestry, are all suitable for various classes of decoration. In color they should be darker than the rest of the wall, as they occupy the lower portion. The wainscoting is generally seen to be deepest in tone; then follows the dado, which may be rather lighter, the wall filling still lighter, and then the frieze. This plan gives the appearance of solidity and strength to the room, the several gradations leading up pleasantly to the ceiling above. It is a plan, however, that is by no means invariably followed, and one that may well be departed from under a clever artist's directions; it is not, for instance, always desirable to have a light-colored ceiling. A surbase, or rail of moulded wood, divides the dado from the wall above; this is sometimes made wide enough to hold valuable pieces of old china. Or, if a paper dado is used, a border of paper may take the place of the wooden moulding. Again, if paint alone is used, a pattern is often stenciled above the painted dado border on the upper wall; this effectually does away with the abruptness that

may be too pronounced if the dado is dark and the wall space light in color. When there are many pictures to adorn a room, a painted wall is the background best adapted to set them off to advantage; but, if paper is employed, it should be chosen of some tertiary tint, powdered with geometrically-arranged conventional flowers and leaves. If tertiary tints are not approved, a design into which are introduced in minute portions the primary colors, will produce a warm, rich effect, and will yet be free from even a suggestion of vulgarity, provided only that the colors are well-balanced. As walls must be considered merely as backgrounds to the objects in the rooms, obtrusive patterns of fruit and flowers are objectionable; for, in so far as they become prominent and conspicuous, they detract from the objects they are intended to set off. Fitness is one of the great principles to be regarded in selecting a wall paper. Thus, if a ceiling is low, a light-toned paper is appropriate, as a dark one would cause it to appear still lower. If a room is small, the walls should be plainly painted, or a small-patterned paper should cover them, as a large design will have the effect of still further diminishing its size. A frieze may vary in width from five or six inches to three feet, according to the height of the room and the depth of the dado. It may be of paper, tapestry, leather, or a design may be stenciled or painted on the wall itself, or on canvas. If the painting is of real value, it is best that it should be executed on canvas, as it can then be removed at pleasure. Quotations from favorite authors are affected by some for illuminating friezes; others adopt something from *Aesop's* fables, or arrange a design with some of Walter Crane's inimitably life-like figures; but Mr. Atkinson offers a charming suggestion when he tells us in one of his interesting papers on "The Influence of Art in Daily Life," that he has "long had a favorite idea that the poetic and graceful designs of Flaxman, such as he made for Wedgwood, might, with suitable modification, work effectively as friezes or panels for our rooms." In many houses ceilings have, until late years, been treated simply to a coating or two of whitewash; no trouble has been taken to make them anything more than clean. The generality of decorators seemed to consider that with the walls all ornamentation must cease, and when at last the idea dawned upon them that more was re-

quired at their hands, it was the cornice that first attracted their attention. This was consequently picked out in all varieties of colors, and still the ceiling remained a dead white, cold, and unpromising. The decorations of a room, like a picture, will be judged as a whole, and as a whole it is incomplete, until the ceiling space has been so utilized that it may contribute its full share to the color gradations of the general scheme. The several ways in which it may be brought to bear out the artist's conception claim therefore a slight notice. In rooms where the use of much gas is indispensable, the surface should be one that can be easily renewed. This probably is one of the reasons that whitewash has been so generally used. The addition of a little chrome to the white will, however, form a cream tint that is far preferable to the dead white; it will carry on the tones of the cream wall tints, and yet be subject to no objection on the score of cleanliness, the renewal of a cream or gray-blue tinted ceiling being as easy as that of a crude white. If the cornice is picked out with colors, the rule to be observed is that blue should be used on concave surfaces, yellow on convex, and red on the flat portions or undersides of the mouldings, the colors being separated by white. When ceilings are papered, simple patterns are most suitable; if too elaborate, they do not show well. The ground may be cream color, light, dark, or gray blue; or a paper in which the primary colors are so combined in small quantities that a radiant glowing effect, after the Persian style, is produced, may be advantageously employed; in this case the design will of necessity be rather more intricate. But the difficulty that meets us in the way of following out such a decoration is, that these "bloomy" papers are very seldom to be obtained, although they are now becoming by slow degrees more fashionable; the soft, subtle sage and olive greens, the indescribable shades of bronzes and grays, beautiful as they are, pall upon the observer when every house he enters bears the self-same dull tones, and more brilliant colors are gradually taking their places. If each one would boldly strike out a path for himself, instead of lazily imitating a neighbor's ideas who happens to know what is in vogue at the moment, a charming conceit, a novel design, a quaint fancy, or a successful combination of hues, would continue to be viewed with pleasure for a much longer period than is

now possible; seeing it less often we should not so soon weary of it, and discard it for something newer still. But it is in painting a ceiling that the artist has the greatest scope for showing his powers. A centre ornament affords him an opportunity of arranging his colors, so that a splendor of magnificence lights up the whole room, shedding a glory of color and gold around, and recalling visions of the radiance and brilliance of old Arabian art. Or it may be that the surrounding tints require a tender, softened tone to complete the harmony; then he will so balance and apportion his colors that they shall cast down a quiet, subdued glamor, suggestive of chords struck in a minor key, that will create and sustain satisfied feelings of repose and peace. If the painted centre occupies a large portion of the ceiling, no corner ornaments are needed, a pale delicate tint covers the remaining space, and the cornice is decorated; but should the centre be small, it requires corner pieces to equalize the decoration. When such is the case, the cornice may be picked out in various shades or colors, or simply treated with the flat tint of the ceiling.

The wood-work of a house should harmonize with the color of the walls, etc. In former times, in going over an unfurnished house, it was easy to tell, by the color of the wood-work alone, which room was destined for the drawing-room, which for the dining-room, and so on; but all that is changed now. Our ideas have been somewhat revolutionized of late, and though the present style of decoration has most decided advantages over the old, when one house could scarcely be known from its next-door neighbor, and every house was ornamented after the same pattern, yet there is no denying that at the first glance it does seem rather odd; and we wonder what our grandmothers would have thought of it when we pass through a dining-room with the wood-work painted in the palest and most delicate shade of cream, the walls hung with a paper embellished with wonderful flowers after the Japanese type; into a drawing-room where the doors, shutters, and mantel-piece are of darkish sage green, tapestry covers the walls, and low tones generally prevail. It is, without doubt, of great assistance, in composing a scheme for the decoration of a house, to possess not only what is known as a good eye for color, but also a knowledge of chromatics—the laws of contrast, the principles of harmony. The

former is, happily, natural to many, if not to all; the latter is easy to acquire, and, once learned, can never be forgotten. An intelligent observation of Nature in all her moods in all seasons, and also the study of the works of art executed by the great world-renowned masters, will enable us to appreciate the infinite varieties of shades and hues that meet us on every hand. A perfect harmony can alone be created by the presence of the three primaries—yellow, red, and blue; they may be pure or combined, but all must be apparent. Red and green, blue and orange, yellow and purple, produce harmonies. In the first red is the primary, green is a mixture of yellow and blue; in the second blue is the primary, orange is composed of yellow and red; in the third yellow is the primary, and purple is formed of blue and red. The secondary colors are found by combining two of the primaries, and thus orange, green, and purple are produced. The hues are formed by pairing the secondary colors; orange and purple produce russet, purple and green produce olive, green and orange produce citron; these are termed tertiaries. In the secondary colors one may be in excess of the other, and thus in green a yellow-green or blue-green is obtained according as the yellow or blue predominates; the same with orange, a yellow or red-orange may be produced, and with purple a red or blue-purple. A good contrast is formed when colors not only harmonize, but improve one another by their juxtaposition. A light color placed beside a dark color will cause the latter to appear still darker, while the dark color will serve as a foil to the light; yellow and purple will act thus on each other, and will also harmonize; red and green, on the contrary, will harmonize, but will not contrast, therefore a design of green leaves on a red ground will require outlining. Although we fully concur in Mr. Crace's opinion, quoted by Mr. Collings in his instructive descriptions that accompany the sketches published in "Suggestions in Design," "that an experienced artist can bring any two colors together," yet we copy the following list of pleasing contrasts that he gives, believing that it will be welcome to many who cannot lay claim to such a distinction, but nevertheless desire that the coloring of their rooms shall be in accordance with the rules which an artist would follow—black and warm-brown, maroon and warm-green, violet and pale-green, deep-blue and pink, violet and light rose-color, choco-

late and pea-green, deep blue and golden brown, maroon and deep-blue, chocolate and bright-blue, claret and buff, deep-red and gray, black and warm-green. In drawing out a scheme for the decoration of a house, it is important to remember that although each room must be perfect in itself, it at the same time must not be at variance with the remaining rooms, but each should lead on agreeably to the next, and should bear its share in carrying out the general idea. The entrance-hall and staircases should be kept subordinate to the reception-rooms; if the richest colors are lavished on their decoration, the rooms will suffer by comparison; this, however, does not hold good in houses where there is an inner hall, as the latter is often decorated in an elaborate style; but then it is regarded almost in the same light as a room, and consequently may be treated as such.

Now let us consider a scheme or two as we proposed. The wood-work of the outer hall is of ebonized oak; the dado of russet paper, with a large, rather set design covering it, the upper wall is covered with a flowered paper of chocolate and blue, the frieze is chocolate, with a bold blue pattern on it; the ceiling warm-cream color. The inner hall shows the wood-work of tawny-brown; the dado of purplish-gray, the walls of soft, delicate green, of just such a hue as that with which Leighton loves to clothe his fair ideals, relieved by white, leading up to the greenish-yellow-tinted ceiling. Tiger skins lie on the tessellated pavement, and the sun's rays streaming through the exquisitely-painted windows deck it as with brightest jewels. A high oaken dado surrounds the dining-room, above this the walls are painted Pompeian red, enriched with an illuminated border in which black and gold predominate, the frieze is of red and gold; the paneled oak ceiling is inlaid with Oriental blue, the lines and chamfers on the brackets being touched up with red, black, and gold. Thick rugs, in which deep-toned blue and orange intermingle with black, lie on the oak floor. The oak chimney-piece is decorated with rich blue tiles; and on black corner brackets glow vivid, orange-colored china vases, giving point and brilliancy to the whole. The doors are painted dead-black, relieved by polished black; subjects taken from some of the Greek fictile vases are outlined in red on black panels. The walls of the drawing-room are covered with a textile fabric, the prevailing tint being orange of a yellow

shade; a running pattern of low-toned foliage softens and neutralizes the effect of the ground-color. The doors and shutters are painted bronze-green, the panels bearing a design of brilliant orange-colored lilies. The ceiling tint is soft gray, tinged with blue, but the centre ornament, painted in varied shades of purple, green, and orange, extending to within a short distance of the cornice, leaves but little clear space visible. A red purple color exists largely in the curtains, and in the principal chair coverings. In cases where the owner does not possess a large number of books, shelves fixed round the lower half of the library walls are most convenient. They are of light oak, the lowest raised at least a foot from the ground, being supported by brackets and finished off with a carved ornament; this obviates the necessity of the would-be reader going down on his knees, and giving himself a headache, in trying to find a volume on the last shelf. The walls are of the palest shade of blue, a tapestry border placed just over the book-cases is illumined with quotations from favorite authors, above and beneath which runs a continuous pattern of laurel-leaves. Portraits of the most famous writers and poets are painted in medallions at certain intervals on the tapestry frieze, which is about a foot and a half in depth; the medallions are separated with crossed branches of laurel. The doors are of sage-green, the panels a somewhat lighter shade of the same color; the centre of each panel is left clear, but is bordered with laurel-leaves. The architraves are black. For a library, quiet tones should have the preference; startling effects have no place in a room set apart for reading and study, and whatever tends to distract the thoughts and disturb meditation should be excluded. The staircase that leads to the boudoir is of light oak and sage-green. The boudoir itself is as charming and elegant a retreat as can well be imagined. A dado of dead-gold is carried to within three feet of the ceiling; the wall, being considered as a frieze, is of lemon-yellow, on which is painted a tasteful design of butterflies and flowers. The ceiling is soft blue, with a suspicion of turquoise in the tint; the corners are decorated lightly with flowers, while dainty, mischievous, laughing cherubs on rose-tipped golden cloudlets float in the centre. The doors of bright polished black are ornamented with golden branches, a gaudy butterfly here and there settling on the flowers,

while others coquette around, undecided where to rest. Curtains, in which turquoise and old-gold blend, bear a plain turquoise frieze, and a deep-colored blue velvet dado, which shows almost black within its folds. Eastern embroidery, mounted with blue velvet, covers the low lounge-chairs; the furniture is of dead-black ebonized wood. Turquoise and orange-colored vases stand on the black over-mantel. The ornaments, costly

and precious as they are, are not weighed down by virtue of their value into heavy, massive, ungraceful shapes, but are light and elegant, their beauty dependent on their exquisite workmanship, delicate carving, pure color, and perfect symmetry. Refinement and true artistic taste are evinced in every detail of the room, which forms a fitting bower to the fairy who reigns as queen within its precincts.

SILK AND SILK CULTURE.

By A. G. FEATHER.

THE culture of raw silk as an American industry is now exciting far-spread interest all over the United States. The growing demand in our home market for the raw materials is yearly on the increase. New silk-mills are springing up everywhere. At the present time we have no less than two hundred silk-mills in daily operation, whose product during the past year consumed 1,599,666 pounds of imported raw silk, at a cost of \$10,000,000. The silk manufacturers of the United States paid in wages alone over nine millions of dollars. The amount of capital invested is nearly nine millions. The value of finished goods for the year ending June 30, 1880, was thirty-four millions four hundred and ten thousand four hundred and sixty-three dollars, and their manufacture gave employment throughout the year to a large number of persons, the highest number employed at one time being thirty-four thousand four hundred and ten.

The raw material to keep these great industrial establishments in operation is almost entirely imported from Japan and other silk-rearing countries; but it has been pretty conclusively demonstrated during the past few years that our American silks are better than the imported, because they are purer. And in this particular we have the secret and success of our American silk. Silk culture in our country, as an industry, is as yet in its inception. The silk-weavers and the "cocoon"-raisers are not as yet in as full relation with one another as are the weavers and the wool-growers. But the time is rapidly approaching when our silk manufacturers will take all that can be raised for years to come—when instead of sending our

cocoons to Marseilles, France, to find a market, they will find a ready market at home. And the realization of this fact will give this industry an impetus which will in a very few years place it on an equality with our other textile industries, if not in advance.

Already very many persons in the States are devoting their time and efforts to the culture of the silk-worm, and are meeting with excellent success, while much has been and is being done toward calling public attention to the industry by the "Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States," under whose auspices and enterprise its peculiar advantages are prominently developed. It is as easy to raise cocoons as sheep—easier. The intermediate stages between the cocoon and the factory have yet to be undertaken, but cocoons and eggs are both raised, for sale and export, in many of the States. These intermediate stages comprehend the perfect reeling, throwing, and spinning of the silk, in which respects there are yet some difficulties to be overcome.

For an extended business the great filatures are needed, where American cocoons can be reeled at home, by machinery, the only thing that can come into competition with the cheap day-labor of the Italians, French, and Japanese hand-reelers. A young American engineer is at this time in France, experimenting on the reeling of silk by electricity, which is the motive-power destined to lighten labor as well as to light the streets. This one missing link supplied, and the chain between Horstmann's fringes and ribbons and the New Jersey silk dress goods and handkerchiefs, the

Connecticut sewing-silks, etc., and the cocoon racks in American farm-houses, will be complete.

It is observable that the four great classes of textile fibres employed for the production of clothing, viz., cotton, silk, wool, and flax, are essentially different in their origin. They are all delicate filaments, but they present little in common as respects their formation. Cotton and flax are of vegetable growth, one proceeding from the seed-pod, and the other from the stem; wool and silk are of animal growth, one proceeding from the outer covering of the animal which produces it, and the other elaborated by a little insect from a glutinous substance within its body. That substances so dissimilar should all alike be brought within the power of the loom, and employed in the formation of beautiful cloth, is a fact strikingly illustrative of man's ingenuity, and seems to point to the probability that increased resources will be laid open to those who seek among the natural riches presented to our use.

The little silk-producing animal—first a worm and then a moth—requires close and careful attention, in order that the produce of its industry may be made available to man. It is to the Chinese that we owe the knowledge of this art, among whom it has been practiced from very remote times. Long before the inhabitants of Europe knew that silk was produced from an insect at all, the manufacture of silk goods was common among the Chinese. The early Greek writers spoke of the lustrous beauty and brilliancy of the Asiatic robes; and in more than one passage alluded to China (or Seres, as it was then called) as the place whence they came. One of these writers, supposing that silk was a vegetable production, spoke of it thus:

"Nor flocks nor herds the distant Seres tend;
But from the flowers that in the desert bloom,
Tinctured with ev'ry varying hue, they cull
The glossy down, and card it for the loom."

Of the introduction of silk-rearing into Europe and how it was brought about, it is hardly necessary to refer to. The received version of the story is too well-known at this date to need repetition in this article.

This department of industry was for more than six hundred years confined, so far as Europe was concerned, to the Eastern or Byzantine Empire. It was not till about the time of the Crusades that

it spread westward or northward. In the twelfth century silk-rearing began to be practiced in Sicily, in the thirteenth century in Italy, in the fourteenth in Spain and France, and in the fifteenth in England.

China, India, Italy, Southern France, and Turkey, however, by reason of their climate, together with their cheap labor, have thus far been the chief silk-producing countries, to which our manufacturers are indebted for their supply of this material.

That the industry can be made a success commercially on this continent is already pretty well established. The climate in certain sections is peculiarly adapted to the purpose, and as the occupation is one that is singularly fitted to the deft skill of many of our thrifty housewives and women who may seek an industry that will remunerate them handsomely, it affords an interesting pastime for their leisure hours; and, although the difficulty of proper reeling may be as yet a stumbling-block to its otherwise rapid progress, the new industry bids fair to thrive and flourish. Native ingenuity will yet devise means to overcome this difficulty, and that in proper season. That accomplished, and silk-rearing will become as much a source of commercial activity in this country as is now that of cotton or wool.

As many of the readers of the MONTHLY may be in ignorance of the methods pursued by the Chinese in rearing the silk-worm, we propose to give, in this article, a brief account of this branch of Chinese industry. This we shall follow with the course of treatment announced by the "Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States" (Philadelphia), an association which has paid considerable attention to the subject of silk-worm culture, and been very successful in its efforts in that direction.

Much attention is bestowed by the Chinese on the artificial rearing of the insects. One of the principal objects of care is to prevent the too early hatching of the eggs, to which the nature of the climate strongly disposes them. The mode of insuring the requisite delay is, to cause the moth to deposit her eggs on large sheets of paper; these, immediately on their production, are suspended to a beam of the room, and the windows are opened to expose them to the air. In a few days the papers are taken down and rolled up loosely, with the eggs in them, in which form they are

hung up again during the remainder of the summer and through the autumn. Toward the end of the year they are immersed in cold water, wherein a small portion of salt has been dissolved. In this state the eggs are left for two days; and on being taken from the salt and water are first hung up to dry, and then rolled up rather more tightly than before, each sheet of paper being afterward enclosed in a separate earthen vessel. Some of the cultivators use a ley made of mulberry-tree ashes; and they also place the eggs for a few minutes either in snow-water or on mulberry-trees exposed to snow or rain, where the climate permits of this being done.

These precautions are taken to prevent the silkworms from being hatched before the season when the mulberry leaves (their proper food) are in a fit state for them. When the proper time for the hatching has arrived, the rearer takes the rolls of paper from the earthen vessels and hangs them up toward the sun, the side to which the eggs adhere being turned from its rays, so that the heat may be transmitted to them through the paper. In



A FRENCH COCONERY.

the evening the sheets of paper are rolled closely up and placed in a warm situation. The same plan is followed on the next day, when the eggs assume a grayish color. On the evening of the third day, after a similar exposure, they are found to be of a much darker color, nearly approaching to black; and the following morning, on the

papers being unrolled, they are seen to be covered with worms. In the colder latitudes the Chinese have recourse to the heat of stoves to promote the hatching of the eggs.

The apartments in which the worms are kept are in dry situations, in a pure atmosphere, and apart from all noise, which is thought to be annoying to the worms, especially when they are young. The rooms are made very close, but with adequate means of ventilation. Each chamber is provided with nine or ten rows of frames placed one above the other; on these frames rush hurdles are placed, upon which the worms are fed and kept. A uniform degree of heat is constantly preserved, either by means of stoves placed in the corners of the apartments, or by chafing-dishes, which from time to time are carried up and down the room. Flame and smoke are carefully avoided. The most sedulous attention is paid to the wants of the worms, which are fed during the night as well as the day. On the day of their being hatched they are furnished with forty meals; thirty are given on the second day, and fewer on and after the third day. The Chinese have such a strong opinion that the silk produced depends on the quantity of food eaten, that when the appetite of the worm flags, from temperature or other causes, they contrive means to stimulate it artificially.

The quicker the worm arrives at maturity, the greater is the quantity of silk produced; and hence every care is taken to hasten its development. The changes which the little animal undergoes during this time are most remarkable. In the first place, the egg from which it is produced is about the size of a grain of mustard-seed, and the worm itself, when first hatched, is a little slender thread about a quarter of an inch long. During its growth it will wander about in search of food; but if mulberry-leaves be supplied to it in plenty, it will remain stationary, occupied during the early days of its existence almost wholly in eating. When it is about eight days old, its head enlarges and the worm becomes unwell; it remains three days without food, and in a lethargic state. In fact, its growth has been so enormous, that its skin is too tight to enclose its bulky body; and this sickness seems to indicate the period when the old skin or envelope is abandoned, and gives way to a new one, more consonant with the increased size of the animal. The process is a most extraordinary one, for the insect literally creeps out of

its own skin head foremost; lucubrating its body to assist the extrication, fixing the skin to a mulberry-leaf by filaments of silk spun from its mouth, and making its escape by slow degrees. The operation appears to be a painful one, for the little animals are observed to rest several times during its progress, and to be much exhausted on its completion.

When nature has given it a more easy-fitting coat, the busy silk-worm proceeds to eat with great voracity, and increases to the length of half an inch in five days. The second coat has become by this time too small for the wearer, and is abandoned in the same manner as before. In its third stage the worm keeps on eating as before, increases in five days more to three-quarters of an inch in length, and then requires a third molting or enlargement of the skin. Another period of five days elapses, a further enlargement to an inch and a half in length takes place, a fourth sickness supervenes, and for the fourth time the worm, finding its skin too tight for its bulky body, creeps out of it altogether, and enjoys a freer existence. This is now the fifth stage of its existence as a worm, and it proceeds to eat so voraciously (mulberry-leaves being still its favorite food), that in ten days it attains a length of two inches and a half or three inches.

The time now approaches when the silk-worm, having received so much food from its attendants, yields more than an equivalent in the form of silk. The worm ceases to eat, appears restless and uneasy, seeks about for some place to spin its silk, and forms a sort of resting-place in some nook or corner. The body of the worm at this time contains a secretion which afterward constitutes silk; it is a fine yellow transparent gum, contained in two slender vessels in the stomach. The worm spins or expels this gum from two small orifices in the head, uniting the two into one thread by a peculiar action of the mouth, and laying the silken thread thus formed in such a way as to build a hollow ball, nest, or "cocoon." The little spinner remains within his prison-house, building up around him a silken wall, and spreading and arranging the thread with his front feet in waving lines around him. In this way each worm spins about four hundred yards of delicate silken filament, which is arranged into a hollow egg-shaped mass, measuring about an inch and a half long by an inch in diameter.

When the cocoon is formed, the insect smears the inner surface with a peculiar kind of gum, which is also used to make the silken thread cohere in making the cocoon. The animal has become by this time wasted and wrinkled, and then throws off its caterpillar state, assuming the form of a chrysalis. It remains as a chrysalis during a period of from fifteen to thirty days, and seems during this time to be preparing itself for its final stage of existence as a winged moth. When this stage is attained, the moth softens the gummy interior of its house, and gradually works for itself a hole through the cocoon, emerging at length into open day as an active but short-lived moth.

It will thus be seen that the silk-worm goes through many remarkable changes. It is first confined within its egg, then it emerges as a worm, then casts its skin four different times, to accommodate its increasing bulk; envelopes itself in a silken nest, then changes to a chrysalis, the intervening stage between the worm and the moth; and lastly assumes the usual appearance of a winged insect. Their increase in size, and the quantity of food devoured by them, are quite remarkable.

Fifty thousand silk-worms, when just hatched, weigh only an ounce; there are only four thousand to an ounce at the period of casting the first skin; only six hundred at the time of the second molting; only a hundred and fifty at the time of the third; only thirty-five at the time of the fourth; and when just ready to spin, six of them weigh an ounce, so that in the period of five or six weeks the silk-worm increases in weight nine thousand-fold! Their voracity may be thus illustrated: the worms proceeding from one ounce of eggs will consume six pounds of mulberry-leaves before their first molting; eighteen pounds between the first and second; sixty pounds between the second and third; one hundred and eighty pounds between the third and fourth, and more than a thousand pounds between the fourth molting and the period of spinning their silk, thus consuming, in six weeks, twenty thousand times their own weight of food!

If the moth be left to itself, it will live within its cocoon till a proper time, and then make for itself a means of escape; but when man chooses to appropriate the silk to his own use, he puts the little hard-working prisoner to death before its

time. The cocoons are exposed to the heat either of the mid-day sun or of an oven until the insect within is stifled. This being done, the external soft envelope is removed from the cocoon, the former constituting *floss-silk*, afterward brought to the state of yarn by spinning, and the latter being afterward manufactured by silk-throwing.

The three or four hundred yards of filament forming each cocoon are agglutinated together by a sort of gum applied to them by the insect; and it is necessary to soften this gum before the filament can be unwound from the egg-shaped ball. To effect this, a number of cocoons are thrown into a vessel of hot water, and there allowed to remain till the gum is softened. The reeler, or person employed, then takes a whisk or kind of brush made of fine twigs, and presses its end gently on the cocoons. One filament from each cocoon adheres to the whisk, and is made to commence the process of unwinding. In this manner the person reeling gets the thread of several cocoons between the fingers, ten or twenty in number, and attaches them all to the reeling machine. They are grouped into parcels containing three or four threads each, then these are again combined, then two of these larger parcels, and so on until all are combined to form one thread very much thicker than the individual filament, but still an exceedingly fine thread. This thread is wound on a reel or hollow frame, the reeler replacing the spent cocoons by new ones, and having the water of such a temperature as to soften the gum just as fast as the silk is required to be wound. When the silk, after being wound on the reel, is removed from it, it forms a *skein* or *hank*, which is fastened up in a convenient form to send to market.

The number of insects required to produce any considerable weight of silk almost exceeds belief. Supposing each cocoon to yield on an average three hundred yards of silk, it has been estimated that the original silk filament, as produced by the insect, would require nearly five hundred miles of length to weigh one pound! Two hundred and fifty average-sized cocoons weigh about a pound, and eleven or twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of reeled silk, the other eleven-twelfths being made up of the weight of the chrysalis, floss-silk, waste, dirt, etc.

An excellent authority upon this subject remarks: "The quantity of silk material used in





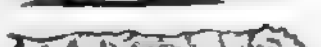




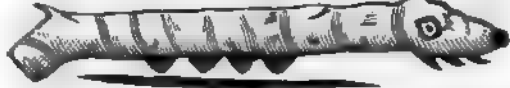

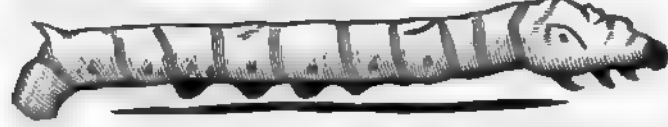
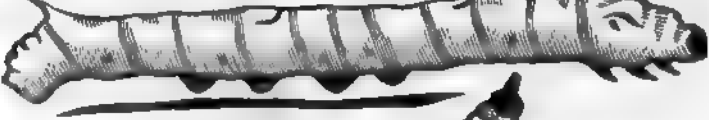
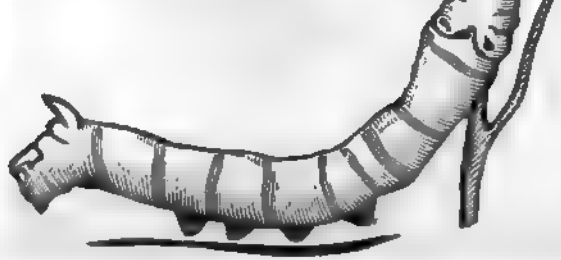
England alone amounts in each year to more than four million of pounds weight, for the production of which myriads upon myriads of silk-worms are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this little corner of the world with an article of luxury! If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us extend our view into China, and survey the dense population of its widely-spread region, whose inhabitants, from the emperor on his throne to the peasant in the lowly hut, are indebted for their clothing to the labors of the silk-worm. The imagination, fatigued with the flight, is lost and bewildered in contemplating the countless numbers which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man."

As we have already observed, few persons rear the silk-worm and manufacture the silk; the breeder sells the cocoons, and the manufacturer superintends the future processes. The industry in the United States is, therefore, at present simply confined to the rearing of silk-worms and the culture of the cocoon. As the market is near and the demand great, this industry alone offers the most tempting inducements for persons to engage therein. It is especially adapted to women, who may desire to employ their leisure moments, with a view of adding a suitable competence to their usual income, and is, moreover, a pleasant and agreeable occupation, requiring little more labor than mere attention to the little workers.

The industry, we are pleased to state, is rapidly increasing, and much interest is being paid to its full and proper development. The liberality and enterprise of many of our leading silk merchants and manufacturers are enlisted in the industry, through the proper dissemination of correct modes of treatment in the rearing of the silk-worm, and to stimulate healthy competition very handsome cash premiums are being offered for the display of the best cocoons. The "Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States," the most prominent factor thus far in the promotion of this industry, has just announced the holding of a fair in the city of Philadelphia, during the third week in October next, for the best displays of silk cocoons. The cash premiums offered are four in number, and for the best four grades of silk cocoons, to wit: First premium (best lb), \$200. Second premium (second best lb), \$150. Third premium (third best lb), \$100. Fourth premium

(fourth best lb), \$50. The amount thus to be distributed is the contribution of Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, of Philadelphia, a firm com-

No. of Days of Incub.		Age.		CHART SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SILK-WORM.		TEMPERATURE.	No. of Meals A DAY.
						70° to 75°	
1				HATCHING.			
2							
3							
4							
5							
6						75° to 80°	
7	1st Day			FIRST AGE.			10
8	2d "						10
9	3d "					75° to 80°	8
10	4th "						8
11	5th "						6
12	1st Day			SECOND AGE.			8
13	2d "						8
14	3d "						7
15	4th "						5
16	1st Day			THIRD AGE.			6
17	2d "						7
18	3d "						7
19	4th "						6
20	5th "						6
21	6th "						5

22	1st Day		FOURTH AGE.	4
23	2d "			5
24	3d "			6
25	4th "			6
26	5th "			6
27	6th "			4
28	1st Day		FIFTH AGE.	5
29	2d "			6
30	3d "			7
31	4th "			7
32	5th "			7
33	6th "			8
34	7th "			8
35	8th "			4

70° to 80°

posed of liberal and enterprising gentlemen, and who have at all times manifested a very deep interest in the subject of silk-rearing in this country.

The indications are that the silk-rearers of the United States will be well represented at this exhibition, and the displays of cocoons be both creditable and excellent. The Association is actively engaged in the work of disseminating information on the subject, and has had prepared under its auspices a chart containing general instructions for the benefit of silk-rearers throughout the United States. For the benefit of the readers of the MONTHLY we quote them in brief:

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF A COCOON-ERY.

Hatching.—The eggs are usually kept at the temperature of ice until hatching time. When removed from the ice, put in a cool place two or three days, so that they may be brought gradually to the temperature of the air. As soon as the mulberry leaves have begun to open, spread the eggs on clean white paper; an ounce will require a square foot of surface. The temperature should be about 70°, and may be gradually increased 1° or 2° a day, to 75° or 80°. They will hatch usually in five days, but the higher the temperature the sooner the hatching. The worms will commonly hatch out in the morning, for three or four successive days. When the hatching begins, spread over them musquito-netting or perforated paper, and when the morning's hatch has crawled through, remove to the frame or platform, marking, and keeping each day's hatch separate. Better use the net for the first age, and the paper afterward.

Feeding.—The worms should be fed as soon as hatched and removed, by sprinkling young and tender leaves over the net or paper; repeat the feeding every two or three hours during the first age, and afterward every three or four hours. In general, give the first feed at 5 o'clock in the morning and the last at 10 or 11 at night. Before each feeding, spread a net or paper over the worms and place the leaves on it. About every two days, lift the net with the worms to a new frame and remove the litter. The space must be increased as the worms grow, so as to avoid crowding. They will need double space the second day. To accomplish this, in feeding, when about half the

worms have come through the net or paper, remove, and place a second paper with leaves for the remainder; in the same way the space may be trebled by removing one-third at a time. The leaves should be spread evenly, so that the worms may get the same amount of food and keep together in their growth, as it is important to have them molt together.

The leaves must be fed *fresh and dry, never wet or wilted*; leaves wet with dew are especially injurious. Gather the leaves in the evening, for the next morning's meal, and when rain threatens, gather a day ahead and keep in an airy, cool place, stirring occasionally to prevent heating and fermentation, which will ruin them. If only wet leaves can be had, dry them by shaking up before a fire, or in a breezy place. When food is scarce, lower the temperature of the room, and the worms will eat less.

For young worms, gather only the small leaves. After the second age, small twigs or branches may be cut with the leaves. For this purpose use a knife, or better, clip with pruning-shears. Gather in a basket, or better, in a bag tied about the waist.

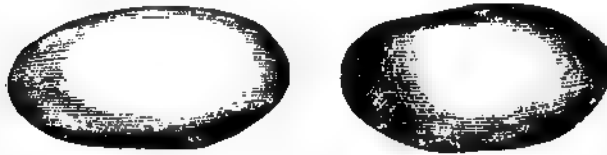
The quantity of food consumed increases very rapidly. The worms are said to consume their own weight of leaves daily. The worms from an ounce of eggs will require about one pound of leaves the first day, two pounds the second, three or four the third; after that the quantity diminishes as the time of molting approaches.

After the second or third age, the net (or paper) and frame may be discarded, and the leafy twigs or branches with the worms may be placed on the platforms directly. The successive feedings of twigs are spread evenly on the old ones until the mass is piled up four or five inches to the next tier of pins or nails, then lay a new set of five bars or sticks, with the food, on these, and when the worms have ascended, drop out the lower tier with its litter and remove.

In using a second or third tier over the first, as C, C, C, C, Fig. 1, it is necessary to place beneath, on a couple of bars, B, B, B, B, cloth or boards to catch the leaves and litter from above.

The utmost cleanliness being necessary, the litter should be removed often, especially during the last three ages, as well as all dead and sick worms. The consumption of food is enormous

during this age, the hatch from an ounce of eggs requiring about fifty pounds the first day, and by the fourth one hundred and fifty, and double that



COCOONS.

amount the fifth, sixth, and seventh, after which the quantity falls to about one hundred pounds for the eighth day; but the quantity depends on the vigor of the worms, and the temperature.

During this last age the closest attention is necessary and the amount of labor is greatly increased. During the earlier ages a woman or half-grown child can attend to the worms, and a man or boy in one or two hours, two or three times a day, can supply the leaves required for the worms from an ounce of eggs; and even during the last age, one person is sufficient in the cocoonery, and one to gather the leaves for the hatch of half a dozen ounces of eggs, or more, with the apparatus above described.

Molting.—When the time for their sleep approaches, the worms lose appetite, and raise their heads with a waving motion. When any of the worms of a batch are seen in this state, give a light fresh feed to hurry up the tardy ones. During their torpor they eat nothing. As soon as their skin is shed, their activity and appetite return. This process is usually over in about thirty hours. No food should be given until about all of the batch are through the molt and ready to make an even start; or, if the least are much delayed, give a light feed to the first, and feed the last more copiously, and keep them warmer



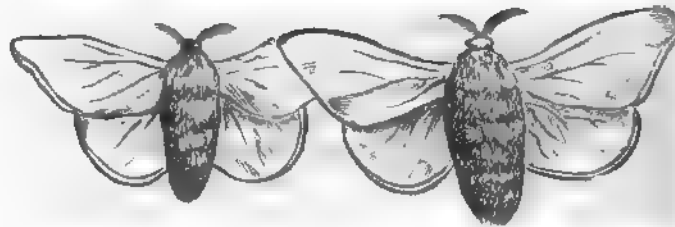
CHRYSLIS.

for a day or so, that they may overtake the first. This rule need not be observed after the fourth molt.

After molting, the space will generally need to

be doubled. If the worms come out of their torpor in a feeble state, with little appetite, especially in the younger ages, cut the leaves for the first feed or two with a sharp, clean knife, like shredded tobacco.

Spinning.—When ready to spin, which is eight or ten days after the fourth molt, the worms cease to eat, become restless and empty themselves, diminish in size, becoming transparent, beginning at the head. When any of them are observed in this stage, give a light, fresh feed to bring forward the laggards. And as soon as they begin to emit silky fibre, take the frames (Fig. 2, that were used to hold the young worms), tie together two-and-two, bottom to top, set upright on their edges, A, A, A, or B, B, B, with the slats of one opposite the intervals of the other, upon the platforms among the worms. They will use these as ladders and crawl up between the slats to spin. Or instead of these, dry branching twigs, two or three feet



FEMALE.

MALE.

MOTHS.

long, or broom-corn or weeds may be used, setting them upright among the worms, and interlocking them in arches above. If any of the worms fail to mount, remove them on the leaves or twigs to which they are attached, lest they be soiled by droppings from above them.

The spinning is finished in three days. As the worms begin to spin, see that no two of them spin too near each other and make double cocoons, which cannot be reeled.

To sum up, the points requiring special attention are:

1. Keeping the worms of a batch in a uniform state of progress, so that they will all molt together.
2. Abundance of fresh, dry food, except during the molt.
3. Plenty of room, so that the worms shall not crowd each other.
4. Plenty of fresh air.
5. Uniform temperature, as nearly as practicable, and avoidance of

sudden changes. 6. The utmost cleanliness at all times.

Gathering and Sorting the Cocoons.—In eight or ten days after the commencement of the spinning the cocoons are ready to gather. Separate the frames or arches of brush carefully. Remove first all discolored and soft cocoons, keeping these separate from the firm, sound ones; if kept together, the latter would be discolored and depreciated much in value. Tear off the loose (floss) silk which envelopes the cocoon.

Choking, or Stifling the Chrysalides.—In 12 or 15 days from the time the worm began to spin the moth will issue from the cocoon, and in the process the strands of silk will be cut and spoiled. To prevent this, the chrysalis must be killed—*stifled*. This is commonly and best accomplished by steaming; but as that is troublesome, and difficult without proper appliances, in our climate the stifling may usually be effected by exposing the cocoons to the hot sunshine from 9 o'clock till 4, for two or three days. A longer time is needed if there is much air stirring, or the sunshine is not strong. And the process is surer if conducted in a shallow box under glass, with a crevice for the escape of moisture. In either case, guard against ants. The stifling should be attended to as soon as the cocoons are gathered, lest cloudy weather should intervene. In this case (and perhaps in any case), the result may be reached by packing the cocoons in a barrel carefully lined with paper, so as to be nearly air-tight, with alternate sprinklings of camphor, roughly granulated in the hand, beginning with camphor on the bottom, then 3 or 4 inches of cocoons, again camphor, and so on, finally closing the barrel for 2 or 3 days; using about a pound of camphor to the barrel.

After 3 or 4 days, spread the cocoons on boards or shelves to dry in an airy room or attic, stirring frequently the first 2 or 3 days, and afterward occasionally, for about two months, when they will be thoroughly dry and may be packed for market. Guard must still be kept against rats and mice, ants, and smaller insects, which will penetrate the chrysalides and injure the silk. The latter may be expelled by a sprinkling of camphor or other insectifuge drugs, or by the bark of sassafras-root, or chips of red cedar, tobacco-stems, etc.

Reeling.—This process cannot be readily understood without instruction with a reel or *filature*. The price of the silk is doubled by reeling, and as

there are whole months of idle time of women and children on an ordinary farm in a year, which might be turned to good account in this way, it is very desirable that the machinery and the process should be generally understood.

Egg-raising.—There is at present more profit in raising eggs for the markets of France, Italy, and this country than in making cocoons of reeled silk. The female moth lays 300 to 400 eggs, and an ounce will be produced by every 200 to 250 moths. The worms from an ounce of eggs, which, as has been stated, will yield 100 to 125 pounds of cocoons, at \$1.25 to \$2 a pound, will produce 100 to 120 ounces of eggs at \$3 to \$5. But this requires much care in raising and preserving, and more detailed instruction than can here be given; and moreover it requires a *special selection of eggs* to begin with.

Markets and Prices—There is a good market in this country for reeled silk, at Patterson, New York, and elsewhere, and of cocoons and eggs the Women's Silk Culture Association will take all that are sent them, and pay regular market rates for the same. The price at present is \$1.25 to \$1.50 a pound for dry cocoons; it ranges from this up to \$1.75 and \$2; for pierced cocoons, \$1 per pound.

A gentleman in New York, however, has recently invented a new process of reeling, of which there are great hopes, and which, if successful, will revolutionize the silk industry of the world, and establish this as one of the leading occupations of our people. This gentleman promises to erect a machine as soon as enough cocoons are produced to supply it. Information will be given from time to time of the progress and success of this invention.

GENERAL INFORMATION.—THE SILK-WORM.

1. *The Egg.*—An ounce of eggs contains 40,000, and this number of worms will produce 100 to 120 pounds of fresh cocoons (or one-third of that weight of dry). An ounce (or even a quarter of an ounce) is sufficient for a beginner, for an experiment. They are readily sent by mail. The cost is about \$5 an ounce.

2. *Ages.*—The silk caterpillar casts its skin four times, at intervals of 5, 4, 6 and 8 days, after a short sleep or rest; this change of skin is called *molting*, and the interval between two molts, an *age*; the life of a worm, from hatching to spinning,

is about thirty days, a few days more or less, according to the decrease or increase of temperature and supply of food.

On the approach of the sleep or torpor, the

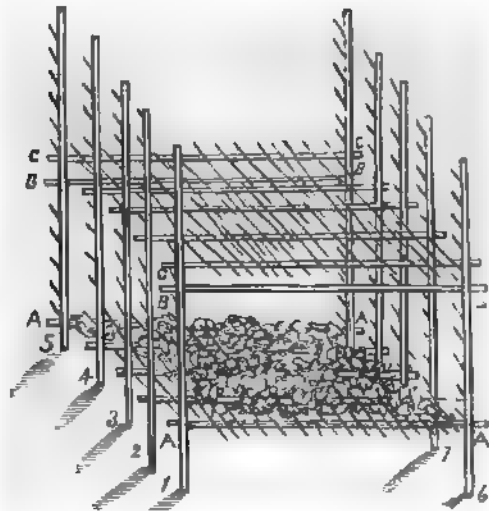


FIG. 1.

worm ceases to eat and becomes motionless, with raised head.

Food.—The silk-worm eats and thrives on a great variety of food; the leaves of the lettuce, common (or black) mulberry, the osage orange, etc., but the white (often misnamed "English") mulberry furnishes the best silk.

Room.—Any sort of house or room may be used as a *cocoonery*, for hatching and raising silk-worms, provided it is well lighted, well aired, and can be kept tolerably uniform in temperature by a stove; fire will be needed on cool nights and rainy days. Direct sunshine should be excluded, which may be done by tacking white paper or cloth over the sash on the sunny sides of the room. For a small crop, a room on the north side of the house is better, for avoiding excessive heat. Ventilation should be secured from the upper part of the room, to avoid direct drafts upon the worms. A close, hot air is injurious, and any sudden or great change of temperature. Cleanliness is very important. Rats and ants must be excluded, as they are very fond of the silk-worm larva. *The odor of smoke and tobacco is fatal.*

Apparatus.—Both room and apparatus should be arranged to secure, as nearly as may be, the same conditions which the worm finds on the tree. Any frame or platform or structure, there-

fore, which will allow the freest circulation of air, *from below*, as well as on all sides, and the ready removal of litter and stale leaves, will answer. Perhaps the best appliance in use for this purpose is that represented by the accompanying diagram, Fig. 1. For information about this improvement we are indebted to Mr. E. Fasnach. It has been recently adopted extensively in France, from the Italian silk culturists of a little province (Frioul) on the North Adriatic, near Trieste. To the floor and ceiling (or joists) are fastened a succession of parallel sets of five uprights, bars or sticks (which may be $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2, or 3 inches thick); two of these sets are represented as touching the floor at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, etc. The uprights are about one foot apart in the sets, and the sets running the length of the room, about 5 feet apart, and the whole should be not less than two feet from the wall. The uprights have sloping pins or nails driven into them $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 inches apart. On these, as at A, A, A, A, and C, C, C, C, are laid a series of five bars or sticks, and across these, little rods or straight twigs; the first of these platforms may be 5 or 6 inches from the floor, and the next, C, C, C, C, say 2 or 3 feet above that, and so on as high as one chooses to go; but two are as many as can be easily managed without steps. On these platforms are placed the papers or frames containing the young worms, up to the third (or fourth) age, and after that, the twigs or small branches of mulberry leaves with the worms. Note that all the timber of both room and apparatus must be *seasoned*.

The papers containing the young worms may



FIG. 2.

be laid on these platforms directly, but it is perhaps better to use frames like that represented in Fig. 2. The bars A, A and B, B are three-quarters of an inch thick, the cross-slats or laths, A, B, are

half an inch thick, an inch (or less) wide, and an inch apart. It is better to make these frames two and a half feet by five, so that two of them will occupy, crosswise, one platform of Fig. 1.

The only additional apparatus needed is per-

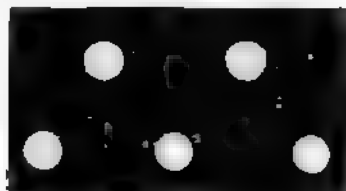


FIG. 3.

forated paper, as seen in Fig. 3, and netting (mosquito or other) about the size of the frames, for the younger stages of the worms. The paper should have some strength and stiffness, so that it

can be lifted with the worms on it without huddling them. A good quality of merchants' wrapping-paper will do. The perforations of the size and distance apart shown in Fig. 3 may be made rapidly by a common belt-punch, by folding the paper ten or a dozen thicknesses.

The Mulberry.—The white mulberry is easily propagated. It flourishes best in light sandy or gravelly soils. One full grown tree will yield 200 to 300 pounds of leaves. Two hundred trees may be planted on an acre of land. In three years they will yield, under fair conditions of soil and cultivation, ten to twelve pounds of leaves each, or more than two thousand pounds to the acre. Eighteen hundred pounds suffice for an ounce of eggs; that is, will produce 100 to 120 pounds of cocoons. At seven or eight years the yield will be tenfold. Plants can be had at many of the nurseries, and cuttings almost anywhere.

THE SILK-WORM AND HOW IT IS RAISED.

By NELLIE LINCOLN ROSSITER ¹

[As a fact of no little importance, and to which we refer with much pleasure, is the circumstance attending the display of an excellent quality of silk exhibited at the last Pennsylvania State Fair, held in Philadelphia, at the Permanent Exhibition building, October, 1880. The silk was raised by Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, of Philadelphia, then but thirteen and a half years of age, and for which she received a diploma as a special premium. This young lady, now but fourteen years old, has made the rearing of silk-worms a thorough study, and her experience shows with what success. Presuming that the views of Miss Nellie on the subject might be of interest to the readers of the MONTHLY, we kindly requested her to favor us with a brief article on the subject. This she very promptly and courteously complied with, and we have the pleasure of giving it a place in our columns.—Ed.]

Of the many silk-producing worms found in America, the *sericaria mori*, or mulberry silk-worm, is the one most sought after, on account of its uniting strength and fineness in its silk in better proportions than any other of its species. During the hundreds of years it has

taken to domesticate and cultivate it, it has acquired many useful peculiarities which make it more valuable. When compared with the wild of its species, the results of domestication can be plainly seen. Its want of desire to escape when well fed, its white color, and the moth having no power to fly, are some of the peculiarities undoubtedly to be attributed to cultivation.

Many of your readers remember, or have been told of, the great excitement in some parts of our country about silk-growing and *morus multicaulis* raising. This became such a gigantic speculation that, when in a short time the bubble burst, many who had invested their all in planting the trees, and in their cultivation, with the expectation of making a fortune, were ruined. It had been predicted that the United States would become a great silk-growing country, and this no doubt was partly the cause of the wild excitement of that time, resulting in disastrous failure.

Now in this country the raising of silk is becoming a regular industry. In Nevada, California, Louisiana, and many other States, the work is becoming one of prominence. I have this spring filled orders for eggs and worms from

¹ Miss Rossiter resides at 2824 Goldbeck Street, Philadelphia, where she would be pleased to have the reader call and see her silk-worms at work. It will afford her much pleasure to give any information required on the subject of silk culture.

Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and other parts of the country where the people seem to be taking hold of the work in a very different manner from that of thirty-five or forty years ago.

From the days of the colonies we have accounts of silk-raising in this country. It is reported that this industry was thriving moderately in Virginia in 1656, and that some "loyal" persons sent to Charles the Second a "royal robe woven from silk raised in that colony." It was also tried in Georgia in 1732, and in 1759 "ten thousand pounds of silk were sent to England from Savannah and brought a large price." South Carolina was not long in following the example of the other States, and Connecticut was the first Northern State to try what it could do, but we have no accounts of how it succeeded.

The difficulties that were encountered after the subjection of Persia by Alexander the Great in introducing the secret of silk-raising are well known. The emperor brought to Greece immense quantities of silks, believed to be its first introduction into that country. The Persians also supplied the Romans with silk until the exorbitant prices asked for it by the merchants so angered one of the emperors that he determined to get at the secret of raising it. After many devices to get some of the eggs, two pilgrims concealed a few of them in the hollow part of their staffs, and also brought directions for feeding the worms and reeling the threads. In this way silk was first introduced into Italy, now a great silk-growing country.

The silk-worm exists in four stages: the egg, the larva or worm, the chrysalis, and the moth. It is composed of two distinct classes: the annual, or one-crop worm, and the bivoltin, or two-crop worm. The first-named gives its crop of silk, and the egg does not hatch until the following spring; while the latter, in two weeks after the formation of the cocoon by the egg of the first crop (May to June), is reproduced, and raises its second crop of silk in July and August. While there is little or no difference in the quality of the silk produced by the two classes of these worms, the addition of the second crop by the bivoltin doubles its pecuniary value.

In raising a large number of silk-worms, the principal difficulty is encountered during the first week of their life; they being so small,—not

unlike an ant,—and throwing out their silk, as they do, from the time they leave the egg, it fastens them to the dried leaves, which makes it difficult to remove them from the refuse, which it is necessary to do every day to insure good health; and as handling is injurious, particularly when the worms are so small, a camel's-hair brush can be used to advantage in changing them. In what is called cleaning or changing them, musquito-netting is used for two or three weeks, which is laid over the worms, leaves and all, and fresh leaves are sprinkled on them, when the worms will come up through the meshes to feed; after which the refuse is thrown away. After that time, the worms becoming too large, all that is necessary is to sprinkle leaves over the worms, when they will soon cover them, and they can then be removed. From this time to the spinning, care must be taken in cleanliness, feeding, and proper temperature.

During its existence the worm changes its skin four or five times in regular periods. The time between these molts is called an age, and is usually divided as follows: 1st period, 5 to 6 days; 2d period, 4 to 5 days; 3d period, about 5 days; 4th period, 5 to 6 days; 5th period, from 8 to 10 days, when spinning commences. When molting is about to take place, the worm ceases eating, fastens itself firmly by its hinder legs, erects its body and remains motionless for about twelve hours, when it casts off its old skin; during this time it should be undisturbed. When about to molt, the worms become of a dirty yellow color, which must not be mistaken for sick ones, which they somewhat resemble. In molting, the new head is first freed from the old skin, which is gradually worked back until it is entirely cast off.

This process is repeated until the fourth or last molt, when, after eight or ten days' feeding, it will be ready to spin. The spinning occupies from eight to ten days, and if the silk of the cocoons is needed for reeling, they must be baked or stifled in an oven, at a temperature of about 200°, or they can be stifled or choked with dry steam. This is to destroy the life of the moth which would otherwise cut its way out from the cocoon and render it unfit for reeling.

The cocoons from which the moth is allowed to cut its way out are called "pierced" cocoons, which are sold among the waste silk, to be carded and spun. Each cocoon contains from 300 to

600 yards of silk in one continuous thread, but it is so fine that it takes from four to six combined strands to form the staple thread of commerce.

The moth, shortly after leaving the cocoon, commences laying her eggs, which work is completed in about four days. The eggs from the "first crop" of worms are laid aside for about twelve days, when they are brought to the hatching-room prepared for the second crop, which in its turn is completed by the formation of the cocoon in from thirty to forty days. At the close of the second crop enough moths only are allowed to escape from the cocoons as may be wanted for seed. The "firmest and best" cocoons are to be set apart for this purpose—the "size" is not to be taken into consideration. The eggs are then placed in a tin box to prevent the ravages of insects, and hung up in a cool dry place, at a temperature of 40°, for the winter. Cold, and even freezing, does not affect the eggs, but heat will cause them to hatch before their food is ready for them. It is often necessary in the spring to place the box of eggs on ice to prevent premature hatching. The eggs are brought out about the 1st of May, if the season is favorable, from the wintering place at 40°, gradually, to hatching-room at 75°, when the process before described is gone through with. Constant feeding, cleanliness, an even temperature of 75°, and plenty of pure air will reward the raiser (if his stock is good) with a return of beautifully colored cocoons of natural silk for the labor and time he has expended.

The male cocoon is distinguished from the

female by being smaller—pointed at the ends, and having a depression around the centre. An equal number of each, male and female, is retained for seed. 200 or 225 cocoons are generally set aside to produce one ounce, or 40,000 eggs. Each female lays from 200 to 400 eggs. The moths do not eat anything during their short life of from four to eight days, neither do they fly.

This work of silk-raising is well calculated to add to the income of thousands of families in the United States, and is particularly adapted to the young and aged members of the family who have no other particular employment for their time. The industry should be encouraged in every possible way. If we have more silk-raisers, we will have more silk-mills in operation here, thus preventing immense amounts of money from leaving this country to enrich others. There is no doubt that silk goods can be manufactured in this country fully equal to that of foreign nations. There is no such word as "fail" among us.

Those not wishing to enter into silk-raising as a business, but who take an interest in nature's wonderful works, should raise silk-worms in small numbers for the sake of watching their habits. Day by day as they grow, it is a most interesting and beautiful study. So short is the life of this industrious creature, that no lover of nature and her mysteries can possibly tire of watching its rapid growth: its constant feeding, day and night, its preparation for its final work for the benefit of mankind, and then, covering itself with its silken shroud, disappearing from our sight forever.

DAISIES.

BY DORA READE GOODALE.

THE hills are faint in a cloudy blue
That loses itself where the sky bends over;
The wind is shaking the orchard through,
And sending a quiver through knee-deep clover.

The air is sweet with a strange perfume,
That comes from the depths of the woodland places;
The fields are hid in a wealth of bloom,
And white with the sweep of the ox-eye daisies.

And farther down, where the brook runs through,
Where the ferns are cool in the prisoned shadow,

We still may see, through the morning dew,
The swell and the dip of the daisied meadow.

And then when the wind across it blows,
And the wavering lines of silver follow,
We catch the gleam of her heart of gold,
While over her skirts the fleet-winged swallow.

Clear and simple in white and gold,
Meadow blossom of sunlit spaces,
The field is as full as it well can hold,
And white with the drift of the ox-eye daisies.

A PROBLEM FOR SOLUTION.

BY F. F. FOSTER.

IMMEDIATELY that I had graduated, I decided to go to Germany, confident I should find there others interested in those peculiar intellectual pursuits—the occult sciences and speculative philosophy—which occupied my mind, aware that association with persons of congenial tastes would afford a stimulus that must be wanting if I remained in my own country, where I should be surrounded by those not only not in sympathy with my thoughts, feelings, purposes, but who deemed them the wildest, most profitless vagaries.

I selected Leipsic as my place of residence, on account of its time-honored university and prolific libraries. There was no especial need that I practice economy; but I knew the novel features of a foreign life might tend to disorganize the best-laid plans, unless all contingencies were provided against. So I obtained apartments in a crazy old building in the outskirts of the city, thinking thus to reduce the provocations to laxity to a minimum.

A few days sufficed to remove all sense of strangeness, to make me feel most thoroughly at home in my retired quarters, and then I resigned myself to the studies of which I was so passionately fond. To say I was superlatively happy would be no exaggeration, for I found my suppositions with reference to the students, if possible, more than verified: that most of them were interested in the subjects for which I had so decided a predilection.

Having rooms directly over mine was a young man, Hermann Kreitzel by name; and though we were the sole tenants of the building, and lived in such contiguity, so severe was the seclusion in which he kept himself,—the majority of students in German universities are noted for their “gregariousness,”—I seldom saw him, except as, entering or going from the building, I passed him; and then he never noticed me so much as with the slightest inclination of his head. Nor did any of the other students know aught of him, save that they knew absolutely nothing.

He was, perhaps, twenty-five years of age, of the medium height, rather slim than otherwise. He had sharp, clear-cut features, a finely-shaped

nose, and lips that indicated a refined, sensitive nature. His forehead was high and broad, and surrounded by a mass of light-brown, curling hair. His complexion, in correspondence with his hair, was pale; his eyes, in direct contrast, intensely black. His residence in Leipsic antedated mine some eighteen months. Evidently of studious habits, he never attended lectures. For hours he would sit in one or another of the libraries, his chin resting in his hands, and earnestly scan the pages of some volume placed before him, printed in characters intelligible to none of the other students; and when through with it he would restore the book to its proper place and quietly go out, seemingly conscious of nothing outside his thoughts, his fingers working nervously, as if he were trying to grasp some idea not quite within his reach.

Several times in my life, when standing on a dizzy eminence, I have felt the strongest impulse to hurl myself therefrom; and as, with strained eyeballs and throbbing brain, I peered over the brink, down, down into the black space below, I would cling to any object presenting itself with frantic grasp, lest, in a moment of unusual weakness, I yield to the malign influence at work upon me, which I was able to resist only by the utmost mental exertion; conscious of the madness it was to remain, but powerless to withdraw from the spot.

This paradoxical sentiment was operative with me in reference to Hermann Kreitzel. The first time our eyes met, a shiver ran through my frame, and a vague precognition was mine that an intimacy with him would work me harm; yet I was, thenceforth, possessed of the most intense longing to become acquainted with him. I could devise no means for bringing about such a result; but it was finally effected in the following manner:

Certain of us students had formed ourselves into a club, for the purpose of discussing metaphysical and psychical problems, and these discussions were proving more popular than at their inception we supposed they would be. Our club was neither cliquish nor distinguished by any colors, as are most student corps in Germany.

The meetings, held weekly in our various rooms, were open to all; therefore the *coterie*, somewhat circumscribed at first, gradually increased in numbers,—a grave professor now and then condescending to grace and dignify our company with his presence, who met with us as familiarly as professors and students gather around the *Bier-tische*.

One evening, when the meeting was in my room, Hermann Kreitzel was present, greatly to our astonishment; and, when the others had concluded their remarks, he arose and spoke as I never before, never since, have heard any one speak. I do not remember his language, and if I did, an English version would fail of the weird strength it had in German. His closing sentence was a masterpiece of rhetoric and logic, and was followed by a silence that has its only counterpart in the hush of death.

He remained in my room after the others had departed, and drawing near and fixing his eyes upon me, he said:

"Your views coincide with mine;" not interrogatively, but as one asserts an irrefragable fact.

"I hardly know," I replied. They are novel to me."

"I can claim no originality for the ideas I advanced; merely assert them as more reasonable than any that can be adduced *per contra*."

"I was interested in your presentation of the subject, and should be pleased to learn your views at greater length."

"I shall be glad to consider this or any other subject with you whenever you will favor me with a call."

"Thank you. I have long desired to form your acquaintance."

"And have been restrained from overtures in that direction through fear of my displeasure. I know I am considered misanthropical," with a smile; "but it is not so. I came here to study, and, having no time to devote to them, have made no acquaintances. When may I expect to see you in my room?"

"When will it be convenient for you to receive me?"

"At any time you please."

"Will to-morrow afternoon, at four, be agreeable to you?"

"Perfectly. Good-night."

"Good-night."

It is safe to say my rest that night was in no slight degree disturbed by my thoughts of the man himself and my prospective call upon him.

He received me at the appointed hour with a greater cordiality than I had anticipated; but, entering his room, I was amazed at what I saw. Everything therein wore an air of such antiquity, it seemed to me I must have been relegated into the far past.

"Well!" said Kreitzel, perceiving my look of surprise.

"I am in doubt, almost, whether I am myself, or a something belonging to an ancient era."

"You wonder at my surroundings, but all here pertains to my own particular study—philosophy."

"I do not think I comprehend you."

"I start with the fundamental proposition,—incontrovertible, I believe,—that philosophy, not the philosophical, has for its object not only the learning the laws by which phenomena are governed and the relation of causes to effects, but the comprehension of the reason for the reason—the initial motive; in other words, the Divine Purpose. Man, a finite being, is, of course, unable to gain a thorough cognition of the infinite; however, the further we attend our researches into the past, the nearer do we approach to the primal, and proportionately the more correct will be our apprehension of the Deity.

"Among the antiques which I have collected is not one but clearly discloses certain distinctive traits of him from whose hand it emanated, and of his age. The gems, in their cutting; the images, in their sculpture; the ornaments, in their engraving—all most graphically reveal the thoughts of a period by far proleptic to the earliest in which any language, whose traces archæologists can discover, existed."

"Between the remotest period of which you can thus acquire any knowledge and the beginning of creation there must be an impassable gulf of time where you cannot but drift at random," I ventured.

"The gulf *is* there; and, at that point, my only resource is calculation."

"How can calculation avail you?"

"Let me illustrate astronomically. The discovery of the planet Neptune constitutes one of the most wonderful mathematical triumphs ever known, and marks a notable era in physical investigation. How was it brought about? Uranus,

situated at the extremity of the solar system, was found to be affected by certain perturbations, explicable in no way save on the hypothesis that another planet, exterior to all then known, did exist. It would seem a hopeless problem—the groping through space and determining the *locale* of such a planet; but it was attempted by M. Le Verrier, of Paris, and Mr. Adams, of Cambridge, and solved so accurately that, when actually discovered by Dr. Galle, of Berlin, it was less than one degree from the position assigned it by Verrier, and only about two degrees from its place as calculated by Mr. Adams.

"Similarly, I perceive that some of the thoughts which I have traced out by means of my delicate instruments, *relics*,—they sustain the same relation to the subject under consideration that the telescope bears to astronomy,—are not in harmony with other synchronous thoughts, and I know their perturbations must have resulted from the influence of thoughts exterior to the realm to which my observations are restricted. Reasoning *a posteriori*, I find the modifications, so clearly discerned, necessitate the existence of a particular class of thoughts, and I unhesitatingly conclude that such have been. Thus, by a continual retrogression, I approximate more and more closely to the great first thought, never quite comprehensible for the reason heretofore given."

I have detailed thus much of our conversation, because the course of reasoning he therein adopted fairly typifies Kreitzel's argumentative method on all occasions, so far as I know.

Discontinuing the subject, he became discursive, astounding me by the boldness of his ideas, the extent and profundity of his erudition, though there was no evidence of pedantry on his part. I thought, at the time, I had never seen a more sociable person; but a subsequent consideration of our interview convinced me "sociability" was a misnomer, as he had done nearly all the talking, while the listening had mostly devolved on me. I realized, too, that a vein of cynicism—faint but decided—had pervaded his remarks, that a certain levity had characterized his treatment of things which I regarded sacred, and the realization rasped my feelings. The remembrance of his lustrous eyes, which, in the semi-darkness of his room, had seemed to emit flashes of phosphorescent light, caused a dismal, oppressive sensation that remained *alta mente repostum*, despite my endeavors to throw it off.

From this time Kreitzel constantly associated with me, though he kept aloof from the other students as persistently as ever. I always experienced the same feeling of disquietude when in his presence, and the "seeming" of his eyes haunted me for hours after we had been together. He rendered me valuable assistance in the prosecution of my studies; for, clear-headed and familiar with those branches to which I was giving attention, he comprehended their subtlest points, and his exposition of them was terse, vigorous, perspicuous.

His views were, in many instances, so antagonistic to those I had previously held, I could not, at first, adopt them. They were, however, presented so earnestly, with such evident self-conviction, they appeared unquestionable, and I gradually became a proselyte to his sentiments on all matters. His cynicism and lurking contemptuousness infected me more and more as the months rolled on, till my entire nature was metamorphosed. Formerly joyous and social, I grew morbidly melancholy and avoided companionship with any save him. The sense of discomfort, ever perceptible when in his presence, was one of absolute fear when I was away from him. I fully realized that he was rapidly, purposely, and completely gaining the mastery of my mind; why he desired to do this, I could not conceive.

Confident the only preventive of the mental demoralization threatening me—which, possibly, might merge into insanity—would be found in a departure from Leipsic, I, with an almost superhuman effort, burst my fetters and, without having signified my intention to any one, in early summer left the city—uncertain whither or how far my wanderings would extend. I resolved to make a purely pedestrian tour, and to avoid all largely-populated places.

At first my spirits refused to rise from their depressed condition, but by degrees they assumed a more healthy tone. The blithe joviality of German country-life inspired me with a vigor of mind and body to which I had for a long time been a stranger; and my gloom and moroseness were supplanted by a feeling of perfect serenity. Quite by accident, I directed my steps toward the Rhine, which I reached at a point near the northern extremity of the Black Forest Mountains; and, determined to enjoy whatever was enjoyable, so leisurely did I move, it was past the middle of July when I arrived at Lake Constance.

One afternoon, as I reclined on the velvety greensward fringing the shore of the lake, I was suddenly impressed with a vague sensation of impending danger. Turning half round on my elbow to shake off the uncomfortable feeling and at the same time to assure myself there was no cause for it, whom should I see but Hermann Kreitzel!

He stood only a few feet away, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes fastened upon me. His features were paler than was their wont, thin and attenuated; and one cheek was disfigured by a broad, red cicatrix. His eyes, hollow and sunken, were circled with heavy, purple rings, and appeared to be overcast with a corpse-like film.

"So here you are," he said, advancing toward me.

"Yes, here I am," I replied, rising from my recumbent posture and taking his outstretched hand. It felt like a piece of marble, and I continued: "You are cold. Are you ill?"

"I am entirely well."

"May I inquire why you have come to this place?"

For a reply he looked at me. It was as if he had said, "You were here." At least I thus interpreted the expression of his countenance; and, in the firmest tone at my command, I asked:

"How did you learn my whereabouts? I advised no one of my intended departure from Leipsic, nor was I certain to come here till I arrived."

"I am cognizant of all your purposes—your motives also. I know you left Leipsic from fear of my power over you."

"Why, then, do you persist in inflicting your presence upon me, when you know it is not agreeable to me?" I inquired angrily.

"You were once very anxious to form my acquaintance," he quietly returned.

"I remember it, to my sorrow."

"But I benefited you."

"In what respect?"

"Forcing you to leave Leipsic, I compelled you to renounce your vain and harmful investigations; vain, because mortal can never comprehend the mysteries of the Unknown; harmful, in that they take one's mind from all save his own unsatisfactory thoughts. Now, having lost sight of self and contemplating the author of all mysteries in his munificent largesses to the human family,

you are becoming a true man. Indirectly, therefore, I did you an inestimably valuable service."

"Your views have changed since last I saw you."

"Radically. Why? I was suddenly made conscious that the years I had devoted to speculation concerning the divine purpose—with which I had nothing to do further than to accept everything as wisely ordered—were worse than wasted. Moreover, I was stricken with remorse, fully realizing the evil I had done in assisting to lead you astray; that, merely to gratify my selfish desire to, so far as possible, gain control over your mind, I had driven you to the verge of despair.

"I came here to tell you this, and to express my contrition for the pernicious influence I formerly exerted over you. I have left Leipsic forever, and you can return to that city without fear of further persecution from me. We shall never meet again till in the great hereafter. *Leben Sie wohl!*" And with another grasp of my hand he was gone, ere I had sufficiently recovered from my astonishment to make reply.

I continued my wanderings a few weeks longer, then returned to Leipsic, where I was cordially welcomed by the students. Several of them gathered in my room the morning succeeding my return and asked me various questions in reference to my abrupt departure. I answered all, then said:

"Kreitzel has left you."

"Yes, poor fellow, he has gone," very seriously.

"I presume he was, to the last, as uncommunicative as usual, and informed no one why or where he was going?"

"Don't you know he is dead?"

"Dead?" I repeated.

"He was killed by lightning in the forenoon of July twenty-sixth."

"My God!" I exclaimed, not profanely; for it was the afternoon of that day when he visited me.

"What is the matter?" asked one of the students, and I related what the reader already knows.

Yes, I saw him, took him by the hand, conversed with him, at a time when he lay dead in a city many miles from where I then was. Doubtless the cicatrix visible on his cheek was caused by the bolt that killed him. No wonder he was pale, attenuated, cold; that he was completely at

rest; that he could clearly perceive the errors of his life. Imaginative, my seeing him? It was as real as anything I ever knew!

May it be the rapport existing between us was so strong that his spirit, when freed by death from the restraint of the grosser material elements, was

able to communicate with mine! Thus Kreitzel would have explained similar phenomena. The impartation of his sentiments to me might, perhaps, be accounted for in this way; his presence, tangible as well as visible, never could be, I am positive.

Can any one solve the latter problem?

THE LEGEND OF MAONA.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin door
The wild old woods resounded with her song,
And fairy laughter all the summer day."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PERSONAL beauty involves perils in no slight degree in this our age of partial civilization, and in the earlier development of the race they were of a more expressed character, often involving the very existence of a people. A beautiful woman was liable to be kidnapped by viking or free-booter, Greek or Sabine, and whole tribes rushed to arms to resent the indignity, and recover some marvellous piece of God's handiwork too precious to be lost. And so it should be, for a lovely woman is the most wonderful and exquisite thing in creation, too sacred to be so lightly esteemed as in our day, where she may be cast forth as among the vilest of all created things.

The laws of society doubtless grew up mainly from considerations of the position of woman in a community. The lawless chief of a clan had to be taught at some time that he could not appropriate the most beautiful of the sex because she pleased his fancy—that others were not blind, and that the woman would most likely have a choice of her own and a will of her own, which he would have to learn to respect or bide the consequences; hence men combined and associated themselves for mutual help and the protection of themselves or others.

The kings or chiefs of Greece agreed to protect Menelaus in the possession of the transcendently beautiful Helen, and when she was abducted by Paris of Troy they flew to arms, not only to resent a marital injury, but in accordance with the com-

pact which demanded of them such action. This species of usage which makes the epic of Homer a world-wide subject of interest must have been the growth of all peoples who had reached a similar degree of development. Even the savages of this country bound themselves by a contract similar to the ancient Greeks under similar circumstances, and which left the woman free to choose for herself the object to whom fealty should be given, the right of choice being one of the earliest assertions of woman. The story I will relate is history more than fiction, and the usages described belong entirely to the realm of fact.

Even in communities of a low grade of civilization it sometimes happens that a happy combination of the elements leads to the production of a man or a woman quite beyond the average standard of those about them, as in the case of Red Jacket, Pontiac, Osceola, and many others that might be named not only in modern, but classical records. Among women the idea of chastity allied to maternity and the family relation would seem to have been an inspiration of some gifted woman who was quite beyond the abject, servile, or sensual women who made up the majorities of her sex. Men and women had long worshiped an invisible unknown power, which we call God, before the social moralities were evolved—this second table of the law.

Maona was one of the kind to which we have hinted above. Her father was chief of the Patchogue tribe of Indians living on the south side of Long Island, on what is now known as Peconic Bay, to which he gave the name. He was an enterprising, warlike man, who chafed at the ascendancy of the Mohawks, who lived nearly two hundred miles to the north, and had, partly by

force of arms and partly by policy, succeeded in subjugating all the clans on the south side of the island. The method of doing this grew out of the natural products of the localities involved.

The natives of the Mohawk region found it difficult to procure shells for the manufacture of those exquisite belts called wampum, so essential in the ratification of treaties, and as insignia of honor. What the seal is to a treaty, and the star and garter to the knight of prowess or man of eminent service, the wampum belt was to the aboriginal chief.

On the other side, the Patchogue and other tribes of Long Island were rich in shells, but poor in the flint-stones for the manufacture of arrow-heads, and they in process of time negotiated such measures as resulted in the exchange of commodities. Shells for wampum were prepared on Long Island, and arrow-heads made on the banks of the Mohawk, and thus the symbols of peace and the necessities of war were amicably adjusted, and, accordingly, arrow-heads, or celts, are now picked up on the shores of Peconie Bay, the geology of which must be found on the banks of the Mohawk.

But the warlike tribes of the Six Nations, which included the Mohawks, finally usurped power over all less stalwart peoples, and at length exacted a tribute of wampum where originally they had made exchange of commodities. The fine bay, now known as Peconie, was every season alive with canoes that had come down the Hudson River, traversed the sound, and rested paddles among this and other tributaries, not only to collect dues, but by right of power to hunt the deer and fish in the waters which rightfully belonged to others.

Peconie felt himself powerless to resist this presumptuous intrusion, and felt himself still more aggrieved by the bold manner in which the head of the Mohawks, Ongadoc, proposed to take his daughter, Maona, to wife. Now the fame of the girl for beauty and intelligence had covered a larger space than that of Helen of Troy, and suitors of power, redoubtable warriors, subtle chiefs, and enthusiastic young braves, were not wanting to fill up the measure of her triumphs.

Maona was wise as she was lovely, and by no means ready to leave the wigwam of her father for the doubtful felicity of a new home, most especially one like Ongadoc's, who, though brave in war and

skillful in the hunt, was known to already have one wife to plant his potatoes and cook his venison. When, therefore, Peconie reported to his daughter the wishes of the Mohawk chief, she smilingly answered :

"Maona neither cooks nor plants; she would be only a burden in his wigwam. Ongadoc is too great a chief to marry into our poor tribe."

But to her mother she said: "I have many suitors. I will not marry one to bring upon my father the malice of all others. It is folly to go to war with the odds of a thousand to one. Maona can paddle her canoe where the gull finds a rock and the eagle a nest."

To which her mother replied: "When the mother of Maona became the wife of Peconie, she chose a great chief in the presence of brave men, who, when they saw her hold her hand to him, covered their faces and went forth never to return. Maona shall be no withered stick on her father's threshold, nor shall she go unbidden to the Great Spirit."

"It shall content me," whispered the girl, who well knew that her mother was peerless among the women of her tribe, and who thus had brought about the right claimed by the beautiful to do according to her own will in the matter of her marriage.

CHAPTER II.

"With look like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird in air,
Thou art, in sooth, the veriest devil
That e'er clutched fingers in a captive's hair."

HALLECK.

WHEN Peconie returned from the chase with Ongadoc, he spoke to him as of a thing of little moment about his daughter, saying:

"Maona is like a bird fond of the old nest."

"The eagle ejects the young who loiter too long under the branch. Maona is wise as she is beautiful; she must wed a great chief, and in time sit at the council-fire with the wise women of the tribes."

But Peconie saw that the brow of Ongadoc lowered with rage, though his voice was soft.

From Montauk to Peconie the waters of the south side of Long Island were gay with the canoes of warriors and hunters and fishers, for it was the hunting-moon, and the island was full of game, and the waters with fish of every kind, and

celebrated then as now for the excellence of its oysters. More than this, the word had gone forth that the beauty of Peconie would publicly take to herself an husband, and many a young brave who had dared to lift his eyes so high would at least show that he could estimate the beautiful though it might be beyond his reach.

It was, as I have shown, the custom of the aborigines, under the peculiar stress of great beauty combined with intelligence, making it difficult to dispose of a woman by ordinary means, to summon together all who aspired to her hand, and it was her province to decide among the claimants, and this involved a solemn compact on the part of all others to protect the favored lover in the possession of his rights.

A bower of branches ornamented with wild-flowers and ripened berries was built under a lofty pine-tree, which still may be seen on the south side of the main road of West Patchogue. A lake slumbered amid the overhanging woods, where disported the speckled trout, while the grape hung in heavy festoons from tree to tree, and presented alcoves of rare loveliness to the eye. The ground heaved in swells of verdure, and the work of the beaver had created a natural esplanade under the tall pine, and given a slight fall to the stream that made its way from the lake to the waters of the bay.

Here, under the ancient pines, was enacted a rite akin to that of the Greeks at the choice of Helen. A screen of leaves concealed the entrance of the cabin which shielded the beautiful Maona. In a semicircle reclined the lovers, each in his finest mantle of skins and his decorations of eagle-feather, plume, or shield, at once indicating the rank he might rightfully claim.

A gentle wind whispered in the pines; the sun glinted the bright waters of the lake; the boom of the ocean beyond the reef of sand which skirts the bay was a deep monotone blending with the splash of the little stream below, and the occasional outgush of the thrush with its mellow notes; all else was a breathless silence. Many minutes elapsed, and there was no stir from the bower upon which all eyes were turned. Peconie sat like a statue of stone, while a smile of triumph played about the lips of his wife. Ongadoc had seated himself like the humblest brave to bide the feat of beauty.

Slowly the leaves were turned aside, and the softened sunlight encircled the beautiful head of

Maona like a halo of glory, while a murmur of admiration arose from the lips of the assembled women. A moment she stood with downcast eyes, her two hands lightly clasped, and falling below her girdle; then she walked onward where sat the assembled chiefs. She made the circle in utter silence, and no smile upon her lips. Returning she lifted her eyes smilingly, and extended her hand to the no less beautiful than herself, Syonet, chief of a neighboring tribe, who with dignity arose and placed himself at her side, at which every suitor, veiling his face in his robe, slowly arose and turned himself seaward. Ongadoc had, like the rest, veiled his face, but it was to hide the rage that distorted his features, and he did not leave the place where he was seated.

After a brief space, Syonet approached Peconie and laid a beautiful belt of wampum at his feet, then he turned to the stream where his canoe swung beneath the bank, followed by the lovely maiden who had selected him above all others to be the head of the wigwam.

The group of discomfited suitors stood together on the bank of the stream, and it would seem that the delay of Ongadoc to leave the circle with the rest had not been unobserved.

Suddenly, with a fierce, angry yell, the Mohawk chief sprang to his feet, and rushing forward, seized Maona in his arms, and with the fleetness of the desert stag cleared the distance between the bower and the sea, where his canoe was guarded by his trusty followers. Now it was that the fell passions of the untutored men burst forth in all their savage ferocity. The presence of Ongadoc had aroused the suspicious hatred of his rivals, and it was now seen that the lovers of Maona had each one come to the tryst armed with bow and arrow hidden beneath his robe.

No sooner did the chief bearing Maona in his arms appear upon a reach of meadow which lay between him and his canoe, than arrow after arrow cut the intervening space and lodged in the shoulders of the fugitive. Fleet feet were upon his track, for now all the violent passions of the uncultured men were roused to intensity, and even those who would have acquiesced in the choice of the maiden no sooner saw this decision violently cast aside, than with a wild cry for vengeance they lost all sense of the hazards to which she was herself exposed by the flight of their deadly weapons. More than this, the sight of

her in the arms of the abductor served to inflame even a rage against the innocent cause.

At length Ongadoc was seen to reel and sink to the earth; in a moment he was up and rapidly approaching his canoe, while his trusty followers in great numbers hastened to his aid. A moment more and he fell heavily to the earth, while the fierce cries of friend and foe filled the air.

Peconie drew his mantle about his face and leaned against the old pine in silence. Slowly Syonet approached, bearing the beautiful Maona in his arms, and laid her dead at the feet of the father, and veiling his face he seated himself by her side; one by one the suitors approached, and again the circle was made in front of the flowery bower; but there was now gloom and silence where had been expectation, if not hope. Ongadoc was dead, and there were loud cries for vengeance, restrained even by savage men in this hour of sorrow, for rarely had the wil-

derness furnished such beauty, intelligence, and grace.

A cry of wailing arose from the women bearing the luckless maiden within the bower which had so recently been the witness of her triumph, and many a wildwood nymph scattered blossoms around her, and in simple rhythmic cadence told how the soul of nature pined at the extinction of such loveliness.

They made her grave under the pine-tree of which I have spoken, overlooking the lake, and there for many years was seen a noble chief coming at intervals when there was no moon in the sky, who, wrapped in feathery mantle, seated himself by the little mound that marked the last resting-place of Maona. It was Syonet, who, having roused the tribes to avenge her death, had seen them overpowered and exterminated by numbers, and he, the last of his tribe, died at length on the grave of Maona.

LATE TO CHURCH.

BY MAY W. MILLS.

ALONG the road, on either side,
The elder-boughs are budding,
The meadow-lands a rosy tide
Of clover bloom is flooding;
The sunny landscape is so fair,
So sweet the blossom-scented air,
That when I went to church to-day
I could but choose the longest way.

Loud sang the bobolinks, and round
The milk-weed flowers the bees were humming.
I sauntered on, but soon I found
Behind me there was some one coming.
I did not turn my head to see,
And yet I knew who followed me
Before Tom called me, "Kittie! stay,
And let me share with you the way."

We did not mind our steps grew slow,
Or notice when the bell stopped ringing,
Or think of being late, but lo!
When we had reached the church, the singing

Was over and the prayer was done,
The sermon fairly was begun!
Should we go in, should we stay out,
Press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle
I followed—all around were staring—
And here and there I caught a smile;
I tried to think I was not caring.
And yet I blushed, I know, and showed
A face that like a poppy glowed,
For every one seemed saying, "Kate,
We all well know why you're so late!"

Another Sunday, come what will,
I mean to be at church in season;
But to regret this morning still
I trust I never shall have reason;
For should I wear a wedding-dress
A year from now, perhaps you'll guess
What Tom had said to me the day
We walked to church the longest way.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

THE August number of the MONTHLY will doubtless find many of its readers settled in summer quarters, with ample leisure to follow any "suggestions for summer-work" that may chance to suit their fancy. It is hoped that in the variety offered in this article something may be found to please every taste.

Japanese fans, or some similar quaint design, are usually chosen, where only the corners are ornamented. Both red and blue cotton are sometimes used in the same pattern, but the red is more certain to endure frequent visits to the laundry without fading.

A very beautiful and artistic cover is of un-

TABLE COVERS.

Table-linen is constantly becoming more and more ornamented, but a novelty in style is illustrated in Fig. 1, which is intended to be placed in the centre of a polished wood table, and will be found very handsome for the purpose.

The material is white linen, sufficiently coarse in texture to allow the cross-stitch pattern to be embroidered directly upon the fabric, without the necessity of bast-ing canvas on it. The middle portion is thirty-seven inches long and nineteen and a half inches wide. The corners are cut slantingly, as shown in the illustration, and each measures six and a half inches in length and width. The strips of drawn threads which cross the cover are three-quarters of an inch wide, and may be worked according to fancy. Numerous pretty patterns have already been given in the MONTHLY. The cover is edged with guipure lace.

A favorite method of decorating cloths is to make a drawn-work border about three inches from the edge. The table is then covered with red damask, over which the white cloth is laid, the bright color showing with charming effect through the interstices of the drawn-work.

Eccru linen cloths are often trimmed with a border of cross-stitch worked with Turkey red cotton, or a design in each corner, embroidered in Kensington outline-stitch. Griffins, dragons,

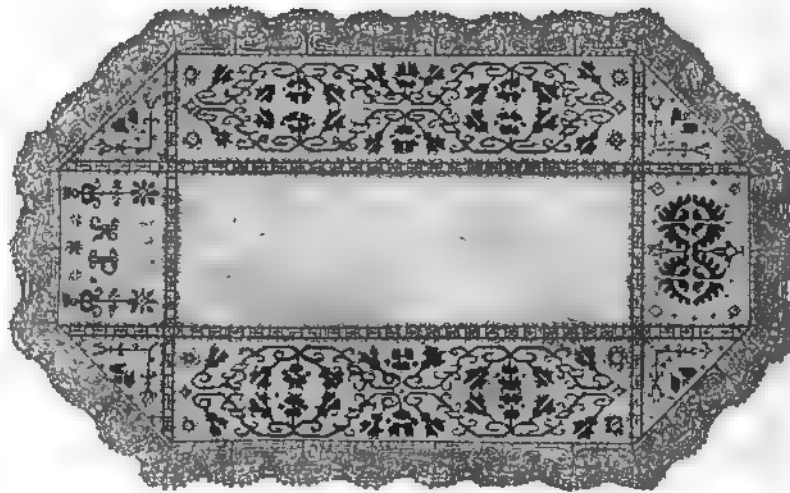


FIG. 1.—TABLE-COVER.

bleached linen, self-fringed. Above this is a drawn-work border, headed with another border in Kensington work representing shaded brown cat-tails and their straight sword-like leaves. Here and there a dragon-fly is embroidered, poised above them.

Napkins are decorated in various styles to match the table-cloths, and certainly no prettier or more acceptable gift to a housekeeper could easily be devised.

SMALL FANCY TABLE-COVER.

Fig. 2 illustrates a pretty cover for one of the innumerable tiny tables that now dot every drawing-room.

The foundation is a piece of coarse white linen, eight inches and three-quarters square. Each of the four sides is ornamented with a triangular *appliqué* of dark-red velvet attached to the material by a narrow border of embroidery, wrought

with gold thread and pale-blue silk. The designs for this embroidery are given in Figs. 3 and 4. The middle portion consists of tambour-work in



FIG. 2.—SMALL FANCY TABLE-COVER.

colored silk. The arabesque pattern can easily be copied from the illustration. The fringe is of dark-red zephyr.

Very pretty small covers are also made of a square of plush, either plain, or ornamented with a spray of painted or embroidered flowers, and finished with a border of satin of some contrasting color finished with antique lace.

RUGS.

Somebody's clever thought has resulted in the manufacture of very pretty rugs for use in bath-rooms and chambers, from one of the cheap gray blankets hitherto sold for horse-blankets and ironing-blankets. For this purpose it is cut in half, bound with red braid or coarse red flannel, and trimmed with *appliqué* figures or a monogram of red flannel. If a more decorative effect is desired, the blanket can be embroidered with coarse wools in sunflowers and reeds, or daisies and

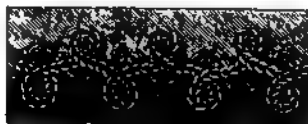


FIG. 3.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

grasses. If not sufficiently heavy, the rugs may be made thicker by lining with old carpet or bur-laps, or by merely doubling the blanket.

KNITTED PETTICOAT FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Fig. 5 shows the pattern for a comfortable garment, which many mothers will doubtless be glad

to have for their little ones. The material is white wool, the length seventeen inches and the width forty-seven inches. It is knitted in five separate pieces, that are afterward crocheted together on the right side, leaving a slit six inches long in the middle of the back. Cast on fifty stitches for the front breadth, thirty six for each

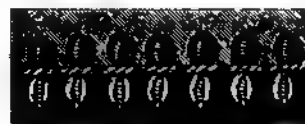


FIG. 4.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

side breadth, and forty for the two back breadths. Knit and seam two stitches alternately for six rows, and then transpose the pattern. The lower border is knitted separately and crocheted to the skirt. A crochet lace edges the bottom.

SATIN SACHET.

A very pretty sachet of novel design is composed of two square pieces of card-board, seven inches and a quarter in diameter, joined by a bias strip of rose-colored satin five inches and three-quarters wide and fifty-six inches long, gathered on one side and set between the upper and under layers of the satin intended for the covering of the bottom. On the upper edge the strip is folded on the wrong side for a hem a quarter of an inch wide, through which rose-colored silk cord is run. Cover the card-board lid with a square piece of rose-colored satin cut bias and shirred at intervals of half an inch. Finish it with a band of pale-blue or white pinked flannel,



FIG. 5.—KNITTED PETTICOAT FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

embroidered in some pretty design or merely feather-stitched with a contrasting color, and under the outer edge set a box-plaited ruffle of

rose-colored satin ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide. The lid should be covered with an interlining of perfumed wadding before the shirred satin, embroidery, and plaiting are added. Fasten the back of the lid to the rim.

TRAVELING-CASE.

Useful articles should not be left wholly out of

silk bag with a drawing-string, to hold the wet article, the second is intended for a brush. These

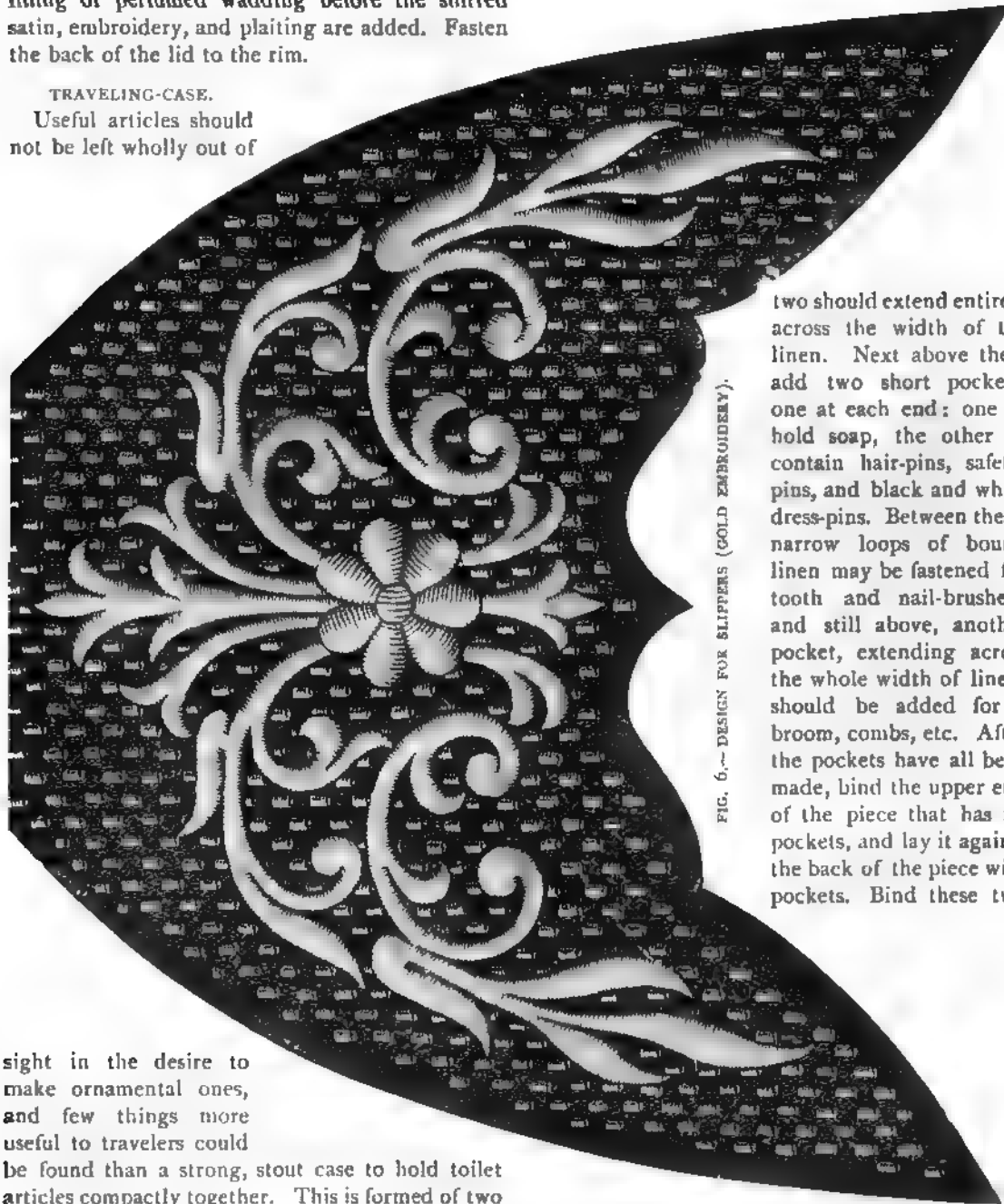


FIG. 6.—DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS (GOLD EMBROIDERY).

two should extend entirely across the width of the linen. Next above these add two short pockets, one at each end: one to hold soap, the other to contain hair-pins, safety-pins, and black and white dress-pins. Between these, narrow loops of bound linen may be fastened for tooth and nail-brushes; and still above, another pocket, extending across the whole width of linen, should be added for a broom, combs, etc. After the pockets have all been made, bind the upper end of the piece that has no pockets, and lay it against the back of the piece with pockets. Bind these two

sight in the desire to make ornamental ones, and few things more useful to travelers could be found than a strong, stout case to hold toilet articles compactly together. This is formed of two pieces of linen crash, each three-quarters of a yard long and three-eighths of a yard wide. Across one, place two large pockets of linen bound with braid. The lower one is for a sponge and contains an oil-

parts together, leaving the upper end open, thus securing one large bag the entire size of the crash, where soiled handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs, stockings, etc., can be placed. Sew braids to the upper

corners of the case, to tie it firmly when rolled together.

GOLD EMBROIDERY FOR SLIPPERS.

Gold embroidery is very rich and beautiful in effect, but difficult to execute by those unskilled in fine needle-work. With the help of the accompanying illustrations, however, any one tolerably versed in ordinary embroidery can readily work the elegant design for slippers given in Fig. 6.

The pattern is first drawn on the material, then the various figures are cut out of card-board. As the figures in this design are intended to be very

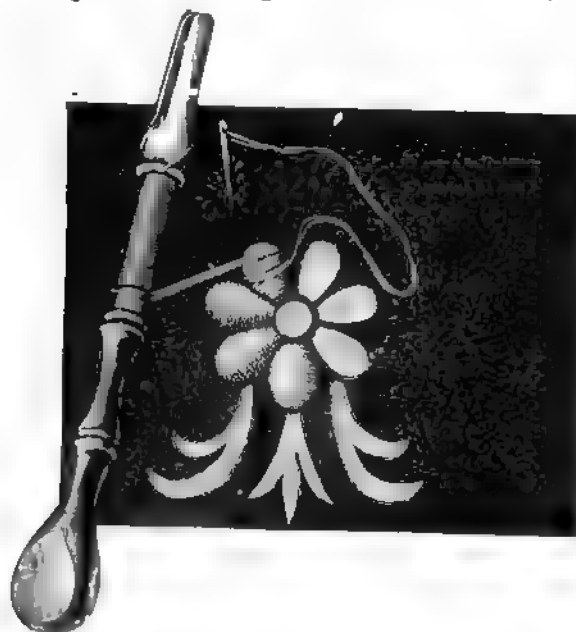


FIG. 7.—INSTRUMENT FOR HOLDING THE GOLD THREAD.

much raised, six layers of card-board are required for each. These layers are carefully pasted on the material without covering the traced outlines of the pattern, as they must be kept perfectly clear. The gold thread is taken double, a small fork-like instrument, illustrated in Fig. 7, being used for holding it. The needle, threaded with a waxed gold-colored silk, is tightly drawn between the gold threads that closely cover the pasteboard figures, and passed from the upper to the under side of the work, firmly fastening the gold threads to the material. Some gold spiral cord, cut in small pieces and sewed over the velvet, as shown by the illustration, produces a very rich and glittering effect.

TOBACCO-POUCHES.

Slippers seem naturally to suggest their usual accompaniment, tobacco, and many pretty styles of pouches are made as receptacles for the fragrant weed. The materials are various, kid, silk, satin, velvet, and even chamois-skin being employed with very charming effect. Embroidery and even painting are not seldom called into requisition for their decoration.

A pretty style is composed of five pieces about an eighth of a yard long and two and a half inches wide, pointed at the bottom and cut straight across the top. Each of these pieces—which are of kid—may be embroidered or painted, then sewed firmly together. The satin lining is cut in gores to fit and slipped inside the pouch, after which a satin top is joined on. This has a running near the upper part, through which the drawing-cord is inserted to form a frill and close the pouch. Three tassels are fastened to the point of the pouch by way of finish.

Another more elaborate design has the five parts made of ticking, with gold braid sewed down each blue stripe and an embroidery in fancy stitches with colored silks between. The gores are bound with narrow silk ribbon the color of the top before being sewed together, and the bag is lined with oil-silk to keep the tobacco moist.

Still another variety is composed of chamois-skin. Cut a square bag the size desired, then round off the two lower corners. Embroider on one side an initial or monogram, and on the other a butterfly, flower, or any other design that fancy may suggest. Face in the top to the depth of an inch and a half, or two inches, and make two runnings to hold the drawing-cord, which should be finished with two tiny tassels. This style is much liked by gentlemen, who wish to carry their tobacco in their pockets; the other is generally used for bags to be hung in the room.

HANGING-BASKET.

A new way of using the wooden platters in which grocers send out butter has recently been invented. They are cut in two and placed with the curved sides downward. Holes are then bored opposite each other through the centre of the curving bottom, and at each end of the straight top. Through these holes ribbons are passed and tied in a bow, and from the bows at the sides of the top a band of ribbon is passed by which to

suspend the basket. A spray of flowers or some other pretty ornamental design is painted on the side of the basket.



FIG. 8—SOFA PILLOW.

SOFA-PILLOW.

The design for a sofa pillow, illustrated in Fig. 8, is recommended as excellent for a detachable cover, since it can be frequently washed and again basted on, looking "as good as new," an invaluable quality in articles destined for rooms in constant use. The foundation is ecru linen, embroidered with dark-red crewel-wool. If preferred, however, it can be made of cloth or satin, embroidered with filoselle silk. In that case the choice of colors must be left to individual taste. The color of the lining, cord, and tassels must correspond with that of the embroidery.

HAND-BAGS.

The fancy for carrying bags in the hand has led to the invention of a great many designs for these useful and pretty articles.

One, whose effect is very quaint, is made from an oblong piece of greenish-gray straw doubled in half and lined with dark-red or olive-green silk, which forms a puff at each side and is gathered together with silk strings. The straw is then embroidered with crewels, or painted to suit the owner's taste.

Another favorite pattern is made of a strip of Macramé lace, lined with silk or satin of any shade that pleases the maker, and drawn up at the

top with strings in a bag, which should be about one-third the depth of the lace.

A handsome bag is also made of satin in two colors, dull-red and pale-blue being a pretty combination. A square bag is first made of dull-red, the ends and top being pale-blue; shirr the square piece at each end, and the top to form a ruffle, then run another shirring through the middle to drape it gracefully. The pale-blue satin ends are slightly gathered and sewed on in an ordinary seam, while the top after being sewed to the gathered top of the square bag has a drawing-string inserted to close the top, leaving a standing frill. A ribbon passes over the shirring through the middle of the square red bag, passing on to the top of the pale-blue bag, where it finishes in a bow. If preferred, the square bag can be made of brocaded material, and the top and sides of plain silk or satin.

WORK BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

The beautiful work-basket illustrated in Fig. 9 is made of fine white wicker-work, and is four and a half inches high, twelve and a quarter inches long, and eleven inches broad. It is lined with wine-colored velvet. The sides and bottom are slightly interlined with wadding, and show the filoselle silk embroidered border. A strip of yellow congress canvas ornamented with red



FIG. 9.—WORK-BASKET WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

stitches and small figures of trees in olive-colored crewel edges the border on both sides at the bottom. Plaited lace of yellow or gray tint two

and a half inches wide and a border two inches deep form the outer trimming. The handle has

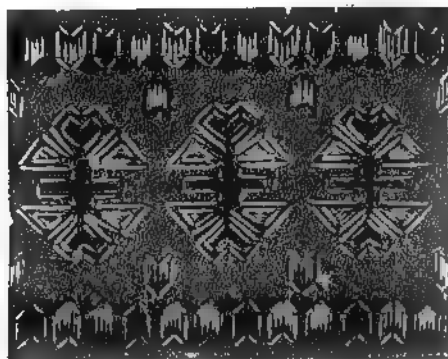


FIG. 10.—BORDER PATTERN FOR FIG. 9.

two bows of satin ribbon. The pattern of the border is given in Fig. 10.

Another pretty wicker-work basket of square shape rises to a point on each of its four sides. The lining is dull-red satin, with a spray of flowers embroidered or painted on each of the four points. Border the lining with a ruche of satin ribbon, and sew a dainty little bow at the top of each point. Fasten double loops of satin ribbon to the lining to hold the thimble, scissors, and other sewing utensils. Trim the upper part of the basket on the outside with dull-red "moss trimming," the shade of the lining; and if the basket has handles, ornament them with tassels.

JAPANESE PARASOL SCRAP-BAG.

The bright-hued paper Japanese parasols can be converted into scrap-bags sufficiently strong to hold bits of paper and light material by twisting a bit of fine wire into a ring, catching it to the partly-opened parasol with thread, and fastening a gay ribbon to the handle. The patch of bright color on a dull wall has a very attractive effect.

ROUND PILLOW FOR CHAIR OR COUCH.

A round pillow, suspended by a cord and tassels to the back of a large arm-chair, may be made a very ornamental as well as comfortable article; and an extremely pretty design is composed of four embroidered strips, two of light-blue Java canvas, and two of maroon cloth. The canvas stripes are each three inches and a quarter wide and twenty-four inches long, and are embroidered in cross-stitch in the Greek key pattern in navy-

blue silk. The cloth stripes are two inches wide and twenty-four inches long, and should be embroidered in a running pattern of leaves and flowers, the leaves green, the flowers tiny pink and white rose-buds. When the embroidery is finished, join the strips, letting the ends project for a distance equal to their width, thus forming points, which, when the cover is closed, are fitted into each other and joined. Having finished the cover, fasten it on a round cushion stuffed with curled hair, and add a cord the length required to suspend it at the height desired. Sew this cord at the ends in two or three loops, fastened flatly to the cover to conceal the joining, and finish with tassels.

TIDY IN CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 11 shows a tidy of ecru-colored linen with a woven design and self-fringed, such as may be purchased at any embroidery store. Each little square has a woven figure in the middle, and is embroidered with crewel in red and blue alternately. The filling of the ground figures is done with light-green filoselle silk, and the outlines are worked in a darker shade. Fig. 12 gives the pattern in full size.

INFANT'S KNITTED AND CROCHETED BOOT.

Infant's socks are always in demand, and the

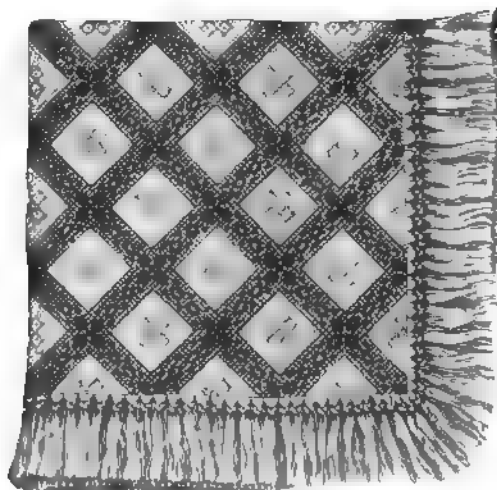


FIG. 11.—TIDY IN CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

readers of the MONTHLY will find those made by the following directions exceptionally pretty. The

material is white zephyr wool, and steel needles of medium size are used. The top and front are

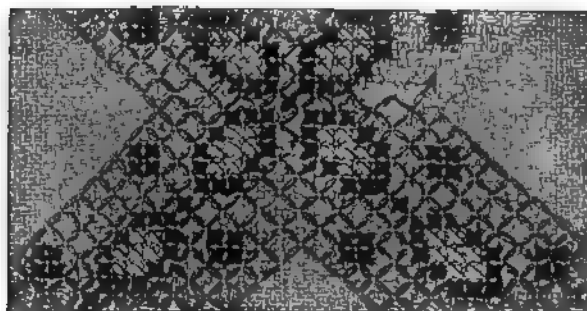


FIG. 12.—DESIGN, IN FULL SIZE, FOR FIG. 11.

trimmed with crochet-work. Begin at the sole by casting on a foundation of seventy stitches, then work in rounds, going back and forth as follows: 1st round. Knit plain. 2d round. Seam. Repeat first and second rounds eleven times. In the last of these rounds, on both sides of the middle twelve stitches, cast off twelve stitches each, and on the first and last seventeen stitches work the heel seventeen rounds high, going back and forth, and working always alternately three stitches knit plain and one stitch seamed, taking care that the centre stitch of every three stitches knit plain on the right side comes on the stitch which appears knit plain on this side, and consequently was seamed in the preceding round. Besides this, on the side nearest the front, in every second following round to the eighth inclusive, narrow one stitch. On the middle twelve stitches knit for the front thirty-six rounds in the design of the heel, but fasten the last stitch of each round to the first vein of the corresponding stitch, cast off, then fasten to the heel. For a row of holes (through which a cord finished with tassels is run) work on all the tassels stitches, always going forward alternately t. t. o. (throw thread over) and two stitches plain. Next follows one round seam and one round knit plain. For the upper part of the boot, work thirteen rounds in a ribbed

design, always alternately two stitches knit plain and two seamed, then three rounds knit plain, and finally five rounds composed of alternately one round knit plain, one round seamed; then cast off.

Fold the last eight rounds on the outside, and crochet from the wrong side as follows:

1st round. Always alternately two d. c. (double crochet) on the next stitch of the last round (catching the edge stitch at the same time), two d. c. on the next two stitches of the preceding round; finally one s. l. (slip-stitch) on the first d. c. in this round.

2d round. * 1 s. c. (single crochet) on the next stitch in the preceding round, five d. c. on the third following stitch, pass over two stitches, and repeat from *; finally one s. l. on the first s. c. in this round.

3d round. * one s. c. on the vein before the next d. c. in the preceding round, four times alternately two c. h. (chain-stitch), one s. c. on the vein before the next d. c., pass over two stitches, and repeat from *; finally, one s. l. on the first s. c. in this round.

Next crochet with white split zephyr worsted for a row of points bordering the front, on a foundation of suitable length, as follows: * one s. c. on the next stitch, four c. h., one d. c. on the first of these, pass over two stitches, and repeat from *. On the same stitch (folding down the points of the preceding round on the outside) work a similar round, and sew the points to the front of the boot, taking one stitch through each s. c. The row of points should be long enough to extend from the ankle down over the instep to where the shoe part of the boot commences, the



FIG. 13.—A SUPERB CHAIR-STRIPE.

fancy knitting representing the stocking and the plain the shoe.

After making one pair, it will be easy to vary the style, if desired, by knitting the shoe part and crocheted trimmings of colored wool and the stocking of white. The cord and tassels passed through the holes around the ankle should in that case match in color.

CHAIR-STRIFE.

Fig. 13 illustrates a superb chair-stripe in col-

ored embroidery with painted velvet *appliqué*. To work it, the outlines of the design are transferred to light pearl-gray, almost white, cloth. The flowers and arabesques forming the *appliqué* are velvet, painted by hand, and attached to the material with satin-stitch embroidery in filoselle silk, matching either the colors of the flowers or the colors of the cloth.

(To be continued.)

HOW I CAPTURED THE WIDOW.

BY MAGNUS DWIGHT.

"AWAY for a ride through the forests green,
 Away from the city's fierce heat;
 Away for a breath of the ocean's breeze
 Where the woods and the waters meet—
 For a splash in the briny wave,
 For the dash of a sail to sea;
 Away for a brief but happy sojourn
 In Atlantic sea city for me!"

In some such fashion my partner Jack was trol-de-rol-trolling in a very unbusiness-like manner in the office, while polishing up the brasses on a dilapidated fishing-rod, which seemed nevertheless to have some character about it from the service it had seen.

"Now, Jack," I said, solemnly pausing from drawing my quill through a long list of bad accounts, "I know you're going to keep as sober as an alderman, and I know you're not going to be drawing money recklessly to spend like a goose in a mess of bad, headachy champagne; in fact, I know you're going to keep shy of all that set styled 'jolly fellows,' that it takes such a jolly lot of money to run with."

"Jest so, old man," assented Jack seriously.

"For you know as well as I do," I continued, "that if we want to pull through this year we've got to work it out on a line that will take all summer, or, to use less elegant language, my dear fellow, you know that your time and your attention, your industry and energy, will be required almost every day and almost all day during this whole sweltering summer."

And when I had thus finished I again went to scratching at the bad accounts, adding a few additional, perhaps forcible, remarks about some

of Jack's customers—who had failed to come up to time—by way of emphasis to what I had already said.

"Old man, look here," said he, commencing in that sanguine voice and manner so peculiarly his own, "let up on that kind of talk for a minute, and listen. In the first place, I've made arrangements to travel up and down for less money than it would cost me to run out to the Park, and in less time too, all things considered; I can go to and from the hotel where I've arranged to stop in but a little more time than is required to go to the Wissahickon or the Falls and back; and as for the intervening time, which is mostly night-time, the difference is between sleeping under a blanket, enjoying a refreshing and restful slumber, and kicking all night on top of a sheet and fighting the buzzing flies in the morning. Then, in going down and back, I can put in the time running over my memorandum books and the prices current. There are also several good fellows who will be going down and up on the same trains. Oh! you needn't raise your eyebrows in that fashion; these are all members of Young Men's Christian Associations, T. A. B's., salt water drinking societies, and all that. Then, there's the widow too; she's down——"

"The widow?"

"Yes; she'll be stopping down there all the summer."

"I'm very glad indeed, Jack, that you are so prudent in the matter, and intend to be regularly on hand and on time. Likely I'll take the run down with you occasionally. By the way, where did you say the widow was stopping?"

"Oh! She's stopping with a friend; but let me tell you how I've fixed things. I said to myself, 'Now, Jack, all other things being equal, in the first place choose the cheapest road to travel on.' I found that, of course, in the Narrow-Gauge; so when I had made arrangements at about one-half the rates of other roads, I said to myself again, 'Now, Jack, you've narrow-gauged it down in one thing, remember to keep on the same track and gauge it down narrow in all other things; for nothing will please the old man better!'"

I hardly liked the habit my youthful partner had gotten into, of calling me the "old man." A man of fifty is but little beyond his youth, and it is a great deal more sensible for a young girl or a young widow to pick out a steady, settled man of that age for a husband, than one of your young flyaway, dreaming boys who has not yet been brought down to his level. And the idea of Jack flirting with the widow A——, who is old enough to be his mother. Umph!

Jack kept running up and down regularly, and it had a wonderfully invigorating effect upon his health through the trying hot weather.

On one Saturday morning I concluded I would take a trip myself in the same train—though not with him—that I might observe the better what kind of company he associated with. It was eight o'clock on a bright and beautiful morning that I took the boat at pier 8, Delaware avenue, for Cooper's Point. The boat was crowded with gay excursionists, principally merry Sunday-school scholars, who were in glowing terms questioning and answering each other concerning the bathing, the fishing, the boating, and the glorious prospects of the day before them.

We were soon aboard the train on the other side, whirling along through green meadows luxuriant with growing grain, past numerous small lakelets, over tide-water creeks and through the region of Oakland, with its pretty country-seats dotted about here and there, while the fresh breeze, redolent with the perfume of blooming clover-fields, laved the heated brow through the open windows.

I had almost forgotten to take a look into the smoking-car to see what use Jack was making of his time. Slyly peering through the window from the platform outside, I could discern, through a cloud of smoke, either back or front, every man

it contained; but Jack was not among the number. What could be the matter? Where had he gone? But it was no matter where he had gone, I concluded, and felt inwardly relieved, as I might now enjoy my trip to the full, with the coast clear from obtrusive observation of my partner or anybody else.

In less than ninety minutes we had reached Pleasantville, having experienced no delays from switching off for passing trains, there being ample stretches of double track along the line. Here an old angler, sitting next to me, began to rig up his line. He was going for flounders, he said, and proposed to commence operations at the railroad bridge, and travel downward to the mouth of the Inlet.

"Why, I can come down here and fish all day, and the very best fishing at that too, for fifty cents the round trip. Don't that beat all?" said he.

He was about to give me an account of what little fighters and biters snapping-mackerel were, when we arrived at the depot on the main avenue in the city by the sea.

"Carriage, sir! Carriage!" greeted me from a dozen drivers, which first put it into my head that a carriage was the very thing I wanted. About the horses I found myself particular. So, after taking a somewhat critical look at the several teams, I at last selected a pair of spanking bays.

"Drive to the hotel H——," I said, as I entered the carriage.

Just then it occurred to me that I had not been particular about the price of the driver. What was the matter that I should feel so much like a harum-scarum boy again? Was it the salt air or the ocean breeze? For the life of me I couldn't divine, neither did I have any specified object in going to the hotel H——, unless I might find Jack there—heaven forbid!—or maybe somebody else I knew.

"No," replied the clerk to my inquiry; "Mr. Soarer is not here; he left suddenly last evening."

"Is Mrs. A—— stopping at this house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you have the kindness to send up my card?"

The card was promptly sent up by the clerk, and I soon had the inestimable pleasure of being seated by the girl I had loved when a boy—a girl no longer now, but a mature and lovely widow;

and how very thankful I felt I was a boy no longer like that harum-scarum Jack, but a steady and stalwart man.

"How very kind it was of you to come down at this time, Mr. Jones," she said.

"Hardly so kind as such a very great pleasure to myself, Mrs. A——," said I; "but I have so little leisure, and—excuse me—I took the very great liberty of hiring a carriage at the door; won't you take a drive about with me and show me somewhat of the place? I am altogether a stranger down here, though the railroad makes it so very near."

And the lovely widow acquiescing, soon had herself in readiness; and beneath the friendly shade of an intervening fleecy cloud we soon were driving along the broad avenues and past scores of beautiful cottages in that queen city on the beach.

"I am so utterly lonely without her, dear friend," said she sighing, as we were gazing upon the sublime prospect of sky and ocean.

"Without who?" I asked.

"Why, my ward, Mr. Jones. My poor dear husband's only daughter. How could you ask?"

"Is she drowned!" I was about to exclaim, when the widow continued:

"And to think of her running away to be married without even a farewell. Oh, oh! it's too much."

"Do not cry, my dear," I said sympathizingly; "it is no great matter. Young people will do such things. I wish we had done so, too, dear Alicia, twenty years ago."

"Oh! Mr. J-o-n-e-s!"

"I sympathize with you deeply," I said earnestly and tremblingly; "but you really must forgive me for being more interested in yourself than in your ward."

Nor did she resist my taking her little hand and pressing it warmly. The roar of the surf drowned our sweet converse from all but ourselves, while a

lonely part of the beautiful beach presented me the opportunity to declare that from my early boyhood days she only had been the idol of my heart. Need I, dear reader—as the novelists express it—lift the curtain from the delightful secrecy of what we said? Will it not be enough to tell you that before the sun had reached the meridian at noon the dear Alicia was my own; that, with all the eloquence of which I am possessed, I had persuaded the dear girl to agree to an early day, and that everything seemed propitious?

On returning to the city I found a letter from Jack, dated at Niagara Falls, in which he stated that he had unexpectedly been called away on business of the greatest importance, though what it could be at such a place, save some wild-cat scheme for utilizing its water-power, I could not for the life of me make out. I was glad, however, that he was away, and thus left me free from any impertinent remarks.

It was a lovely Fourth of July that Alicia and I were made one. I thought it but due to my partner to apprise him of the event, which I did, after the wedding, through a brief telegram. A few days afterward, and while on our bridal tour, I received the following very startling and impertinent, yet, on mature consideration, very satisfactory letter:

"DEAR POP: I am delighted with you, that you should have taken such a very wise step, and one which makes us so near and dear to one another. And then, *mon pere*, being partners, we can settle amicably, without any litigation over the estate. Mamie sends her love to mamma and papa. Accept my earnest assurances, dear sir, that I shall prove a dutiful son.

"Blessed be the tie that binds
In partnership our kindred minds."

"Affectionately,
"JACK."

ON, ON!

THIS life is but uncertain dreams
From cradle to the skies,
To some a dream of untold woe,
To others paradise;
And yet to all the hours are brief
And speed with rapid flight
From morning's dawn, with brightest glow,
To darkness of the night.

Man scarce begins his usefulness
Ere he is past his prime,
And then old age steals swiftly on
To bear him from this clime.
So if we all would be of use
There's little time to spare,
For death soon comes to take us home
To face our Maker there.

TITUS TUTTLE

CURRENT TOPICS.

Though living in an enlightened age, many superstitious people attach an ominous meaning to the appearance of comets, and aver that the late sad and almost successful attempt upon the life of President Garfield was amply foretold by the meteor so recently seen gyrating in the heavens. The basis for this supposition that comets forbode evil is founded on the fact that the war of 1812, the Mexican war, our late rebellion, and several other unfortunate eras in history have been preceded by the appearance of these banshees of the skies. Still, we are inclined to doubt if any connection exists between the wanderings of itinerant heavenly bodies and human affairs on this mundane sphere. Be that as it may, the catastrophe to our President, stricken down at his post of duty, is none the less to be regretted, and that popular sympathy is with him has been made clearly manifest; not by the number and spirit of the meetings for prayer in his behalf, but by the tone of private opinion which may be heard everywhere upon the open streets as friend meets friend. It is true, some few persons, with more malicious brutality than decent respect for other's feelings, have made offensive speeches; but where this occurred in public they received summary treatment, and deservedly so. Mr. Garfield is now on a fair road to recovery, and every true American heart will rejoice thereat; while the assassin, Charles Guiteau, in his prison-cell is lamenting that he did his work so badly.

Against men of this class there should be some protection afforded the President, and this protection can now be given by a severe sentence upon the present malefactor, which may deter other office-seekers from revenging their disappointed hopes in like manner; and if fewer positions were made vacant by party power at each succeeding election, it would also add greatly to the comfort of his office, perhaps to his personal safety. Under existing circumstances the President is continually harassed by applications for appointments, made through the mails, in person, and by proxy, day and night. This is decidedly annoying and gives rise to a suspicion that things are not properly conducted. Why must every one holding a public position be forced to resign that position when the reins of government change hands, whether faithful and competent or otherwise? If a man has proved himself capable of the duties incumbent upon him, and is in every way faithful to his trust, it is only reasonable to suppose that the public would be better served by his continuance in office than if another man of the opposite party was to take his place—a man, perhaps, not half so honest, and certainly lacking experience. There is no good reason why the affairs of government should not, in this respect, be conducted in the same manner as a well-regulated mercantile business; and if this was the case, the people would soon have servants less intent upon pilfering from the coffers in their care, than upon the faithful discharge of their duties.

The Commencement Season.—A most important

epoch in a young man's life is the transition from academic training to a position in active life. This is true under even the most appreciative recognition of a young man's capabilities and situation. But when he is regarded from a false stand-point by others, and does himself assume a false attitude with respect to himself, his training, and the world, his act becomes nothing short of suicidal, while the public who thus wrong him may be called in unvarnished terms accessory before the fact.

And yet such a false position with respect to young graduates is annually taken by the less fortunate—perhaps envious—self-made men who pretend to interpret public opinion on this subject.

It is, it seems, one of the duties of the younger men on some editorial staffs to compose a yearly tirade for the editorial page as a wholesome antidote to the deleterious dish of college news which is served up in another column. With our higher institutions full to overflowing with the sons of the best of our citizens, an almost incomprehensible fact stares us in the face on beholding the patient submission to this "public opinion" misrepresentation. The best answer to those who would decry the advantages of a liberal education is the fact that increasing numbers of young men swarm to our colleges and universities.

Some years ago these same tamperers with public sentiment set afloat the idea that to turn our country into an Arcadia all that was necessary was to give the young men a practical business education. "Teach your sons that which they will practice when they become men" was the utilitarian fallacy held up to the people for acceptance in the training of young men. At present we have grown beyond this crude and gross theory, and even those brought up under its earthly teaching have confessed its falsity and abandoned it for something better.

The hue and cry of our newsmongers still proceeds on the same stand-point. They cannot conceive how a mind can be trained unless it is made a store-house for all the learning of the past, truth and error alike. And presuming that a graduate should be or think himself to be a walking encyclopedia, they show by direct and conclusive evidence that this claim must fall; hence the uselessness of our college training.

When, however, they are dislodged from this position by a clear, frank statement that the collegiate course does not contemplate an opposition to established libraries, but aims merely at the discipline of the mental powers of the young, there is still another objection raised by the utilitarians. What can a young man do when he leaves his Alma Mater with (ah! me, that I must mention the horrid thing) his diploma? He is considered fit for nothing henceforth but to be trodden under foot of men.

College faculties are sufficiently justified in their prescribed courses by the increasing number of fond parents who stint and deny themselves that they may give their sons the privilege to qualify to be "good for nothing."

Another false standard by which the collegian is to be judged is his success in the world. And a man's success is to be measured by the frequency with which his name appears in public print, or by the number of flatterers and sycophants that constitutes his retinue. It is unknown to these intensely practical critics that more men have ruled the destinies of the world from the cloister, the school-room, or the study, than from among a parasitic crowd of adulating, cringing fawners. Besides, success is *not* the test of character, as victory is no criterion of the justness of an espoused cause. History has demonstrated that there is victory in defeat, success in failure, as it has shown by its greatest and central figure that there is life in death.

But if we read aright the signs of the times, the low, groveling ideals of the past are giving way to a loftier inspiration. There are evidences that a striving after self-culture is abroad among the people, and that may be the reason why colleges are looked upon with greater favor now than they have been in the more recent past. But even here, colleges may fail to justify themselves. The culture that is now popular is of too ephemeral a character, it is to be feared, and too artificial, to be of any benefit in the way of promoting the interests of the higher institutions. For what is called culture at the present day is the "turning for something stable and indispensable . . . to art." Just as if art were the end of life, and a Utopian realm would result from the æsthetic culture of the people. Say what we may about the "confusion of doctrine and the lessening of faith" as a justifiable cause for abandoning or undervaluing intellectual and moral culture and devoting ourselves with all our powers to the cultivation of the finer susceptibilities of our nature, the fact indisputably stares us in the face that we are only substituting the development of one faculty of our nature for another on the same plane. And it calls for no high endowment of prophetic gifts to foretell the consequences that await our embarking on this enterprise—the utter wreck of our fondest hopes. Futile and most grievously disappointing will prove the aspiration to find a Nirvana of rest among the ethereal refinements of æsthetic cultivation.

Uncaptured by any of these glittering attractions by the wayside, the colleges of our land should hold the even tenor of their way, fixing a steady eye on their own lofty ideals, swerving from their course neither to right nor left, whether to pander to an artificial public taste or to justify themselves before a tri-une lower and other than their mission. Only in proportion as they do this, seeking and accepting the truth amid even a chaotic confusion of doctrine, maintaining and encouraging a true and living faith to give the lie to the vaunted boast that a lessening of faith must result from an increase of knowledge; proving all things and holding fast to that which is good in art no less than in other spheres, making neither supreme and all-absorbing—only in the degree that our colleges do this can they hope to hold the confidence of the people and to merit their support.

Without question it is to the higher institutions, colleges and universities, that the civilization of to-day owes its character. Minds well disciplined, able to grapple with all questions in every sphere of life, whether of national policy

or of individual conduct, are not produced by denying or undervaluing the valid results of past labors. To become a man able to take a place among men, one must needs stand in a historical succession reaching from the earliest time to this, and, imbued with a spirit of the past, help to make and knit thereto the spirit of the present in one living process of development.

To do this demands that a foundation of a broad, liberal culture, well balanced, not one-sided or superficial, be laid in the formation period of a young man's life; and such is the end of college training. The young graduate should therefore be met and welcomed with cordiality—not looked at awry or regarded with envy or suspicion. Let him be greeted with a friendly grasp of the hand as a most interesting factor in the great result which history is working out of the thoughts, the passions, and the actions of men.

Is it, perhaps, indicative of the bent of mind on either side of the Atlantic, that while one of our American periodicals is devoting much space to the discussion of the Decline of Culture, an English paper should very seriously consider the Physical Deterioration of the English People as especially noticeable in the fact that "British heads are smaller than British heads used to be"? The reason for calling into question the culture of the American people seems to be the paucity of foreign literature that finds its way to the tables of our public; while England is alarmed about its present status because its hat manufacturers have to reduce the size of their blocks if they would fit the British head of to-day. Whatever may be said about the merits of either question, it is a matter for self-congratulation that our people are engaged with the worthier and loftier subject.

It is an honor to our people that they need no longer get their reading across the ocean. Foreign literature may be very entertaining and instructive, but it is foreign both in spirit and language. The English of England is not the English of the United States; nor is the English spirit the spirit that lives in the American people. The anthropological truism that the physical features of a country mould the spirit of its inhabitants is realized in America; and though we may be rendered better intellectually and socially by the infusion of a proper foreign element, our minds must assimilate this spirit and make it purely American. It is as much a manifestation of snobbishness to laud English periodicals unduly as to fawn on an English nobleman—and fully as disgusting. But especially is it an honor and glory to our nation to know that the supply of good literature need no longer be imported. The American magazines may not exhibit the pedantry of some foreign journals, but in point of promoting culture they are not behindhand. They are rather an advance, because they do not contemplate any one particular class of people, but exert their elevating influence upon all alike. And culture, if it is anything, is not to be confined to any class, nor to be considered the peculiar privilege of the gentry, while plebeians have no right to aspire thereto; but culture is to permeate all classes of society with the leaven of a higher, better, nobler life.

Whether the size of a man's hat is a legitimate criterion to estimate his scale in the rank of cultivated society, we are not prepared to say. But we fear the class of artisans

affected by erecting such a standard of judgment would strain a point in maintaining it. It cannot be doubted that the more room there is in a man's head the more brains it can accommodate; but quantity of brains is scarcely to be made a measure of cultivation. It would be humiliating to have some brutes excel us in rank. Still, all other things being equal, the man with the larger head is the better man. But before we lament a nation's deterioration on the complaint of the hat-makers, we should well inform ourselves as to whether diminution in size is accompanied by a corresponding decrease in capacity. The progress of the world seems to be from the ruder mass to a smaller and finer bulk. If the smaller head has more delicate organs, where is the loss, or why should we go into mourning?—because we need less material to dress ourselves with? There is, however, a limit to the smallness of the human body as well as to the delicacy of any of its organs. The brain may become too delicate and refined, and is then etherealized into imbecility. It must be this that scares the English press.

Female Suffrage.—The question of female suffrage, once so prominent and discussed with such acrimoniousness on either side, has of late somewhat dropped out of public notice. And this is the more worthy of remark since neither the advocates of the ballot nor the opponents of the strange innovation can score a triumph. Though their object has indeed not been fully attained, the agitators of the movement can congratulate themselves. Successful altogether in one of our Western Territories, and to a degree also in one of the progressive Commonwealths of the East, they may well be content to rest on their laurels for a season.

But the silence that has followed the storm is not a consequence of such partial victory, nor an abandonment of the contest. It is rather a transfer of the conflict from the two opposing ranks to a discussion in the camp of the aggressors. And what should the manly withstanders do but the very thing women asked for? She is invited to fill positions of public trust; the most dangerous weapons are put into her hands by some of the leading, sober old States of the Union. Not satisfied with the influence and labors of woman in the school-room, she is invited to occupy the director's official position and even to grace the superintendent's chair. And this deference to woman's ability and confidence in her honor is but a just due.

Still the discussion goes on; but, instead of resting her plea on the only solid foundation,—that of a right long denied, yet existing in virtue of her membership in the social economy,—the eligibility of woman for the ballot is generally based on merely economic or prudential reasons. These must always fail! If it cannot be maintained that woman, as woman, partakes of the rights and prerogatives of a citizen, she would only be insulted by heaping on her a burden she was not created to bear, and confess that she has nothing but her vanity to sustain her petulant demands. No amount of intelligence, no professional attainments, no social position, no income, nor any other qualifications, can acquire for her this distinction. Only an inherent right can secure the privileges female suffrage contends for; and only when that right is established can woman be allowed or obliged to exercise it.

And even then radical means must not be allowed to prevail over historical progress. A wrong long endured may be augmented by suddenly righting it. The present recognition of woman in entrusting to her exalted positions in the management of charities and schools, and in encouraging her in the various professional walks of life may be—*is*—an index of the deep consciousness of our people that woman has long, too long, occupied a very limited though eminently noble position in the world. This the suffrage movement has undoubtedly accomplished; and having done this, it may congratulate itself.

Art and Manufacture.—This compound term is employed to distinguish a certain class of manufactures of a scientific and ingenious nature from others which only require manual skill and dexterity. The line of demarcation between the fine arts and the manufacturing arts is undefined, and in many respects they blend together. From the period of the seventeenth century science and art have been drawn more closely together, and in later years have made rapid progress, each mutually assisting the other.

The establishment of Schools of Art in connection with manufactures is only of recent date in England; but the manner in which all classes have aided and supported the various Schools of Design and Mechanics' Institutions shows that the nation appreciates the value of cultivating manufacturing art. We see the same thing also in the great success which has attended the production of popular works on science in modern times. The discoveries of photography and electroplating no doubt tended to form closer ties between science and art; while the importance of the establishment of the Museum at South Kensington cannot well be overrated. By means of the institution and others of a like character the knowledge of science and art is disseminated among the workmen and workwomen of the kingdom.

Another step in the same direction is the appointment of eminent sculptors and painters in order to design models and patterns for manufactures. Although it is only recently that this country has turned its attention to the furthering of manufacturing art, European nations have long acknowledged its great importance. The Great Exhibition of 1851, by bringing English workmen into contact with foreign workmen and their work, gave a decided impulse to skilled workmen, and led to much healthy emulation and rivalry. In France more attention is paid to the artistic education of artisans than in any other country, and we see it reflected in all their handicraft. The Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris is a most remarkable institution. It consists of a number of large halls, each of which is devoted to some particular trade or branch of manufacture, and contains a perfect collection of the raw and manufactured produce, together with all the tools and implements employed in the process. Lecturers are appointed to the hall for the instruction of the people. It has been in existence more than seventy-five years, and was first suggested by the celebrated philosopher, Rene Descartes, in the seventeenth century. The Government is so convinced of the importance of this establishment that it supports it with an annual grant of 150,000 francs (\$30,000).

The selection and arrangement of the objects in these halls are very interesting, since by exhibiting the implements and machines that have been used from mediæval times up to the present day the gradual improvement can be noted at once. In one department, porcelain and china-ware in all stages of its manufacture can be seen; in another, the process of making clocks and watches. There are models of every variety of steam-engine and machine. One hall is devoted to chemistry and electricity, and displays all the apparatus employed, from the crude and clumsy objects of a hundred years ago, to the delicately-finished implements of the manipulator of to-day. Some of the rooms have the ceilings, floors, and walls decorated to illustrate ornamental art, and there is an excellent library in connection with the institution. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on such an undertaking as this. The usefulness of bringing together men of the same trade for the interchange of ideas is universally acknowledged, and it is now felt that if the workman receives sound instruction in science and art, it not only adds to his intelligence and comfort, but also secures the advance and prosperity of our manufacturing arts.

The Irish Question.—Affairs in Ireland and the attitude of England toward them continue in an unsettled condition. Ireland is in a state of turbulency provoked by the attempted eviction of tenants; and the English Parliament is keeping itself fully awake by discussing the question, What next? The land bill, with amendments and amended amendments, is unsatisfactory to all concerned. It has its faults: it is too liberal and too conservative, objectionable to both land-owners and tenants alike. It achieves a success to-day only to meet with a set-back to-morrow. Should it even finally be acceptable, the time elapsing until it goes

into force furnishes opportunity to complicate matters, so that affairs may be but little bettered by its adoption.

While London theorizes, the excitable nature of the Irish is inflamed by attempts at eviction, and Irish humor keeps exercising the process-servers, police, and even her Majesty's troops by feigned or open attempts at resistance. In nearly every instance (such is the Irish love for the bull) when a process is served on any one there is nobody found to serve it on.

The Land League has gotten itself into trouble by inciting resistance to due process of law, and haranguing the people that no human law can supersede the divine law of God, that the earth was given for the children of men. On this point we might sympathize with the people, did not such a feeling condemn ourselves when calling to mind the "children of the soil" in our own land. We are compelled, therefore, in self-justification, to wish England success in devising means to solve the problem which is becoming more involved and intricate every moment. Any solution that may be proposed can in the nature of the case be but partial, for the difficulty will only be shifted from one quarter to another.

But in the meantime Ireland will suffer most for any transgression of the law to whose authority it is subject. Defiance of law and order does not right any injustice, and, if retaliation be provoked, Irish blood will have to pay the penalty, however righteous its cause may be. Perhaps the best remedy for Ireland's troubles would be the return of its sons who have acquired habits of thrift and economy and liberal views abroad. If these could restrain themselves from falling into fanaticism, their influence upon their poor distracted country might relieve it of many of its oppressive afflictions.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Synnové Solbakken. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated from the Norse by RASMUS B. ANDERSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1881.

The literary genius of a nation is the measure of that nation's culture. Repressed for a time because suitable means of expression are wanting, it treasures up its strength until its accumulated force breaks down all impediments, and then bursts forth with a freshness and simplicity seldom known among the writings of older and more cultivated, and hence often more artificial nations.

The book before us is an illustration of this principle. Norway's literary genius has become self-conscious, and we see its youth in the simple naturalness of Synnové Solbakken. How much of the unique excellence of the original work is lost in the translation, we cannot undertake to say. The translation reads well. It is no reflection on Mr. Anderson's

conscientiousness to assume that the finer and more delicate touches of the Norse do not appear in its English dress. The English language can, however, be but poorly adapted for the translation of Norwegian poetry; for the verses are of no credit to the author.

The novel itself merits our warmest commendation. In the delicate delineation of the simple, artless life of the Norwegian peasantry it is unsurpassed. It does not describe, it paints. The story goes right on; there is no need of long dissertation. The reader can comment for himself, and will do it just as the author intended. And there is something peculiarly attractive about the sturdy honesty, the simple piety and innocence, as well as the strong humanity of the characters portrayed, that will procure for the book many delighted readers. And, with the exception of the verses, many will doubtless not be satisfied with a single reading.

The History of a Parisienne. By OCTAVE FEUILLET.
Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The heroine of this story, if heroine she may be called, is a Parisian woman of fashion, and is depicted in the first chapter as an angel. This angel eventually marries a certain Baron de Maurescamp, the choice of her mother, and like all such marriages contracted by other than the parties most concerned, it turns out to be a truly unfortunate affair. Upon awaking from her first blissful dream of love, and realizing that the gaudy bubble of her imagination has burst, the angel, whose name is Jeanne, begins to show signs of mortal attributes, and in the course of the story is transformed into a vindictive fiend by the brutal conduct of her husband, with whom it soon becomes apparent she has no sympathies in common. Having determined herself fully upon this point, she seeks that essential congeniality of disposition in the person of another man, and near the end of the book is discovered in an attempt on the baron's life.

There is nothing which could be called a plot in the story, — simply a thread of connecting incidents, — and its whole tendency is to palliate immorality, giving plausible argument for the commission of acts which circumstances scarcely justify. As in numerous French writings, the effect of reading such a work would be, upon many minds, extremely hurtful, if it even proved entertaining.

Hours of Fancy; or, Vigil and Vision. *A Book of Poems.* By ALDINE S. KIEFFER. *Dayton, Va: Ruebush, Kieffer & Co.*

The author of this volume appears to have been a soldier in the Confederate army, and with a Southerner's natural partiality for the "gray" has infused in many of his poems a sentiment for that color. This is more particularly noticeable in some lines entitled "Confederate Dead," to which is appended a dirge:

"Sleep, sleep, sleep,
And the April clouds shall ever
Weep, weep, weep
Tears of grief o'er those who never
Falterd when the storm of battle
Smote the hills with cannon's rattle;
But with hearts as proud as free,
Dared to die for liberty!"

The allusion to liberty sounds strangely; but aside from things of this nature the poetry is good, and the author has shown a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, mingled with deep sympathy for the ills of life, which is very pleasing. Nor does he "gush" of "babbling brooks," with faint allusions to "hyacinth bowers," and all that. On the contrary, in many places a more thoughtful selection of words would have proved beneficial, but the majority of his verses are strong in their simplicity and common sense.

An instance of this may be found under the head of "Longings":

"For each sweet joy that dies, a pain is born,
As surely as the evening follows morn.

And pain lives longest in this world of ours,
As thorns survive the death of all the flowers."

No truer sentiment than this can be expressed in words,

and the stanzas following are all as good, but it is unfortunate that a little further on the printer should make Mr. Kieffer say:

"Fold back my dust within thy bosom warm,"

instead of *warm*, as he no doubt intended.

In some instances the rhythm seems somewhat strained, as

"The first to speak was Denville Dold,
Who in brief words his story told."

The name "Dold" in this instance seems very much as if it was selected to rhyme with "told" without reference to its beauty as a name. There are other minor points, which careful revision might have obviated, but as a whole, "Hours of Fancy" cannot fail to be looked upon with favor.

Among its principal poems worthy of note is the "Phantom Bride" and "Sir Fontaine's Ride," both New Year's stories, and dealing in ghosts extensively, — as most New Year's stories do, — the latter being on the order of Burns's "Tam O'Shanter," with the exception that Sir Fontaine is chief ghost of the procession.

Other poems, under the head of "Lyrics," are very sweet and pretty, and evince strong feeling upon the writer's part.

Nana's Daughter. *A continuation of and sequel to "Nana."* Translated from the French by JOHN STIRLING. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

The author of this work is not Emile Zola, and for which we feel thankful. Compared with the work of Zola, it is to be considered as highly respectable. While, in some respects, it may be deserving of criticism, it nevertheless points a moral, stronger than holy writ, that virtue ever finds its reward.

Whether or no "Nana" is again to be resurrected, we are not told, but we trust that the poor outcast will not be called on again by these French novelists to do duty in the resurrection line. Two deaths is one too many in the nature of things.

Puck on Wheels. — This diminutive, cherub-like individual, elevated upon his bicycle in a precarious attitude, but seemingly in nowise discomposed thereat, while scattering to the winds a wealth of fun and laughter, will be welcomed by many with his volume No. 2. The contents of this will be found extremely varied, and the information reliable, while many tales therein recited are affecting unto tears. For instance, "An Area Idyll" teems with pathos; such as,

"He was a poor and ragged tramp,
His hat was bad, his shoes were damp."

The reference to damp shoes is very touching.

Then the Sunday-school story of how a Dyak was converted by enthusiastic missionaries; and the narrative of "Caddie Corisande, the Courty Cash-girl of Chatham street," by the author of "The Poisoned Peanut," etc., and many others, all give evidence of brilliant literary talent; while the suggestion of ice-boating as a summer sport seems singularly *apropos*.

What is Art?—We are lost in the consideration of the above question, from the fact that there seems to be a general haziness or foginess existing as to what constitutes art, especially as we have tailors designating themselves "art-tailors." There is in the term art, when applied in a very wide sense, a latitude or all-embracing power, which includes in its range the whole of the arts of peace and war. Industrial art, imitative art, high art, and low art, plastic art, and constructive art, all these are terms which roll glibly off the tongues of the numerous preachers on art matters. The query at the head of this paper is, we think, a very pertinent question in these days, when dukes, lords, and commons are delivering fine speeches, orations, and diatribes on art on every convenient occasion; when everybody seems called upon to air their theories and dilate upon the canons of art; when schools of design abound; when multitudes of writers in the various professional journals are striving to indoctrinate the public with their individual and peculiar ideas on the subject; when book after book is being published upon art at home and art abroad, art in the work-shop and factory, art in and upon everything, until everything we use and wear must be works of art or nothing. According to these apostles of art, we must furnish our houses in accordance with the peculiar art-notions of this and that professor. One eminent teacher tells us that the patch-work style of Japan is the thing for us, and is so convinced by the fact, that he goes into a large way of business in order to be able to supply the articles he recommends. Another equally eminent man tells us that we can only prove true art in our home by following his particular ideas of art, and so *ad libitum*, but in all this we find no answer to our question as to what is art. Let us see if we can answer the question. One great authority tells us that art is the expression of man's delight in God's work. If we accept this doctrine, we must conclude that the nearer we approach nature in our efforts to produce art works the better the art; and that all good art must be natural in its form and expression.

Art is defined by another writer as having for its motive and end the giving of pleasure. While we acknowledge that the giving of pleasure to others is one of the purest and best pleasures we ourselves can enjoy, we can hardly accept this as the highest motive in the production of art works, nor indeed as a primary motive, for we are well assured that some of the greatest and most important works the world has seen have been done without a thought of what others would think about them. A real and true artist is and ever must be absorbed in his work, having no thought of what he or she will say. He has no room in his thoughts for such ideas, the whole powers of his brain and intellect are concentrated upon what he is doing. If this were not so, how poor that work would be; no doubt works thus created do give the keenest pleasure to the beholder, and the artist himself will derive pleasure from the success which elicits such expressions from others, there being but few of us who are insensible to praise or blame (replicas of Diogenes being exceedingly rare).

Another writer makes out art to be the science of the beautiful, and gives his reason that beautiful objects create feeling, hence the word *æsthetics*, which is ever at the tongue's-end of pretenders to art knowledge, who apply the

word, or rather misapply it, to objects having no connection with art whatever. Beautiful objects are produced by art, but this is simply one of the effects or results of art, and not art. The various writers on *æsthetics*, from Baumgarten, Schelling, Hegel, Metor Cousin, to Burke, on the sublime and beautiful; Allison, Jeffries, and others discourse most eloquently on the *æsthetics* of art, but we cannot gather from any or all of these what really constitutes art. They preach of association of ideas, Platonism, and all sorts of notions in connection with art, which are simply not art, but some of its effects.

We conceive art to be the active manifestation of the inventive and creative faculty in man, elevated and refined by intellectual culture, acting upon and controlling the imagination. Let us see how this applies.

Primitive art, as exhibited by savage tribes, is in its degree as true a manifestation of art as is the highest production of the most cultivated intellect. We say in its degree, for it will be evident that the savage can only carve or paint up to and not beyond the standard of his intellectual or imitative faculties; what he knows he can represent in his own way, but no more; and what he does he marks with his own individuality, the mind showing itself in the work, which is the vital test of all art. Skill in manipulation, while necessary, and, in fact, indispensable to art, is in itself but a medium for the visible rendering of the thought influencing the mind at the time. In carving his war-club or the prow of his canoe, in weaving the mats he wears or uses, or in arranging the shells, feathers, animals' teeth, and other objects with which he adorns himself, he no doubt follows, to some extent, the traditions and customs of his fathers, especially in those wonderful geometrical patterns which he produces with such exactness, interlaced in such intricate and labyrinthian form, leading us almost to the conclusion that there is an instinctive faculty of order implanted in the human mind, which impels even the most ignorant savage to arrange his decorative treasures in symmetrical forms, and, while possibly imitating to some extent what has been done before, gives to his work some sort of impress of his own individuality, which constitutes what is called art.

Rising in the scale of civilization, knowledge, and intelligence, we find the same principles in application, but in a higher and more intellectual form. The symbolism in the works of the ancient Egyptians, and their representations of the games, customs, and ceremonies, while retaining a general resemblance, are each and all full of evidence of true art; that is, individualism. Coming down still later, we see this principle more strongly and fully exemplified in painting, sculpture, and music. The greatest workers of the greatest artists of any age or country carry out this principle, and have written it in plain language on their works. We see in these works the motive, the feeling, and the inner mind of the artist, from whence the conceptive idea emanated and was perfected; we see in it the master mind and hand, the two being in perfect unison; the individualism is so marked that hundreds of years after, their works can be distinguished from all others. And when the material value of these works comes to be appraised, how soon do the judges apportion the difference in value of an original by a great master, and a copy of the same! In the one is the man as

he lived, thought, and worked, and in the other we see but a copy, and, however close that may be to the original, its value as a work of art is *nil*. No copyist can impart that indescribable charm which the original possesses; he can simply render what he sees, which is not his individualism, but another's, and is not art. The greater the mind, the greater the art. In the works of Michael Angelo we see evidences of power, vast, sublime, a towering majesty of mind, which is impressed in unmistakable language upon all he has done, written so large that all men who behold his works, high and low, the ignorant and the learned, are alike impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of the conceptions of his mind, which qualities are the essence and sum of all art. Where these qualities are absent, art does not exist.

Coming down to our own times, with whose art productions we are more immediately concerned, we find that the term art is being prostituted to purposes whose sole aim and end is money-making, therefore it is all the more necessary that we should understand what art really is.

The painter who from the unity of mind and hand creates is an artist (*i.e.* a creator of art). Whatever be the subject of his work, pictorial or decorative, in which he clearly and distinctly shows the motive which actuates and governs him, and which is imprinted unmistakably on all he does, then he is an artist; otherwise, he is simply a copying machine, and not an art-creator or artist.

We hear much nowadays of art manufactures; there is no such thing, nor can there be. We have been taught that engravings are works of art. The engraving itself, the work of the engraver on copper or other metal, may be a work of art, for although he may copy the work of some great master and engrave it, yet the very nature of his work necessitates a creative power, in order to give a faithful rendering of the painter's work. Here, again, while the manipulative skill is indispensable, and must be acquired by long practice and experience, it is nought without the mind to comprehend and control the hand which executes. Many of our great engravers have been and are true artists, but the copies taken from their works, which are called engravings, are not in themselves works of art, but are simply copies of a work of art obtained by mechanical means, and do not require the aid of the artist, but can be, and are, produced by persons not having one spark of artistic feeling in them.

The same principle applies if we take music, which is termed one of the fine arts. It is the composer, the creator, and not the singer, who is the true artist; it is he whose name goes down to posterity on the roll of fame. The singer may be, and often is, a truly artistic expositor of the great maestro's works, but after all he is but the expositor and not the creator, consequently holds but a secondary place in the temple of fame. The true artist is the originator, the inventor. We might as well say that the printer who prints the score is an artist; his is not a work of art, nor are the copies he produces works of art, and so it is with engravings.

Photography is not art; it is the result of scientific principles applied through and by the aid of light to the production of sun-prints, and is, in fact, reduced to a mere mechanical process. There is no trace of the artist's mind,

and hence the pictures are produced independently. He does not create them; he merely chooses his positions, supplies the means, the light does the rest. As a matter of course, there is in photography (as in all else) scope for the exercise of skill, taste, and knowledge, there being photographers and photography, but art is something different to this. There can be no art without originality; the degree of imagination and refinement pervading each manifestation of this originality or creative power will in a great measure depend upon the peculiar properties of the imagination possessed by each particular individual, being in its expression high or low, refined or coarse, according to the degree of culture, knowledge, and experience each individual mind is possessed of, apart entirely from manipulative skill. Hundreds of men can copy who cannot originate or create; these are not artists, nor art-workmen.

Let us enter one of the numerous so-called art manufactories, where so much of the sham cut furniture is made. We there see men employed making furniture in the prevailing style, whatever may be fashionable at the time. One man is making one part, one another, and still yet another part is being made by some one else, and in the aggregate reproducing mere fac-similes of what has been originated and created long ago. These men, with other workmen so engaged, are no doubt, so far as their manipulative skill is concerned, the best of their kind, but they are mere human machines, not allowed (even if they had the power) to depart one iota from their model. Labor is divided and sub-divided, and each individual workman is compelled to go on grinding away at a stereotyped pattern, *ad infinitum*, until it becomes almost impossible for him to get out of the rut or groove; his inventive or creative powers become blunted, or lost entirely. Now these men cannot by any stretch of language be called art-workmen, nor is the work they produce art-work. If a man adds to the article he makes anything of detail, either in form, color, or as a decoration, and that addition is entirely his own original idea, his own creation, that man produces art-work, poor and feeble it may be, but yet art, it being, however simple, a manipulation of the inventive and creative power possessed by that individual man.

This being admitted, let us get away from the cant of the day, and call a spade a spade. Art can invent and create, can construct and carve, can paint and draw, but art cannot be manufactured.

Notes.—We are in receipt of the "Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly," published at Memphis, Tenn., and edited by Julius Wise, M.D. It is a magazine devoted exclusively to the medical profession, containing lectures and essays on interesting cases, their treatment and cure. The copy before us is number six of the first volume, and as it is yet young the publisher has our best wishes for the success of his undertaking.—We are also in receipt of a pamphlet from the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, giving an interesting account of the progress of education in Belgium and Malta, and some statistics on illiteracy and crime in France. In reference to the latter, of over three thousand criminals arrested in one year for various crimes, only five hundred could read and write well.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Home.—No word in any language conveys so many pleasing memories or satisfying thoughts as this little word, Home. It whispers to our hearts of cheery firesides, and gently recalls those happy faces about the table when all the family-circle is complete. The father, with admiring smile, is listening proudly to his youngster's prattle, while mother darts her approving glances from behind the cozy tea-urn and now and then gives some advice to these, her dear ones, that will in after-years be light unto their feet.

And thus in such a home the youthful minds of good and great are framed and formed, so when temptations come they reap the good of such instruction and find the strength to battle with their tempter.

Strangely enough, a Frenchman has not at his command a single word that means home, nor any equivalent. He can say, "My house," or, "I will go to my wife," but he has no home, and the lack of this restraining influence has greatly affected the morals of French society.

In this country its blessings are fully appreciated, and every effort made to make home the abode of comfort—though not in comfort alone does the sweet influence lay, but in that invisible bond of holy affection which binds one member of a happy household to the other, and makes their intercourse one of perpetual enjoyment.

Let this element be lacking and all other attractions will sink into nothingness.

On the other hand, some homes are rendered distasteful by the prim and scrupulously exact appearance of every apartment, which the mother of the household feels it her bounden duty to maintain at all hazards. She will follow her husband or the children about and pick up every raveling they let fall, or straighten every misplaced chair, until the constraints of such a home are irksome, and this husband or children will seek elsewhere the freedom their natures require.

To obviate this it is essential not only that the fireside should be made comfortable, but that some amusement be also furnished to attract and keep ever alive the flame of this mutual love. A want which is chiefly supplied by literature.

Every home should be graced by some journal that will furnish sufficient reading; but great care must be exercised in the selection of that journal, since our opinions and impressions are formed by what we read, especially in youth.

A perfect home, then, is where its inmates have every freedom that is consistent with a proper respect and regard for one another, and where they may find, in pleasant intercourse and the enjoyment of innocent pleasures, the requisite recreation from daily labor.

It is with the idea of assisting to attain this object that *POTTER'S AMERICAN MONTHLY* is designed, and as issue follows issue, it strives to supply the great demand for pure and refined, yet entertaining literature.

Grandmother's Part in the Family.—"How old are you?" asked a small lad one day of an elderly gentleman.

"I am very nearly sixty," was the reply.

"Then," said the precocious interlocutor, "your best days are over."

"I hope they are still to come," answered the gentle philosopher.

These two views of old age resume all that has been said about it. A few look forward to the portion of years on the verge of life's last horizon as to a privileged span; the majority avert their eyes from it, as from a dreary space—chilly and desolate. The young, with their buoyant animal spirits, their gay dreams of existence, feel separated by what seems an impassable gulf from the time when pleasures will have worn themselves out; when hopes and passions will be chilled; friends and loves departed; strength and beauty fled. To those in the heyday of activity the thought of old age seems as unrealizable and remote as the thought of death itself. When the prime of life is past, for the first time, perhaps, the thought of old age rises like a cold monitor, and the heart's pulses get slackened and chilled by the contemplation. So many projects still remain unfinished that have been begun, or are only planned out in the brain; there is so much yet to be done; for the first time rises the question, "Will there be time to do it all?" The shock of beholding the shadow of old age coming across the waste of life is perhaps keenest to the dreamer. So many of these sit under the shadow of the hill of knowledge, listening to the whispers of those who have climbed the summit. Dreamers are imaginatively ambitious as a rule, and they have fondly hugged the thought that they, too, would climb, and talk on to the living after they are dead; and now, lo! old age is coming, and the great work is not begun yet that is to make them be remembered at the feast of existence when their place at it will know them no more. Of all revolts against the activity and chill of years, that of the old is the most depressing to witness.

"Oh! the joys that came down shower-like
Of friendship, love, and liberty
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old—oh! woeful ere!"

says Coleridge. It is probable, therefore, that the large part of the human race considers old age as an evil. But it is one, as the Italian proverb has it, that all men desire to have for themselves; and plentiful are the directions given by which this evil may be attained by the cultivation of a sound digestion, an equable temper, and the stern repression of undue sensitiveness.

In one of his witty *maxims*, where truth is uttered in a most delicate and compact form, that polite and smiling misanthropist, La Rochefoucauld, says, "Few men know how to age becomingly." Perhaps, if this art of understanding how to grow old were mastered, the saying of the sage would be justified who placed his best days in his declining years. It would then be indeed like the last act of a well-written play, to which it has been likened. The

climax is reached, the fate of the characters is decided; only here it is the portion of the passions and cares that have ruled life that is pointed out. This love is extinguished; this absorbing ambition is put away like a worthless care; that neglected aspiration is brought forward and placed in the very core of the heart. "It is, then, all the comfort that I find in my old age," says Montaigne in one of his immortal essays, "that it deadens many desires in me, and many cares that troubled life; care for the court and the world; care for wealth, greatness, science, health, for myself."

The old age of the domineering egotist—of the cynic whose mummified moral nature is embalmed in epigrams—is only one degree less degrading than that of the voluptuary, whose white-faced terror of death would be piteous were it not revolting. There is a loveliness and a charm in old age to whom accumulating years have brought wisdom and left the feelings young. Those dear, enchanting old people, who can enjoy nature and sympathize with youth, laugh at innocent jokes, and who have yet seen enough to understand pity—there is something of the priest and the patriarch in such characters. Their neighborhood to the next world gives a sacredness to their personality; their experience of this one makes them our surest guides in our perplexities. They have traveled over life's country, and understand the roads and the cross-roads thereof.

On the relation of the old to the young, Victor Hugo has treated in a poem entitled "*L'Art d'être Grand-père*." In those fresh and genial pages he has celebrated the delight a child can bring to the old man; the cheer, like hearkening to the chirpings of a nestful of birds, its babble gives—the pure thought its innocence suggests—the phantasies its vivid imagination kindles.

If the tie between the grandfather and child be so subtle, it would seem that the one between it and the grandmother would be many-sided.

On the continent, where families, especially in country houses, live in a more patriarchal manner than here, and where it not unfrequently happens that we find three generations living under one roof, the rôle of the grandmother is perhaps more definite. Her experience directs the young mother how to supply the first physical and mental needs of the child; her days of leisurely quiet, spent away from the bustle of life, give her greater opportunities of watching the little one at its games, of listening to its prattle, and entering into its interests; her experienced and more unprejudiced eyes may often discern the varied individualities growing up together in the family brood. And when the little maid steps from childhood into young girlhood, something, often like a mystic tie, unites her to the grandmother. To youth and to old age the present has little import. The attractiveness of life lies away from it. The calm anticipation, in a beautiful old age, of the life beyond the grave, exercises a singular power over youth. A venerable presence near the threshold of the other world is like an assurance of that other world to the young in the first fervor of religious enthusiasm.

The vividness with which the old remember the notable days of their past is one of the most touching characteristics of age. In Tennyson's poem, "*The Grandmother*," this

pre-Raphaelitic memory for details of the old is dramatically expressed. The love-story of a life related at its close is as romantic and vivid as if the turning episode of existence had all happened yesterday; and yet it may all have taken place, as the story told in that poem did,

"Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago."

This appreciation of the value of days that, happening at rare intervals, yet resume, in the long run, all life, instinctively draw the young to confide to the old in the great crisis of their existence. Sometimes we fancy the absence of expressions of violent grief in the aged is due to the drying up of their sympathies. Has not Tennyson found a deeper and a truer reason for it when he makes the grandmother say, in the poem to which we have already alluded,

"But how can I weep for Willy? he has gone but for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute; what time have I to be vexed?"

A witty Frenchman, M. Joubert, said that, "as in life there are four ages, so there are four corresponding loves. The child loves everything; the young man loves woman; then comes the love of order; lastly the love of God." Who will say that the days in which this supreme love is placed are not the best?"
A. C.

Growing Old.—"What is the secret of your long life?" asked Alexander, the young master of the world, of a peasant numbering a hundred and sixty years. The reply was significant, whether regarded as fact or symbol; it was simply: "Oil without and honey within."

A sweet soul breathing good-will and hyblæan kindness; an external, suave, genial, unctuous, smoothing the roughness of every-day contact, will of itself insure long years.

"Old age is unlovely," said the bard of Selma, to whom life was worthless except as filled with the clash of arms and the prowess of contending warriors; but there is no charm in our day in the ghastly crash of artillery and the deadly aim of a Minié rifle, against which the ancient shield and armor of woven steel are as the spider's web.

"The pitcher shall be broken at the fountain, desire shall fail, and the grasshopper be a burden," is a sorry picture of man in any aspect, and for ages children have pondered these paragraphs till they became ingrained, and cast melancholy shadows as the years lengthened.

When a child of eight or nine years old, I chanced upon a book of anecdotes, which seemed to me a treasure. I had early imbibed a horror for the wrinkles and disabilities of old people, who, it seemed to me, were neglected and solitary, while my own long-lived relatives never grew old, but were bright and intelligent to the last; and I attributed this difference to the superior colloquial powers of the latter; which was not a bad inference for a child. I explained to my older sister this philosophy in this wise:

"When most of people grow old, they are hideous; wrinkled, doubled up, and dull and disagreeable, I can't bear them. I mean to learn all I can out of this book, so that I may have something to talk about, and be funny sometimes."

My sister shouted with laughter, for she was wisely happy in the present. After all, it does require a good degree of philosophy to grow old, if such a thing need be. Even the genial Wordsworth felt this, and said :

" Thus fares it oft in our decay—
But still the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away,
Than what he leaves behind."

We all have an ideal of ourselves which we ought to realize, and might do so, if we were not hindered and debased by the kind of mediæval-age teaching that calls us "worms of the dust," "born in sin," "tending to the grave," etc., while, at the same time, all the glory of youth, beauty, and strength of manhood are treated as misleading snares. Suppose they are; suppose that, now and then, something be done which a wise head or tender heart might wish otherwise; he who never made a mistake is a monster, and will lack human sympathy, for he is not akin to it. He is at best a miserable negation, who never shook a moral bridge like a traveling elephant, to see if it is safe before taking to the depths. We can all pardon actual sin easier than pretentious virtue; the hypocrite is respectable in conventional eyes, but nauseous to the eye of truth; therefore let us cherish the glowing impulses of youth, and if some discomforts arise therefrom, lend a helping hand to retrieve them. This brings us to the youthfulness of what is called old men, whose peccadilloes shock our moral sense, and well they may, if they grow out of a libidinous and depraved accumulation of years. Such may be in the condition of Macbeth, without the ambitious wife to tempt to crime :

" My May of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep."

No one is old whose heart is fresh and impulses noble. Such renew their youth like the eagle. A long life into the centuries is the right of a man who has good blood in his veins, but this need not be coupled with old age. The dew of youth may lie like a consecrated chrism upon the man or the woman of a hundred years, who has obeyed the obvious laws of life, for it is the breaking of these laws that curtails the number of years a man is entitled to live.

We hear of people talk of retiring from the pursuits of life and living at ease. A busy career necessitates action. The old blacksmith who kicked his anvil aside to live at ease on the profits of his labor found it impossible to sleep in his fine house, and stole out to sleep over the forge, where the sweet sleep of the laboring man came to him. The man or woman who has worked hands or brains through a long period is disqualified for rest, and their only safety is in continuous action. Brain and muscle must keep their habitual channel because all the forces of life are grooved to run in that direction, and there is no let-up from toil for them.

The old knights thought it shame to unbrace their armor while manly service could be done, and they rode in heavy

armor as long as the field of action was open before them. In our unheroic era men make the ultimate aim of life the accumulation of money, and they pine for a repose which they have not earned, and retire to their splendid houses and regale themselves with the singing of birds and the lapsing of waters—selfish creatures who are no better than so many enthroned spiders.

No man or woman can be said to truly live who is void of action that will benefit those around him on the great destinies of the race, and this negation of self is the fountain of youth in the search for which Ponce de Leon periled and at length lost his life.

The best patent of nobility is a long-lived ancestry. Tell us of a man's grandfather and we will write his history.

In our day we see fewer old men and women creeping about our cities than in the country, for the reason that in the city there is more to stimulate the faculties, and people have no time to grow old; they have something better to do, there is much to keep alive a harmless personal vanity. The Western boast of a man, "I can whip my weight in wild-cats," was not so bad; physical strength is a thing to be proud of, and physical beauty also, and to decry either is mere mawkishness. I would rather foster the vanity of years as a conservative element not to be despised.

The armor of the olden time was an excellent method of keeping the backbone straight. There could be no bent spine under the linked mail and heavy plates of steel; no contracted chest behind the stiff cuirass. A man was compelled to walk erect and wear a manly aspect, and thus he defied the encroachments of age.

" Stately stepped he east the wall,
And stately stepped he west ;
Full seventy years he now had seen,
And scarce seven years of rest."

There is no help for a man when he begins to round up the back. A stoop is the index to the "long bourne." Beware of losing the manly stride. Sing songs to the gods, to the morning bright Apollo, the ancients would say, which means keep young, don't fret. Do your duty to God and man, and you will live on to the centuries. In the words of the fine old fellow of the long ago, use "honey within and oil without."

Aspiration is the fountain of perpetual youth, to find which Ponce de Leon periled life and fame, not knowing that the alembic of the old chemists was only a symbol of what science has since revealed, that obedience to the laws of life is the elixir to preserve it.

Old men and women are the glory of the household; they invest it with sanctity. They tell better than a gallery of portraits of ancient worth and high endeavor; they tell of the good stock of the race, the pure blood in the veins of *mens sano in corpore sano*.

Women should rejoice when past the period of maternity, as the prelude to a nobler aspect of womanhood than that of sex. She may be fat, fair, and forty, and a most charming woman, but let her not degenerate into a croning, gossiping old woman, no days regarded except as she is to be wrapped in flannels—a sort of Spanish duenna or Salem witch. Let her be stately, with her aureole of white hairs; a guide to the

household, a noble exponent of what is wisest and best in womanhood.

Every period of life may have its peculiar beauty. We slide so imperceptibly into white hairs, the bloom of the cheek so gently fades, and the glow of the eye so yields to a softened intelligence, that we hardly realize what time is doing for us, the sly old encroacher stealing from us one grace after another so adroitly; but we can stipulate that he shall not leave in place of what he takes any unwholesome, untidy, unlovely substitute. Let us be grandly beautiful when we are no longer sweetly, seductively beautiful.

E. O. S.

Mrs. Jellaby.—What type of womanhood will be the outcome of the countless influences now working in society, we have yet to learn. It will be a good while, no doubt, before we shall see a dominant type. Dickens has been censured, unjustly, I think, for giving the world the character of Mrs. Jellaby. It would not be difficult, it seems to me, to find her counterpart in our American life; nor should his presentation of her make us think any worse of women who are interested in philanthropy and literature, whatever we may think of those who would take an active part in politics. Mrs. Jellaby is a woman of remarkable strength of character. Such women are now becoming far more common than they were when Dickens invented Mrs. Jellaby. Go where you will, you find such women anxious to devote themselves entirely to the public. Let no woman of this class think that I shall say a single word against her doing so—if she wants to. Mrs. Jellaby is "earnestly devoted to the subject of Africa—with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee berry and the natives, and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our superabundant population." Her pet hobby is philanthropy, of the telescopic kind,—that is, of the kind which places the objects of its solicitude as far off as possible, to the infinite neglect of objects near at hand, as well as of all home duties.

The mention of Mrs. Jellaby suggests the possibility, nay, the strong probability, of a *Mr. Jellaby*, and, in speaking of him, I do not wish to excite any apprehensions as to the probable condition of husbands generally, should the time ever come when all women shall become remarkable for strength of character, and shall devote themselves to public affairs. Women remarkable for strength of character are not always favored with remarkable husbands, nor is Mrs. Jellaby. I think in his passive insignificance he must have been a cipher, but then let us be thankful that, in every-day life, a cipher of a husband, who keeps on the right side of a number-one woman, does help in a very humble way to form a combination that counts ten in the world's multiplication table. *Mr. Jellaby* must have resembled the husband of Madame Geoffrin, a Parisian lady, who kept her house filled with literary company. Her husband, poor man, when reading books in double columns, would read a line of the first column, and then pass directly on to the corresponding line of the second column. No wonder that, when asked for his opinion, he used to say that "the work seemed to him well enough, but a little abstract."

By and by he was missed from his seat at the table, and

when madame was asked what had become of that old gentleman who used to be so regular an attendant, she answered, "It was my husband; he is dead."

Somebody once asked what kind of a man *Mr. Jellaby* was. This was the answer: "I don't know that I can describe him to you better than by saying that he is the husband of Mrs. Jellaby."

"Is he a nonentity?" was the reply.

"I don't say that," said the person addressed. "I can't say that indeed, for I know nothing whatever of *Mr. Jellaby*. He may be a very good man, but he is, so to speak, merged—merged in the more shining qualities of his wife."

Can it be that we shall ever see the time when men, the long-time lords of creation, are to be merged in the more shining qualities of their wives? Will Smith ever cease to be known except as the husband of Mrs. Smith? And shall Brown fade into utter obscurity, unless he shines dimly by a reflected light as the husband of Mrs. Brown? Are we yet to speak of some harmless little man as the husband of our beloved pastor? Shall we ever see a woman in the United States Senate, her husband meanwhile acting as her private secretary?

Mrs. Jellaby's age is somewhere between forty and fifty. She will pardon me for making public what most ladies prefer to let people guess, if they can. She has handsome eyes that always seem to be looking at something a long way off. In fact, they can see distinctly nothing that is nearer than Africa. The floor of her room is generally littered with papers—the *débris* of her extensive correspondence. She hopes, progressive woman that she is, in one year more to have from a hundred and fifty to two hundred families cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borioboola Gha, on the left bank of the Niger. De Quincey speaks of two kinds of dinners—real and reputed. It would be hard to determine which variety Mrs. Jellaby's dinners belong to. They certainly are not considered a success by her guests, though their deficiencies do not seem to trouble her at all. Her dish of potatoes will, somehow, get mislaid in the coal-scuttle, and sometimes as many as four envelopes will be seen floating upon the gravy at once. Her overwhelming interest in the prosperity of Africa interferes somewhat with her housekeeping.

In these days, when so much is said about culture and progress and education, and when there is such a commotion and clashing of opinions on all subjects that nothing seems firmly settled or ever likely to be, it may savor of old-fogyism to offer a plea for good housekeeping. Mrs. Jellaby was a good woman. She pitied the benighted Africans who were so unfortunate as to live in Borioboola Gha, on the left bank of the Niger. But her own home!—let us hope that its counterpart cannot be found in our American every-day life, even if it requires a faith strong enough to remove mountains to keep such a hope alive. Philanthropy and an interest in public affairs are all well enough in every-day life. I confess to a decided partiality for those women who can not only grace a tea-table with the charm of elegant manners and interesting conversation, but who, besides all that, can, if occasion requires, set their tables with food that their own hands have prepared.

Regarding the characters in the works of Dickens as

being very often types and representatives of whole classes of people, how shall we interpret Mrs. Jellyaby? Have we any right to hold her up as an illustration of the natural effect upon all women of an interest in public affairs? There are two extreme views in regard to the position that woman should occupy. One view is shadowed forth in the famous apothegm of Thucydides, "that woman is best who is least spoken of among men, either for good or for evil." Lord Brougham evidently held much the same opinion. Once hearing the name of Harriet Martineau, he exclaimed, "I hate her." Being asked why, he replied, "I hate a woman who has opinions."

We smile at Thucydides and Brougham for thinking that woman can live without being spoken of, or that anything under heaven can or ought to keep her from forming opinions and expressing them. To these men, women were mere domestic ornaments, pretty and useful enough, but incapable of producing thoughts worth listening to. We are to-day confronted with the other extreme; viz., that woman should fill every place in public life that man fills, hold every office that he holds, and, relinquishing all claim to man's courtesy and consideration, enter the lists as his competitor, and go down, if defeated, in the squabble for place and power exactly as man does. This view of the case is represented by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and not a few others. I frankly confess that I am not one of those who

believe that the ballot would prove a sovereign remedy for all the real and all the alleged grievances of woman. I fear that in place-seeking she would become as unscrupulous of means as men are, would come to outstrip men in political intrigue and demagoguery as far as she now outshines them in purity and honesty. Dickens tells us that Mr. Jellyaby was merged—merged in the more shining qualities of his wife. Women have always been merged in the shining qualities of their husbands—merged even when their husbands did not shine at all. Is the wish for a different state of things a womanly one? The fact that so many women openly express it renders the question what it is; viz., one of the great unsettled questions of the day. It has been said that "there seems to be an everlasting yearning on the part of women for an impossible career." Be this as it may, there are at any rate many women who, wisely or unjustly, are anxious to fill positions and assume responsibilities that by common consent have long been assigned to the men. Without attempting to discuss the question of woman's right to vote and to hold office, the desirableness of which I greatly doubt, I respect and admire the determination of woman to compete with man at school, in college, and in professional life, and would rejoice to see her become all that she is capable of becoming without giving up her womanhood and without becoming in real life what Mrs. Jellyaby is in fiction.

E. L. B.

POT-POURRI.

A Unique Notice.—Several years since a rabid dog made his appearance in Weare, N. H., where he bit many animals, as was known; possibly others of which the inhabitants had no knowledge. Naturally, considerable alarm was felt with regard to the consequences, and, at a town-meeting, the selectmen were instructed to order the citizens to muzzle their dogs for an indefinite length of time. This was done. When, after a few weeks, the "fathers" of the town deemed it unnecessary that the muzzling continue longer, they issued the following brief "Notice":

"To the inhabitants of Weare.—All owners of dogs running at large may have their muzzles taken off."

The many ways to matrimony are indeed "passing strange," and a story illustrating this—"a tale of two cities"—comes from Milwaukee and Chicago.

The other day a Milwaukee gentleman was visited by a Chicago merchant and took him home to dinner. He was well acquainted with the family, and in a conversation with the charming daughter of his host rallied her on her continuance in a state of single blessedness. She replied that none of the Milwaukee beaux were to her taste, and in an indifferent way inquired if Chicago had any nice young men disengaged. Receiving an affirmative reply, she remained a minute or two in a brown study, and then, brightening up, said in a bantering tone, "Well, you are a commission merchant; send me down a nice young man and I will

allow you a commission of ten cents a pound." Nothing more was said, but the merchant did not forget his commission. He thought over the list of available young men, and made a mental note of the result.

Nor was that all. A few days later a handsome young man, one of Chicago's "best,"—and they do have some of the right sort in that city,—rang the bell at the door of the Milwaukee mansion, and presented a note of introduction to the belle of the household from her recent visitor. She was surprised, of course, but fully equal to the occasion. The visit was prolonged beyond the expectations of either, and was followed by another and others, and although all this has occurred since the first of January, the wedding-cards are out, and the Chicago merchant has received the first installment on his commission, based on an estimate of one hundred and ninety-five pounds.

There is no doubt that the truth always pays, and the *Detroit Free Press* has furnished an excellent case in point.

A few weeks ago a train over one of the railroads running west ran over a cow just beyond the Grand Trunk Junction. The matter was reported at headquarters, but the owner of the mangled bovine was not heard of until the other day, when he entered the president's office, and remarked:

"I guess we'd better settle up now for that cow."

"Ah! you owned that cow killed by one of our trains in November, did you?"

"I expect I did."

"And what did you value her at?"

The man scratched his head, hitched around on his chair, and finally replied:

"Well, I dunno. My brother-in-law said I had the company tighter'n blazes, and he told me to say she was a new-milch cow, and lay damages at \$70."

"Yes."

"But my wife said I'd better say that the cow was not worth over \$50."

"Yes. Well, how was it?"

"That's where the stick comes in, you see. I want all she was worth, and yet I don't want to swindle anybody. Fact is, she was an old cow, dry as a bone, and worth about \$15 for boarding-house beef. Yet, she was took away kinder sudden, and it made a had muss around the place, and I reckoned you might add a little extra."

"Let us say \$25."

"That's plenty. I s'pose I might have had fifty just as well as not, but I didn't want to lie about it."

"No; never tell a lie."

"Oh, I wouldn't have lied, 'cause I knew you sent a man out there to git all the facts in the case!" replied the man, as he received an order on the treasurer for his check.

A story so full of filial affection as this seems too good to be lost: A Hebrew mother rushed to a Hebrew father with, "Abraham, the child has swallowed the silver coin you gave him, and is like to die." The father, true to his racial instincts, sought to comfort his better-half by saying, "No matter, my dear, it was only a gounterfeit."

Another, evincing a similar amount of consideration, is told in verse:

"Twas Harry who the silence broke:

"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"

"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.

"Oh, no; because your woo'd," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said.

"I have a—heart?" he asked so low.

Her answer made the young man red—

"Because your sappy; don't you know?"

"Why are you like a tree again?"

He scratched his head this time and thunk

And gave it up. "I'll tell you, then,"

She laughed, "because you both get trunk."

"Once more," she asked, "why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.

"Trees leave sometimes and make a bough,
And you can also bow—and leave."

Incredible Generosity.—The Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The president, Roses, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota, which the abbé not perceiving, he presented the hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. "I believe it," answered Regnier, "though I did not see it." "And I," added Fontenelle, who was beside him, "I saw it, but do not believe it."

Every baby knows by instinct that its mouth was intended to put its big toe in; the only difficulty is how to get it there. The infant mind perceives instinctively that the circle is the perfection of form, and strives to realize its ideal externally, in its own bodily shape. Adam, poor fellow! and good mother Eve are the only human beings who have not enjoyed this luxury. It's a great consolation in this hard world to feel that, during one period of life at least, you are able to make both ends meet.

Many poets have tried their hand—and possibly their lips also—at a kiss; but has any one of the later tribe surpassed old John Dryden in his description of it? Hear what he said:

"I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart;
The kiss went tingling to my very heart.
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay—
The sweetness clinged upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey loth to fall away."

An amusing anecdote is related of General Washington, illustrative of the difference between true and false dignity. The corporal of a little company was giving orders to those under him relative to a piece of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works in process of repairs.

The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little-great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the non-commissioned officer why he did not take hold and render a little aid.

The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that," and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted and lifted till the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck! It was none other than Washington who thus addressed him.

Wit has been the instrument of much good in many cases, but no better use can be found for it than turning threatened tragedy into comedy, as in the case of Judge Thatcher, a member of the United States Congress in its early days, who was once challenged to a duel by an angry opponent in debate, and refused to accept. The bearer of the challenge asked him if he chose to be branded as a "coward." "Yes, sir," said he promptly; "I was always a coward, and he knew it, or he wouldn't have challenged me." The general laughter, when the reply got out, of course spoiled the duel, and it completely cured the fighting man's wrath too.

It is said of Judge Dooly, of Georgia, that he laughed himself out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. You remember he said, when

they threatened that if he didn't fight, his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus's dance.

His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post, and cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked his opponent.

"Why," says Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire!"

Then there was a laugh all around, and the duel was put off without a day.

To the rural minister, who depends largely upon the bounty of his congregation, it is often a hard matter to exist, since many think his wants are few, and regulate their contributions accordingly.

An amusing story is told of how a certain member of the church in a certain town, which shall be nameless, being somewhat close, was induced to become more generous.

It was the custom every winter for such of the men who had wood lots to give the parson a cord of hickory wood each, and thus make up to him a winter's supply of fuel. Squire McClellan, in particular, was always punctual in December with his cord of nicely-prepared hickory.

In that parish there was a man who had the reputation of being "snug," niggardly, and apt to shirk his due share of the burden of paying the minister. Indeed, his remissness in this matter had been a standing grievance in the place for many years.

One autumn there was a revival of religious interest in the place, and many members of the church were stimulated to earnest labor, and to live more strictly. Among these was the penurious man above alluded to, whom we may conveniently designate as Brother Z—.

Not a little to the astonishment of his neighbors, who had had ample experience of his miserly dealings, he arose in prayer-meeting one night and exhorted to liberal givings, not only to the parson, but to all benevolent objects. Waxing exceedingly earnest in language and tone, he declared, among other things, that he would that winter give the minister a load of wood. "Yea, brethren," he exclaimed, the Lord has opened my heart! I will give him a load of wood, and a big one. I will give him the biggest load you can draw from my woods to his yards!"

This unexpected outburst from so drouthy a source was the parish wonder for a week. Many thought that Brother Z— must be near his end.

"Truly," said Squire McClellan at the deacons' meeting, "the Lord must have opened Brother Z—'s heart; but," he added with characteristic Scotch shrewdness, "it may soon close and may never open again. It behooves us, in the parson's interest, to avail ourselves of it. Let us build a sled that will carry ten cords—and do it at once."

So thought the others. The monster sled was privately but expeditiously framed in a back yard, and early one snowy morning in December Brother Z— was amazed to

see drive to his door apparently all the ox teams in town, drawing the titanic sled, accompanied by a shouting throng of teamsters, and all the small boys in the parish.

The Squire was riding on the sled. "We've come for the parson's load of wood, Brother Z—," he called out. "You bade us haul the biggest load we could, and I am glad to hear that you have lately had a fine lot of hickory chopped."

Brother Z—, however, seeing the magnitude of the sled, tried to explain and to demur, but in vain. The crowd roared him into acquiescence, and with a wry face he finally led the way across the snowy fields to his freshly-corded tiers of hickory in the lot.

It is said that fully ten cords of wood were loaded upon the big sled, under the squire's supervision, and then, to the tune of a most vociferous gee-hawing, the enormous load was successfully sledded to the parson's doorway.

The worthy minister, equally amazed, but more agreeably so, issued forth to learn the cause of the uproar.

"Good people, good people," he cried, "what meaneth this? Have the windows of heaven opened?"

"Nay, nay, parson!" exclaimed the squire; "but the Lord has opened Brother Z—'s heart, and that so great a gift could have issued from so small a receptacle is one of the wonders of saving grace. Question not, but take it, and keep ye warm."

The minister had roaring fires that winter, but it was long before Brother Z— recovered his equanimity.

Many incidents have been cited to describe the character of the early Californians, but few succeed so well as the following:

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough and the ship was behindtime. It was ten o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy captain had resolved to economize. A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain and begged for a little coffee, at least, for the ladies. The captain turned his back, fluttered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him.

The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand, and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast.

This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as he was called when at home in the mines.

Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the seas," and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the captain of the ship. But this Californian neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head.

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NEW AND OLD NEW MEXICO.

By COLUMBUS MOÏSE.



AZTEC RUINS.

Out into the night, with a quivering motion, the through train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Road rolled steadily on its trip to the heart of New Mexico, leaving the great depot at Kansas City and the many twinkling lights to

slowly glimmer and fade away in the distance: and with their disappearance came those melancholy thoughts that bid adieu to many pleasant scenes of which the shining lights gave token.

I was bound for the heart of New Mexico, even

beyond the reach of the iron horse of civilization—a long and novel trip for pleasure; but with a prospect of much interest, and with the anticipation of coming enjoyment, I endeavored to banish all gloomy thoughts. Sitting cosily back in the cushioned seat, I stared through the open window into the darkness at the broad, fertile fields of Kansas, which I could not see, but through which we were passing, noting the savage snort of our engine, and endeavoring to fit a rhyme to the melody of the rattling car-wheels.

These musings were rudely interrupted by a shriek, the slamming of doors, and then a jar, and I was made unpleasantly aware of the country's republicanism.

We stopped to take on board a picnic party of darkies bound for home at Topeka. Thoughtless and noisy, with the boisterous merriment of their race, they entered and crowded into every seat, utterly regardless of any but themselves. There was a belle among the party,—a very black belle, —who seemed to be the centre of admiration, and who had a striking way of expressing herself. In describing an event of the day she said, "I laughed till I most went crazy; and when I couldn't laugh no mo' I hollered." Then they all sang, and with their singing came over me the dreamy memories of the sweet, warm, music-loving South; and when they filled the car with the melody of their peculiarly chiming voices, keeping symphony with their feet, my heart warmed with the sentiment expressed—a sentiment which ran something like this:

"Possum meat am good to eat;
Carve dat possum!
Possum meat am good and sweet;
Carve dat possum!
Carve dat possum, chil'en,
Carve dat possum, chil'en,
Carve dat possum, chil'en,
Carve him to de heart!"

I rather regretted this party leaving when they arrived at their destination.

In respect to the remaining passengers, there was the usual list of characters who *will* read by the light of one crazy lamp twenty feet distant, and go to sleep in the vain attempt; and a certain other class who promenade the aisle to the water-cooler about every half-hour, and then drink from a pocket-flask when they get there.

The next seat to mine was occupied by a woman

who had been a missionary in Louisiana, and talked temperance, and talked it loudly.

She very happily spoke of the people of Louisiana as having treated her with great politeness and consideration, notwithstanding her mission was for the instruction of the blacks. I imagine it would have taken some nerve to do otherwise, judging by the way she entertained us as we sped along.

On and on—a moving dream of progress—over the grassy plains of Colorado to the border line of New Mexico, at once the newest and the oldest section of America. Still bearing on her cliffs the vestiges of an ancient race of artisans, she has just been touched by the mighty Iron Finger of civilization, and the shriek of the locomotive has not as yet well awakened her people from their lengthened slumber.

Passing Fisher's Peak, which has an altitude of 9400 feet, we reached Raton Pass, through, or, rather, over which, a road has been cut.

The grade is very steep, and the puffing and labor of the engine in ascending is almost painful, though it is one of the largest of American engines, the "Uncle Dick," an iron monster weighing over fifty-nine tons.

Once beyond the pass, sweet, wild views meet the enraptured gaze upon every hand. How familiarly the mountains greet one who has lived amid their majestic grandeur! Their rugged trees, with here and there an oasis of green-growing grass, present some striking effects; and with an impatience born of the beautiful scenery I longed to be clambering high up their rocky sides.

Here and there over the landscape were the low mud-built and mud-covered houses of the native Mexicans, and about them the black-haired, swarthy people themselves. Cattle, sheep, and horses abounded in plenty, but scarce any evidences of cultivation.

Forty hours after leaving Kansas City we reached the town of Las Vegas, to-day the most promising and important of New Mexico's towns, with a strong and rapidly increasing American element and a fine geographical position. This town consists, as in fact do nearly all such places throughout the Territory touched by the railroad, of a new and an old town. The new one is American, the old decidedly Mexican; the houses being built in the old Spanish style with a court in the centre surrounded on all sides by rooms

built of adobe, plastered or unplastered, having small windows with broad sills. These houses are, as a rule, only one story high, very uninviting from without, but often scrupulously neat and clean within, and sometimes furnished with considerable taste.

Near Las Vegas are the Hot Springs, with an unvarying temperature of 140°. Several nice hotels are being erected here, and it bids fair to become in time a favorite resort. The scenery around about is romantic, and the Gallinas River, a clear, free-flowing mountain stream, passes within a few yards of the springs, and washes the base of the bath-house. This same river divides the old and new town.

Here for the first time we saw the adobe bricks in process of manufacture—a process simple enough. With a hoe a man mixes mud, water, and cut wheat-straw in the proper proportions to arrive at consistency, and then moulds it in a box about eighteen inches long by ten in width. The bricks are then spread in the sun to dry, and it is not unusual to see grass sprouting from them if the weather has been damp. From these the much-gazed-at adobe house is made, a structure capable (in the climate in which it is used) of enduring for three hundred years. The roofs of the ordinary adobes are almost flat, and made of mud spread on about six inches thick. There is a peculiarity about these roofs. When it rains, they seldom leak until a week after, for by that time the water has an opportunity of soaking through. This is convenient for the inmates, as the weather being then clear they can move out.

In this town of Las Vegas one meets the peculiar characters met with only in towns of a like description. One's landlord is on a par with his

banker; and *apropos* I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of quite a genius of this kind. He had lived in California in the early days, and confidentially imparted to me his belief



A SCENE ON THE CANADIAN.

that whisky was a better mine than gold. He initiated me in the mystery of making the beverage out of strychnine and tobacco, and said it was like the New Englander's razors—made to sell; nor did he ever indulge in any himself. He thought of retiring and emigrating to Mexico to practice medicine, and requested me to see if I

could purchase him a diploma in Philadelphia for a small consideration. I said I would meditate upon the matter.

This man, during my stay at his establishment, was very attentive, but he did one thing for which I shall not forgive him.

and my landlord had a difficulty the next day, and the *exposé* showed it to be an agreed thing to detain me that he might go also.

On this trip, while rumbling through the town, we saw some cyprians of the dance-halls; women among them of fine form and feature, but with

little of the woman besides—being bold and brazen. One of these girls supplied with luxuries her husband, awaiting trial in jail for murder. Naturally, their morals are very degenerate, for this is not a moral country, gaming devices of all kinds being in open operation, and at which the constables smile, the sheriff winks, and the judge heroically shuts his eyes.

Another thing to be seen in Las Vegas is the native beggar. A perfect specimen with all his dirt on, and with his staff and bag forms a picture worthy of admiration.

Fortunately, custom very kindly limits these creatures to one begging-day a week (Saturday), an idea which could be advantageously copied elsewhere. Occasionally the Pueblo and Navajo Indians also haunt the streets. These Indians are thrifty and industrious, and make blankets which have wide reputation for beauty and service.

The residents of the town are chiefly descendants of Mexican parents, with very antiquated ideas. They speak Spanish, are very ignorant as a rule, and consequently very superstitious. In religion they are Roman Catholics, but for their

piety I cannot vouch. An advertisement clipped from one of the daily papers may aid in forming a conclusion on this point:

WANTED.—An American laundress; one that is not pious. Position permanent; wages satisfactory. Apply at this office.

Among the resources of this country copper



ON THE RIO PECOS.

I had determined to visit White Oaks, a mining region, only to be reached by wagon. A conveyance was engaged and everything made ready to start, when at the last moment the driver informed me that his horses would have to be shod, and we were perforce detained until the morrow; but unfortunately for our friendly relations the driver

ranks foremost, of which I saw a number of large bars weighing several hundred pounds each, in quite a crude state, and containing in their composition both gold and silver. These bars are shipped as far as Baltimore to be refined.

The territory is to the mineralogist or geologist one of rare interest, abounding in mineral wealth, and precious stones of all kinds are found in large quantities. Agates, aqua marines, garnets (found near Cummings and Wingate and brought in by the Indians), opals, amethysts, beryl, topaz, and chalcedony, form the principal ones.

After spending as much time as I could spare at Las Vegas, I again took the train *en route* for the ancient city of Santa Fé. On the way there we passed Bernal Mountain, or, as it is more frequently termed, "Starvation Peak." This curious mountain rises to a considerable height, and its peak is an abrupt mass of naked rock of about two acres in extent and looks like the ruins of some ancient tower. It is, except from one point, inaccessible. The peculiar name of "Starvation Peak" is derived from a tradition that in years past, when savage met savage in bloody, barbarous warfare, a body of Pueblo Indians took refuge on its summit from their deadly foes, the Apaches, who, being unable to reach them, quietly waited until death by the horrible monster starvation made them conquerors. To-day, on the edge of the cliff, can be seen by one standing on the plain below, two crosses about eleven feet high forcibly wedged in the clefts of the rocks, and these, upon a clear day, stand out as a thread upon the horizon. From the peak the view is beyond descriptive power of words, and well worth the labor of ascent, which is difficult but interesting. The sides of the mountain are covered with a variety of stones, and the vegetation is varied, but consists principally of cedar, pine, and scrub-oak, while cactus and numberless wild-flowers flourish beneath the feet.

At the very foot of the mountain is a beautiful rock-basined spring of icy water, and near by, throwing mournful shadows, some piles of stone—the ruins of an ancient dwelling.

From this point to Baughl's Siding is a short

distance, and near Baughl's Siding is a point of much historic interest—the ruins of the old town and church of Pecos. Of this church, which is several centuries old, many timbers are still in perfect preservation, but it is fast suffering at the



THE RIO DEL NORTE.

hands of vandal excursionists. It was built in an imposing position on an elevation overlooking the beautiful Pecos Valley, and round about are still to be found many pieces of broken pottery and bits of obsidian supposed to have been brought as offerings by the worshipers, as they are found nowhere else in the vicinity.

From the ruined town and deserted sanctuary

I passed to the place which at present bears the name of Pecos, a village truly Mexican, and containing, as do all of any pretensions, its church and priest. These priests are principally Frenchmen and speak execrable Spanish, but the natives, taught to do so from their infancy, respect and revere them. They are not a bad set of men, either, as a rule, being sociable and good-natured, and, I might remark, their wine is excellent.

Our first meal at this place was taken at a sort of inn, and the remembrance of it will stay by me for a long time, because of the tiny worms and flies' legs in the sugar. It excited no comment from others at the table, however, and I suppose they were used to such things and did not mind it. I make mention of this incident, that others who follow me may bring their own sugar-bowls along.

The town of Pecos is irrigated by the Pecos River, the loveliest stream in all New Mexico. All the lands here are watered by irrigation, and in many places the acequias are picturesque in the extreme, being raised on piles or carried around rocks in wooden aqueducts, and the river is often dammed to give the proper fall.

I was now joined by a Frenchman named Desmond, whose history would weave a tale equaling fiction, and together we started on a trip up the crystal Pecos. The length of our journey would necessitate taking three day's provisions along, so we were forced to add another member to our party—a burro, which is the Mexican name for what we would call a jackass. He was a patient, good-natured little jackass, scarcely larger than a dog, but very strong and supple and capable of carrying heavy burdens. His shortness of stature was very convenient sometimes. If you were riding him and desired to dismount, it would only be necessary for you to stand up and let him walk from under. On him we loaded all the necessary provisions and utensils, and while the Frenchman walked on ahead I made up the rear with our little servant between us. He was very lazy and lagged a good bit, and then I had to poke him with a stick to remind him of duty. In this fashion we traveled a number of miles through the valley, which is cultivated in patches after a rude way, producing wheat, corn, oats, beans, and tobacco, with but little tillage.

The varied beauty of our surroundings as we wound along the banks of the stream was a source

of continued pleasure. The valley is very narrow, being only about a mile wide in some places, and in its narrowest parts only a hundred yards or so; hedged in on both sides by lofty mountains in an unbroken range.

After journeying for several hours, Desmond told me we were at the foot of a mountain, at the top of which was an old mine worked centuries ago by the Aztecs.

He had visited it before and found it interesting, so I determined to have a look also.

We began to ascend the mountain, burro and all, and when about two-thirds of the way had been accomplished, being thoroughly worn-out with our exertions, and finding a clear-flowing spring near by, we determined to stop awhile for rest and some dinner.

The meal over, we started on again, but dense thickets bestrewed the way with difficulties. Two or three times our gentle burro, with his pack, became firmly wedged and unable to move, but we extricated him as often as this occurred, pressed boldly on, and reached the mine. This old mine, which is no doubt valuable, was for many years unknown, as the entrance had been hidden by a large triangular stone which fitted the aperture closely and effectually concealed it, until a few years since, when an unusually heavy rain storm washed it loose and it caved inward.

We entered the labyrinth of gloom, not without considerable danger from loose stones, and explored it with pine torches. It was black and dreary, with crumbling rocks on every hand, and phantom shadows from our torches lurked in the farthest corners. Upon emerging into open air again we were very well satisfied in having escaped with a few scratches in attempting to avoid a falling rock which Desmond displaced; and for my part I preferred daylight, anyhow.

The sombre shadows of the mine brought strange thoughts to my mind, and I wandered back to ancient times and the strange people then inhabiting this land.

Our trip down the mountain was a shorter one than the ascent had been, and its chief difficulty was to prevent going too rapidly. Upon reaching level ground on the other side, and after some further travel, we reached the little village of El Matcho. Early next morning we went to the falls near by to fish. The first flush of the rising sun crimsoning the white foam of the hurrying



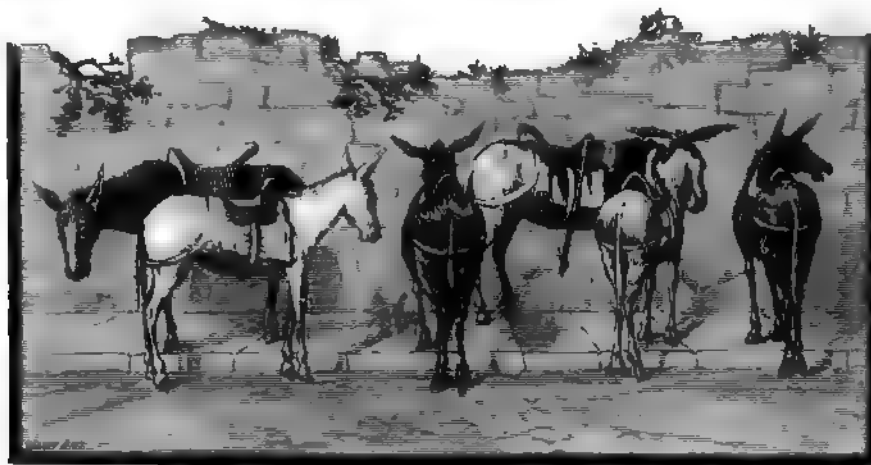
A RIVER CANYON.

waters produced a striking effect, and the wind waving through the tree-tops, and the roaring of the crystal flood, made strange, weird music. Our nook was pent in on one side by the abrupt rising mountains and on the other glorified by the various foliage of many trees, and graced by the swaying thickets beyond which, in glimpses, shone the bright green of the growing corn or the yellow sheen of ripened wheat; and here we fished about an hour, returning with a fine mess of speckled trout, some among which measured as much as thirteen inches.

I must here mention the frugal manner in which these people live. During long years, or, rather,

paid next night by getting into a wheat-field, and I was compelled to pay fifty cents damages. In return for this ill behavior I lent him to our host to bring a load of fire-wood from the mountains.

At this place we witnessed the dedication of a church—a ceremony not devoid of interest. The people, of their own accord, had built an ugly-looking, irregular adobe building, very much like a big mud-box, and with no pretensions to orthodox church shape. A priest from the town of Pecos was to consecrate it, and to do this he ranged the people in procession in front and to the left of the church door. At the head he placed a man carrying a large tin cross; then the



BURRO ALLEY.

throughout their lives, shut out from civilization, they have, like the Indians, accustomed themselves to do with the barest necessities. A mattress to lie on, a blanket to cover them, a sheep-skin to sit upon, windows without glass, or, in some cases, glazed with bits of mica gotten from the mountains in which they live, bread, generally of corn and without leaven, and coffee *sans* sugar, with now and then a piece of goat's flesh, is their usual fare. They raise enough tobacco for their own consumption, but after a very primitive fashion, letting the plant grow about as it pleases, and plucking the leaves as they grow large enough for use.

While we breakfasted, our donkey presented himself in the doorway and complacently waited for the bits of bread we gave him. I formed quite an attachment for the little fellow, which he re-

women were put two by two behind him and the men followed. Last of all came the priest, sprinkling water from a ewer in his hand and throwing it by means of a large brush of reeds. This necessary formula gone through with, the priest entered the building and mass was said. He got fifteen dollars for his morning's work.

At night we attended a dance. In these entertainments, when not dancing, the men congregate in one end of the room and smoke, while the women sit on benches around the wall at the other end; no conversation is carried on between the sexes, and all love-making is done by a whispered word or squeeze of the hand. The people are very ignorant, very few being able to read or write.

Next morning we started on our trip further up the valley to reach the cave of El Espiritu Santo,

or the Holy Ghost. Four miles of walking through ever-varying scenery of valley and mountain, wheat-fields and pasture lands, and crossing silvery streams on bridges of rough logs laid side by side or stoutly mortised lengthwise, brought us to the house of a miner named Dolan, who, in the interest of other parties, was taking charge of some timber near by for the erection of a mill.

He was glad to see us, as visitors were a pleasure in this solitary place, after a week had passed without his seeing a single human creature. In the hill fronting his place was the entrance to the cave of El Espiritu. Very few white people know of its existence, and very few have entered its forbidding portals, for in order to enter one must crawl on all fours for some ten feet and is shrouded in obscurity darker than the shadows of sin. Taking candles and great pine torches, we explored this cavern, with its various halls and chambers, for some three hours. In places on its walls we noted Indian hieroglyphics, and in other places spots where the clay had been taken out possibly to make pottery. In one chamber, tradition says, the savages held their religious services, and Desmond, years before on a former visit, had found a tom-tom, or native drum. The stalactites were in no place very brilliant. We were compelled to crawl in many places and marked our way carefully, as only one of the party had ever been in before, and he only once; so we did not feel particularly safe, and were glad to get back to sunlight once more.

From the cave we returned to Dolan's house, and, sharing provisions, made a very substantial meal; then taking our trout-lines we went over to the Espiritu Santo Creek, which here joins the Pecos River. Never before did I gaze upon such surpassing loveliness. Moss and ferns abounded and the wild violet bloomed beneath our feet. Lovely clematis trailed everywhere; wild hops, with their long light cones, were clinging to the dainty bushes; the wild cherry, with its deep-red clusters, relieved the eye, and the cedar gave forth a refreshing odor. The stately spruce, sturdy oaks, and swaying willows all came within the radius of our view, while the mountain stream was foaming over its rocky bed and dashing a fine spray which glistened in the sunlight.

After a short stay in this lovely spot, during which we secured upon our hooks some finny

beauties, we passed on to the valley of Mora, one of the most fertile and picturesque in all New Mexico. This whole valley is irrigated by water drawn from a lake on the top of one of the surrounding mountains. This lake, the natives say, is bottomless. There are sluices arranged so as



THE BEGGAR OF LAS VEGAS.

to allow whatever quantity of water is desired to escape into a lake artificially formed on a lower level, yet far above the valley. The upper lake always retains the same level.

Near the end of the valley is the town of Mora, nestling at the foot of mountains which surround it on three sides, and back of which in full view stands Jaccarita Peak, eternally covered with snow. A pretty mountain stream flows through the town,

supplying some fine trout-fishing, and the mountains round about abound in game.

In this valley of Mora we had the fortune to



A MORA POLITICIAN.

witness a scene which brought vividly to our mind the tales of old. At the conclusion of a political meeting one of the poets of the land, a blind old minstrel, bent with age and with only a fringe of white hair round his venerable head, touched some plaintive notes upon the guitar and burst into an impromptu song in praise of the señor present, repeating between each measure the air, which was very sweet. The scene had in it a touching spice of the antique days of knight-errantry.

At the same house where this occurred I noticed an unusually large figure of what the Mexicans term *santas*, or saints, and with which every well-regulated Mexican household is supplied. This was a wooden figure of Christ, with a wig of horse-hair, bearing on his head a green crown and nailed in the orthodox fashion to the cross, accompanied by the usual scroll and inscription over his head. To the left of him was a small angel with a cup in her hand shaped like an hour-glass and catching the blood as it flowed from his wounds. The angel was about as large as the first joint of the Christ's arm. The Saviour was dressed as a *danseuse*, in white tarlatan trimmed

with green, and otherwise decorated with flowers and feathers, while at his feet two diminutive wooden saints knelt in prayer. These were about the size of the angel bearing a cup, and were dressed in robes of brown and red trimmed with yellow; the whole arrangement measuring fully four feet in length. It was suspended upon the wall and was greatly prized by its owner.

While staying at this place we visited some promising mica mines. The country glistens everywhere with mica, and when developed will prove valuable. Gold, too, is found in small quantities.

From Mora we proceeded to Las Vegas, the nearest station, having made a grand round; and again taking the train went to Santa Fé, which we reached near dark.

The conductor on the train, much to our entertainment, told us of two incidents which occurred on his run as among his first experiences. They



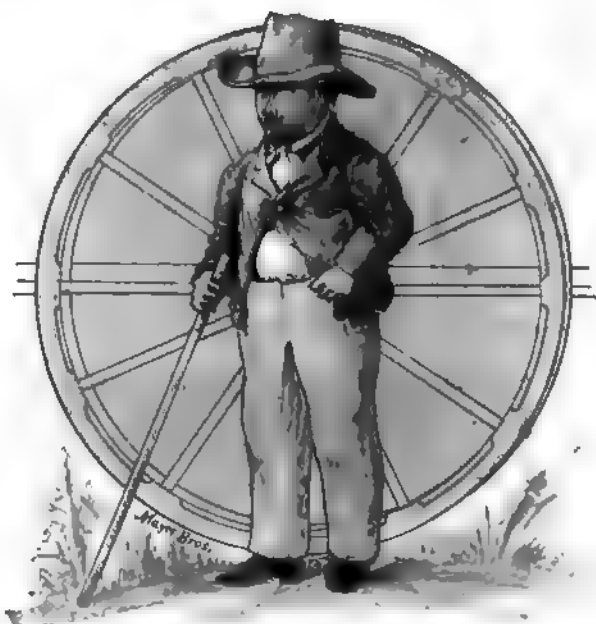
A TEAMSTER OF LAS VEGAS.

are so characteristic of this wild country, and at the same time so humorous, I cannot resist the temptation of repeating them.

"I had only made one run down here," he said, "when, passing one of the sidings, we took on a Simon-pure, double-fisted 'gray,' one of the pioneers; those fellows who had lived a life in advance of civilization, making the way easy for others, but always leaving in time to escape the press and improvements, the foundation for which he has so surely laid. Evidently he had never before seen the interior of a car, for it was some moments before he concluded to seat himself, which he did cautiously and with that quick, nervous, twinkle of the eye which men constantly on the alert for danger exhibit. Let me say here that in this country every man carries a pistol, and generally in his back-pocket. Well, as I had already seen the other passengers' tickets, I took my time about matters and slowly walked up to my man and put my hand, with the usual quick motion, behind me to get my punch; but before I could say 'Ticket, sir!' quicker than powder the muzzle of a six-shooter swelled under my eyes, and a hearty voice rang out: 'Put her back, stranger, I've got the drap on ye!' You may laugh, but I shook hands with him over a free ride, anyway. Another time I happened down the road when there was to be a service held in the new depot. Old Hays, a one-legged preacher, had permission to hold meeting there. Hays wore an old-fashioned wooden leg, strapped in place and held firm by a leather around the waist, and this being uncomfortable he was constantly tugging at it. Very few of the hands knew him, but they thought it a good chance to have some fun; and a very rough set they were that filed in that evening and filled the back seats. Of course, some few ladies and railroad officials were present. Planks raised on boxes and some few chairs served as seats, while the preacher stood behind an empty whisky barrel, on which were his lamp and books. From the singing of the first hymn to the close of service an ever-increasing buzz and noise disturbed worship; but old Hays in his quiet way went on oblivious of it all. The forms gone through with, he prepared to dismiss his congregation with the usual benediction. 'Let us pray,' he said, and slowly put his hand *behind him under his coat tails*. The sudden silence was wonderful, and as he got on his knees every mother's son on the back

benches ducked down quicker'n a diver. The old fellow never dreamt of drawing a pistol, but his habit of hitching at that strap served him in good stead."

The many interests of this new land were curiously presented in the "bus" which bore us from the depot to the town of Santa Fé—about half a mile. A delegate to Congress was with us, and besides this great man there were two railroad magnates sitting opposite, a corpulent representative of that omnipresent class, a mercantile "drummer," some Jewish merchants returning from the



A NEW MEXICAN LAD.

East, a train news-agent, two men eagerly discussing some mining projects, and lastly a lady, tall and refined-looking, who said she was going to visit her brother, who was dying.

We went to the principal hotel and found it a low one-story building, built after the Spanish fashion, with different courts enclosed; and although it was crowded, we succeeded in securing a comfortable room.

The town contains several ancient buildings, interesting principally on account of the frailty of the material used in their construction; yet their durability is wonderful, the most notable being that oft-described adobe church and the building adjoining it, both nearly three hundred years old.

Among many other things worthy of attention there are several factories, in which native workmen may be seen at the tedious task of manufacturing their far-famed filagree work in gold and silver. This jewelry is of rare beauty and delicacy, and is in great demand. The process is simple, yet interesting. The pure metal is drawn into very fine wires, two wires are twisted together after the manner of twine, rolled between steel rollers, and when flattened into a thin wire with nicked edges the artisan takes it and forms such designs as he may wish or his taste dictate. With a small blow-pipe he then solders it all together in a frame of heavier metal. The designs are very delicate, and some of them as fine as lace-work.

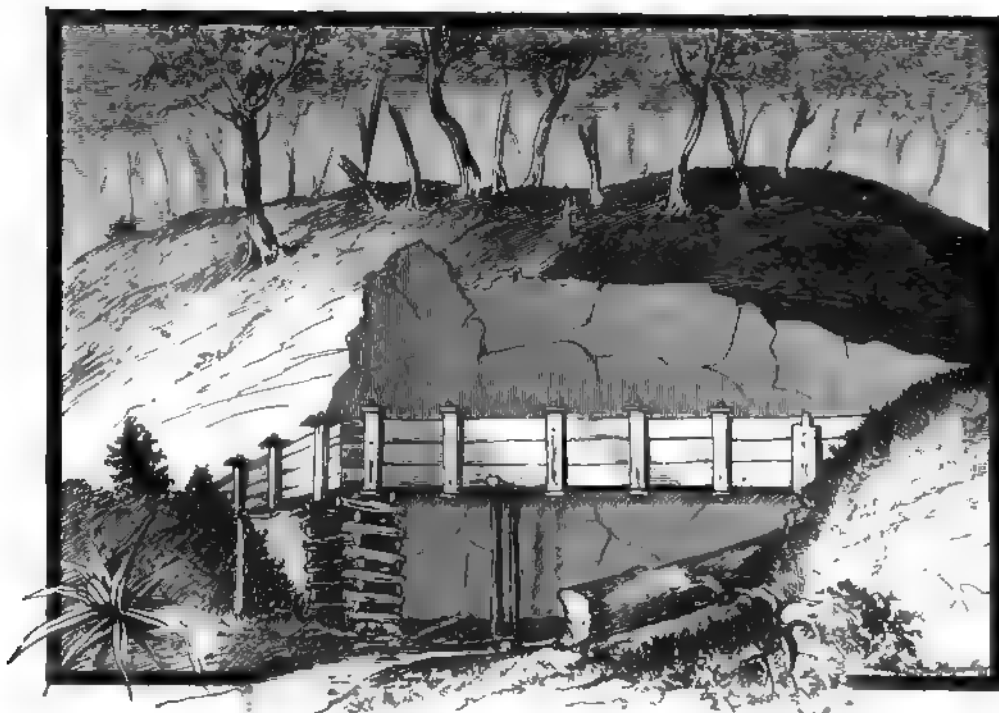
From Santa Fé we passed westward by railroad through growing towns and a country producing excellent fruit of all kinds, including grapes, peaches, pears, cherries, and apples. It is all accomplished by irrigation; but as a fruit-producing country it is destined to rival California, both in the size and flavor of its fruit.

The land is also excellent pasture, and part of it is peopled by the Pueblo Indians, who are thrifty

and hard workers. To a certain extent they are under the supervision of the United States Government, and are liberally supplied with machinery for their agricultural pursuits. Ignorance prevails, and they are, therefore, naturally superstitious.

Their theory of the railroad is, that God himself gave man the locomotives, for it is beyond their conception how a man could make one; but they acknowledge human agency in laying the rails, since they have seen it done. They visit neighboring towns to sell produce, and also blankets, for which they are famous. The women do most of the work, but not all, and many of the older women have a voice in council. Their council-chambers are built of adobe, circular in shape, without windows, and with a single small door; here all things of importance are decided.

From San Marcial, a rough, new town,—new, even in Western phraseology,—we took the stage for a trip of over two hundred miles. Of all invented vehicles, I think there is more discomfort compressed into a stage-coach than in any other mortal conception.



AN ACEQUIA.

Ours carried fifteen passengers. I rode with the driver by the advice of an experienced friend, and was squeezed in between him and another traveler on the box. The four stout mules had a good load, yet over fair roads we made reasonable time and rather enjoyed the mule-nature of the driver's favorite, "Lazy Loafer."

For a stretch of forty miles over what is known as the "Journey of Death" there is no water except what is hauled to tanks at each station where we changed mules. At Aliman, after various failures, both by the Government and by private enterprise, water was struck at a depth of one hundred and eighty-four feet; and the lucky digger was rewarded with a grant of five miles square around the well and the right to sell water there. A pretty windmill flaps its wings over the well and keeps a large tank constantly full.

For another fifty miles further on the country is not much better; but once across this we reach the Rio Grande Valley, rich in all kinds of fruit. Wheat, too, blesses the cultivator's labors, and the soil also produces the El Paso onion, which for size and delicacy of flavor is without a rival. These onions are pure white, and often as large in diameter as a breakfast-plate.

I was here treated to some native wine, which possesses a delicious taste. The vineyard of Thomas Bull, a pioneer, is considered as producing the best wine in that section.

I noticed among the peculiarities of the place the mud fences, with cactus of a small spherical variety known in Spanish as *pitalla* planted along the top much the same as broken glass is used elsewhere to prevent trespassing. This cactus, however, bears a very valuable fruit.

Once again in the stage, we rolled toward Silver City, a distance of one hundred miles. On the way we stopped at the Hudson Hot Springs. These springs gush from what seems to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and maintain a temperature of 140°. The flow of water is rapid, and after passing through a house on the hill-side, where it is conducted in a wooden trough, it flows on and is used for irrigation. Its qualities are presumed to be highly medicinal.

From here to Silver City are many pretty springs, and quartz-mills run by water-power for extracting the silver from the ore.

Silver City itself, the centre of a fine mining section, is a thriving town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and unlike other towns of New Mexico, is thoroughly American in every respect. It is bustling and busy, has several prosperous mills, and you can see here the coveted gold dust, the silver bricks, and great pigs of copper without number. This place is the only incorporated town in the Territory, and lies at its extreme boundary.

Near here are the old Santa Rito copper mines, which were centuries past worked by convicts in the interest of the Spanish crown. Remains of the stronghold still exist, and the immense pile of copper refuse-ore testifies to the extent and value of the labor. It is a relic eloquent with memories of the mighty power of the Spanish conqueror and the wrongs of conquered victims. These suffering workmen were Indians, and in one of their successful rebellions the patient creatures made as a condition fundamental to their submission the provision that thenceforward the mines were never again to be worked.

TWILIGHT.

By Z. O. E.

Now tender twilight lays a cooling palm,
In gentlest blessing, on Earth's fevered brow,
Soothing her into silence,—save for low,
Sweet warblings, rippling o'er the utter calm,
Of birds, outpouring their soft evening psalm.
Still—as some wearied soul, half-dimmed in death,
Scarce seeming e'en to breathe, so faint each breath—

She lies, this Earth. The limpid dew, like balm,
Falls on her fondly with a mute caress;
While the low wind 'mid the laburnum strays,
And with its drooping locks enamored plays,
Parting with ling'ring touch each golden tress,
As loth to leave it in its loveliness,—
And all things wait the night, which still delays.

A ROMANCE OF TWO SUMMERS.

BY ALICE WINSHIP.

KATHLEEN MACLEOD sat on the piazza of Content Cottage with her sketch-book open upon her lap, but her hands were crossed idly upon its pages, and her eyes were fixed on the far-off heights with the sunlight of the summer morning bathing their summits and the white clouds floating like angels' wings above them.

The slight figure in its dainty cambric morning dress with morning-glories drooping at the throat and from the heavy braids of sunny hair, and framed by the overhanging vines, was itself a picture pleasant to look upon. The small head was thrown back a little, the red lips parted, the fair, expressive face full of intense thought. No one ever called Kathleen MacLeod beautiful, yet hers was a face that none would think of calling plain.

A little too grave and self-reliant in its expression many thought it for womanly beauty; a smooth, broad forehead, clear, gray eyes, sometimes growing dark with intense feeling, or lighting up with tenderness, or sparkling with mirth—tell-tale eyes they were, and well matched by the sensitive mouth, with its short upper lip and its tender curves—a mouth that could be very proud and scornful or very sweet at will. Taken all in all, it was neither a pretty nor beautiful face in the general acceptance of those terms. The only really beautiful thing about Kathleen was her hair, a great, rippling mass of golden-brown, which unbound fell about her like a cloud, but which she usually wore, as now, brushed simply back from her face and wound in heavy braids around the small head like a coronet. It was a "great bother," this hair of hers, to Kathleen in her school days, and once she crept away quite unknown to any one and had it cut short, and wore it for months in close, curling rings about her head; but it grew again more luxuriant than ever, and its owner grew to young ladyhood with her lovely hair rather a burden to her than otherwise. Recently she had begun to care for it a little and to take a girlish pride in its arrangement. Was it so wonderful, she thought, letting it down in a flood of glory about her one day. To be sure, people had been telling her so, ever

since she could remember, but she never had thought much about it. As with one of Mrs. Whitney's characters, "Hair was a matter of course; the thing was to get it out of the way!"

But a few evenings since, as they sat together on the piazza watching the sunset, the last golden gleam had lighted up the rich braids with dazzling beauty, and Mark Delavan, bending down, had touched them lightly, saying apologetically, "I beg your pardon, but it is wonderful—your hair! Do you know how beautiful it is?"

And Mrs. Arbuthnot, coming up behind her just then, and hearing the words, slyly pulled out the little tortoise-shell comb, and let the long braids fall in all their golden beauty about Kathleen's shoulders, much to her confusion and Mark's evident delight.

"And it's all real, Mr. Delavan—think of it!" said Mrs. Arbuthnot. Mark bowed.

He had known that, because he had known Kathleen. There could be nothing unreal about her. The true, straightforward, sweet, pure nature of the girl, so utterly free from all shams or petty affectations, was evident to any but the most superficial observer, and that Mark Delavan was certainly not. He was out on the piazza this morning, too, ostensibly engaged in reading the paper of two days previous,—the "latest news" in this little mountain hamlet,—but really doing nothing of the sort. In fact, he was looking quietly over the top—not at the purple mountain heights, but at the fair, rapt face opposite him. He had been watching that face for a long time, with a little smile about the lips, and a tender light in the grave eyes. There was no one by, and Mr. Delavan was doing a little day-dreaming, apparently,—Kathleen, too, perhaps,—but suddenly, as if drawn by some magnetic impulse, she turned and met the eyes that were regarding her with such a world of tender meaning in their depths. Those eyes neither wavered nor changed, but caught her own and held them for a moment with a look that was almost a caress, and which no woman on whom it fell could ever misunderstand or forget.

It was but an instant, then Kathleen's own eyes

drooped and a flood of crimson rushed over her face. She took up her pencil and began to work rapidly.

Mark Delavan smiled again, and rising, after a moment's pause, walked away quite to the other end of the piazza, and stood for full ten minutes looking far away across the valley. Kathleen was outwardly composed again when he came back and stood by her side, but she went on with her sketching persistently, not trusting herself to look up.

Her companion waited, watching the small, nervous hands for a moment; then he said gently, and quite in his ordinary tone:

"Miss Kathleen, are you never going to speak to me again? Because in that case it becomes my pressing and painful (?) duty to remind you that nine A.M. was the time fixed for our walk to the Ridge, and it is precisely that time now," holding his watch before her eyes as he spoke.

Kathleen looked up with a little smile.

"I was trained up in the good old way, Mr. Delavan, to speak when spoken to," she answered gayly. "Thank you for reminding me. I will be ready in five minutes." And she sprang up and ran swiftly into the house.

The five minutes were not quite expired, when Miss MacLeod came tripping down the stairs in her short walking-suit of navy-blue flannel, and a broad sun hat of coarse straw covering her golden braids and shading her bright face.

As the two went down the path, Mrs. Arbuthnot, watching them from her chamber window, smiled, and called her husband to see.

"How well they look together!" she said.

Mark Delavan was a fine type of manhood. A superb figure, six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and erect; a pure, Saxon face, with clear, straight, glancing eyes, and a fine, resolute mouth; a rather stern face to the casual observer, but lighting up wonderfully when he smiled, as he was smiling then, upon the girl at his side.

Kathleen's head scarcely reached his shoulder. Her short skirt, just reaching the top of the high walking-boots, and the loose "sailor" waist, were wonderfully becoming to the slight, graceful figure, and the dash of brilliant cardinal in the trimmings and the loose knot of soft silk at her throat lighted up the expressive face. In the highest sense, Kathleen was beautiful at that moment with the beauty of health and youth and happiness.

They walked away with a rapid, easy pace.

Both were good walkers, and had had much practice in pedestrianism—and other things too—that summer.

Kathleen MacLeod was an orphan, and had taken care of herself from childhood—that is, she had lived with an old aunt of her father's, who nominally had the care of her; but Kathleen was very young when she began to take care of Aunt Mary and herself too. She had little property. It barely sufficed to give her the education she so eagerly craved, but she had graduated from Vassar with health and energy and girlish ambition enough to insure to her success in whatever she chose to undertake. She had rare artistic talent, and meant to be an artist some day; but she could not leave Aunt Mary, now old and feeble, to pursue her studies abroad; so for two years, at the time our story opens, she had taught drawing and painting in the Young Ladies' Seminary at Quinticook, her childhood's home, taking lessons all the while of a celebrated artist in the neighboring city.

Mrs. Morris, the mistress of Content Cottage, was an old friend of Kathleen's dead mother, and had invited the young teacher to spend the long vacation at her home among the New Hampshire hills, Aunt Mary meanwhile going to her sister's, in Connecticut.

Among the mountains everybody who does not keep a hotel takes "summer boarders," and when Kathleen arrived at her destination one warm June evening, she found that Mrs. Morris was no exception to the general rule. Early as it was in the season, Professor Arbuthnot and his wife were quietly settled down for the summer under her hospitable roof. With them were their two children, and in a few days they were joined by Mark Delavan, an old friend of Professor Arbuthnot's. The two had studied together in Germany, and were almost like brothers, Mrs. Arbuthnot told Kathleen.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was a merry, chatty little woman, and took a great fancy to Kathleen. The Professor was very kind and courteous to her, and Mark Delavan—well, that gentleman was certainly not indifferent to her. Professor Arbuthnot and his wife were a very devoted couple. They were quite engrossed in each other and in their two lovely children, and naturally enough Mr. Delavan and Miss MacLeod were often left to entertain each other.

Content Cottage was a little aside from the great tide of mountain travel, and none of the four visitors there were pleasure-seekers in the ordinary sense of the term. Professor Arbuthnot was somewhat of an invalid, and had come thither seeking health and rest, and Kathleen hoped to make many additions to her portfolio and to glean rich treasures for future use among the grand scenery of the mountains. They had pleasant little picnics and delicious rides together, those four; and Miss MacLeod and Mr. Delavan took long tramps over hill and dale, finding their reward in bits of rare beauty, of rock and waterfall and valley, which escaped the ordinary tourist.

Thrown together so constantly, living under the same roof, and so often dependent upon each other for society, was it strange if, in two months, they had grown to be very good friends? Kathleen MacLeod in her unworldly simplicity had thought of nothing more. She was at once a teacher and a student, and she had put her whole heart into her work. She meant to be an artist, and she believed herself wedded to her art. So that moment on the piazza, when she had met Mark Delavan's eyes, was to her a moment of revelation—a revelation so sudden, so half unwelcome, yet so strangely sweet, that she was at once bewildered, happy, and half indignant.

She was not quite ready to yield the day and to cry "surrender" to this bold lover who came knocking at the citadel of her heart. All the way over to the Ridge that morning she talked gayly, carefully steering clear of anything that could give her companion a pretext for a word of tenderness. Mark, on his part, was very quiet, and once or twice she caught a slightly-pained look in the blue eyes, but he was very patient. Patience was one of Mark Delavan's characteristics.

Up on the Ridge that day it was very lovely. Kathleen forgot to talk as she sat looking across the green valley to the opposite heights. Mark, lying on the grass at her feet, was silent too.

Suddenly he drew out the paper which he had been pretending to read all the morning and began to search its columns.

"I had almost forgotten," he said. "I have to go to Boston to meet some friends to-night; I wonder what train I must take?" He satisfied himself on the point, and threw the paper down with a slight expression of annoyance.

"Did you find it?" asked Kathleen innocently.

"Oh yes. Six P.M. There is time enough. I wish I need not go, though. I feel an indefinable shrinking from it, as if something unpleasant was about to happen. How can it, when I am coming back to-morrow night?" he went on, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Something is happening most days," quoted Kathleen merrily. "That fact may account for your foreboding." And picking up the discarded paper she began to look it over, reading a bit now and then, and interspersing spicy comments on "current events."

She came to something by and by which really interested her, and was silent. It was not long after the news of the horrible "Bulgarian atrocities," and the papers teemed with denunciations and demands for justice. There was an able article on the sympathy and aid which the English government had in the past rendered to the barbarous Turks, and an eloquent arraignment of that nation for the time-serving policy which characterized it.

Kathleen had inherited from her Scotch grandfather a warm dislike for everything English, and to this was added the natural indignation of a generous spirit, and an instinctive readiness to champion the oppressed and to do battle for the weak against the strong.

Mark Delavan, watching her face, saw the gray eyes kindle and the cheeks glow, and smiled quietly. But Kathleen did not look up. Instead, she read aloud one particularly sharp paragraph, and added a few scornful words of her own with eloquent, flashing eyes and a superb curl of the lip.

Mark Delavan did not reply, but his face grew grave. Kathleen laid down the paper and clasped her small hands over it.

"O England, England, Albion perfide!"

She quoted slowly in clear, bitter accents.

Mark answered presently: "It is true, Miss Kathleen, England has sold her birthright; she is too often in these latter years on the side of oppression and wrong; yet I think you are not quite right in saying that all true men among her people will disown and abandon the country so lost to her noble mission. Is it not true philosophy for Englishmen to be Englishmen still, and by high aims and pure lives, by fearless words and

brave deeds for their country and their people, to strive to lift up and bring back, step by step, to her old place among the nations the England we love? If our country has fallen so low, so much the more does she need the best of our lives and of our service." He spoke earnestly, but Kathleen scarcely heeded the words.

Suddenly, by one of those quick flashes of memory which come to us all sometimes, she became aware that all unconsciously she had been very rude and unkind. For with Mark's first words she remembered that in the first days of their acquaintance Mrs. Arbuthnot had one day casually mentioned that he was English.

All unwittingly she had been guilty of a terrible breach of good manners and good taste, to say nothing of the rights of friendship. Her face grew scarlet, and quick tears of regret sprang to her eyes. She leaned forward as he finished speaking, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Oh, Mr. Delavan!" she cried, "forgive me, please, forgive me; what must you think of me? Indeed, I did not know—that is, I quite forgot—that it is your country. I would not have said it for the world; do you know I would never, never forgive any one for speaking so of America, though she might be ever so bad. I am so sorry!"

Mark Delavan smiled, and leaning forward took the two little hands in his and held them closely.

"Dear Miss Kathleen," he said tenderly, "you make too much of it; it is all true—I hope I know my country's faults. Of course you would not have said it—blessings on your tender heart. Forgive you!" he repeated; "there is nothing to forgive. 'What must I think of you?' Will you let me tell you, dear? No, no!" as Kathleen tried to draw her hands away. "I will not annoy you; only tell me that you do not quite hate us all; that I need not quite lose you, because I have the misfortune to be an Englishman."

"You know I did not mean——" she began, and then stopped in confusion, not quite knowing how much she was admitting.

Mark laughed softly. "No; I know you did not. There, I will not tease you; but you will let me talk to you sometime?"

"I suppose so," answered Kathleen, with averted face; and Mark Delavan lifted the hands he held to his lips and kissed them, and then let them go gently.

Later they had lunch and a long ramble through

the woods, and it was three o'clock when they reached home. They had a rather quiet walk, neither being in the mood for talking and quite past that stage of acquaintance when conversation is a necessity. As they neared Content Cottage, Mark looked at his watch and laid his hand on one of Kathleen's.

"May I detain you a moment?" he said, drawing her gently behind a clump of lilacs which screened them from observation. "I must go in an hour, in order to catch the stage that connects with the six P.M. train, and I may not see you again before I start. I wish I need not go—I have an unpleasant feeling about it." And the perplexed look of the morning crossed his brow.

Kathleen looked up with quick sympathy. "Do you expect bad news? Is there anything that causes you to fear?" she asked.

"Oh, no; it is only an indefinable depression whenever I think of it; yet I think I must go, I cannot see my way clear to do otherwise," he said thoughtfully. "Kathleen, if anything happens, if I do not come back——"

"Don't, don't!" cried Kathleen hurriedly. "Please not say it, Mr. Delavan." And she turned away her head to hide the quick tears that were trembling on her lashes.

Mark was silent for an instant, a little puzzled and grieved, but presently he touched the drooping head softly. She had taken off her hat and was swinging it in one hand as she stood before him.

"Forgive me," he said very gently, "I was wrong to trouble you with my foolish fears. Will you say good-bye to me now!"

"But I shall see you again!" said Kathleen.

"Yes; perhaps before all the family. Dear, won't you give me one little pleasant word that shall be all my own before we part?"

She put her hand in his gently, and looked straight up into his face. "Good-bye," she said, with a little smile.

"Is that all?" he said wearily. "Forgive me; I am an exacting fellow, I know. Am I so disagreeable to you, Kathleen?"

"No, no; indeed, I never meant that—please don't think so!" cried poor Kathleen. "I am only—tired—I guess, and—oh, I like you, I want you to be my good friend always, only don't talk in that way about—about—not coming back; you are coming back to-morrow, are you not?"

"I hope so, I trust so," said Mark Delavan fervently, with a curious light coming suddenly over the clouded face, and in a tone so much more hopeful that Kathleen looked up suddenly.

"Oh, what have I said?" she cried anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing but what was perfectly proper, my child," he answered, smiling down into the puzzled eyes. "Good-bye, dear!"

"Good-bye," she answered, half doubtingly; and Mark looked down into the sweet, questioning face a moment with grave tenderness; then, stooping, just touched the fair forehead with his lips, and, drawing the hand he held within his arm, walked Miss Kathleen around by the garden path into the house. She went up-stairs without venturing another glance into his face, and did not come down again until just five minutes before four. Then, fearing lest her absence would be noticed by the others, she ran down all, fresh and fair, in her white dress, and stood with the Arbuthnots on the piazza to see him off.

Afterward came supper, and then she romped with the children, and finally went up-stairs to bed at nine o'clock, a little tired, but with a very light heart. And at nine the next morning—she had been up three hours already—she was standing with her pale face reading a telegram which one of the boys had just handed her. It was as follows: "Your aunt is very sick. Come at once." She read it through mechanically, looked at her watch, and hunted up a time-table, found that the next train west left at one o'clock, and that she had two hours in which to do her packing, and went to tell the Arbuthnots' and Mrs. Morris. Dear Aunt Mary! she had been like a mother to the orphan girl, and Kathleen's heart was torn with the vague anxiety and fear that unknown anticipated sorrow brings, and eagerly anxious to reach her as soon as possible; but she would not have been human, had not another thought even at this moment intruded itself, adding its bitter sting to make her departure more painful. She blamed herself for the thought, yet it was hard to go just now without seeing Mark Delavan again. For she had not intended that the answer, or rather the *no* answer that she had given him the night before, should be a final one; she had only meant to delay a little, to gain time to think, before she entirely surrendered her freedom. Yet, after all, did it matter much? If Mark Delavan really loved her, he would not give

her up easily. She would leave a little note for him explaining her sudden departure, and he would understand. So she quieted the pain at her heart, and when all her preparations were completed sat down to write her note. It was a very discreet little note.

"MY DEAR MR. DELAVAN: I write to say 'Good-bye.' My aunt is very sick at her sister's, in Connecticut, and I have received a telegram, and must go to her at once. I leave here on the one P.M. train for Boston. I am sorry not to see you again, but want to thank you for all your kindness to me, and ask you to forgive me for everything I have said or done to grieve you.

"Believe me, ever your friend,

"KATHLEEN MACLEOD."

She carried it down and gave it to Mrs. Arbuthnot. Then she said good-bye to all the family, and climbed into the farm-wagon that was to take her to meet the stage. It was a long, tedious ride, and late in the evening Kathleen stepped out upon the platform at the little way-station which was her destination.

A man with a lantern raised aloft was looking eagerly for some one, and, seeing Kathleen, came instantly toward her.

"Miss MacLeod?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes," she answered.

"I am Enoch Quint, miss, Mrs. Green's man; they sent me to meet you; my team is right here. Any baggage?"

"But my aunt—how is she?" asked Kathleen anxiously.

"About the same; don't speak or move—doctor has hopes, though. This way, miss."

Ten minutes later Kathleen was jolting over a rough country road that seemed to be all the way up hill, and a ride of three miles in the starlit summer night brought her to the house of Mrs. Green.

This lady was a half-sister to Aunt Mary, much younger than the latter, a stirring, energetic Yankee woman, who, since the death of her husband, had managed her large farm with consummate ability with the help of her "hired man," the Enoch Quint previously mentioned. A thoroughly kind-hearted woman, and a good neighbor, she was yet, as she told Kathleen, "no nurse," having had little experience in sickness and lacking that inborn faculty which some women possess naturally, and which no education in the care of

the sick can supply. So she was very glad to relinquish her charge into Kathleen's hands, and the latter at once took her place as nurse.

For a few days hands and heart and brain were fully occupied, and the girl had no time to think, which was, perhaps, quite as well. Under her tender care, the sick one came gradually back to life, helpless still as a little child, but quite conscious and free from pain. Doctor Lancaster said she might live weeks, perhaps months, in that state.

And now that the first fierce strain of care and anxiety and constant watching was lifted from her heart, Kathleen began to wonder why she got no letters. She knew Mark Delavan too well to think that he would give her up so easily. She loved him too well to lose faith in him. That he loved her, she would not doubt. She knew the patient, persistent, steadfast nature, and she never doubted that he would write to her, perhaps would come to her. A week went by, and still no tidings. Sitting one day thinking it over, she suddenly remembered that by some strange oversight she had forgotten to mention in her note, or to the Arbutnots, or even to Mrs. Morris, the name of the place in Connecticut where Aunt Mary was stopping. For a moment her heart stood still. Then she remembered that Mrs. Morris knew her Quinticook address, and that letters would probably be sent there with the request that they be remailed to her. So she wrote at once to the postmaster at Quinticook, ordering all the letters sent to Chequishnoc and again waited patiently. Still no letters. Weeks grew into months. Aunt Mary lingered on in the gentle, helpless state of childhood, a steady care and burden, yet the dearest of cares to Kathleen, who never faltered in her tender ministry, and kept always a brave, bright face and cheerful tone and sweet smile for the sick-room, and never wavered, though her heart was breaking with the double strain of sorrow and suspense, and that "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick."

Still there was no word from her lover. Had his forebodings proved true, and had he never returned from that trip to Boston from which he had shrunk so? Or had he, after all, taken her at her word when she asked that he might be her good friend always; and was he, then, content to be only that and nothing more? Yet he was hardly acting the part of friendship even in thus

leaving her in her loneliness and sorrow without one word of sympathy or kindly interest.

And sometimes, in spite of her loving woman's faith, a darker suspicion would come. Had he, perhaps, only been playing with her? Had her sudden departure given him an easy solution to what was becoming a rather troublesome question? She had heard of such things. But no one who knew Mark Delavan could believe such a thing possible, still less the woman who loved him. More than most men, he impressed upon every one his perfect, straightforward, uncompromising integrity. His was pre-eminently the face

"True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust."

And this woman, upon whose brow his kiss had fallen, never faltered in her faith, though her cheeks grew pale and the light faded from her eyes, and her heart grew very weak and weary from its long waiting.

Winter came, and the snow fell closely about the lonely farm-house, and there were short, sharp days and long, sorrowful nights. Kathleen brought her easel into the sick-room, and in her few brief intervals of leisure worked away at her brush, "to keep busy," she said, when good Dr. Lancaster expostulated with her.

The doctor shook his head; he did not know the sharp pain at the girl's heart, that made it necessary for her to "keep busy," that she might not think.

When the first bright days of spring came, and the snows were melting from the brown hillocks beneath the April sun, Aunt Mary's summons came, and she entered upon the eternal spring-time. Kathleen's long watching was over and she was alone in the world.

She went down to Quintnook and laid Aunt Mary in the old church-yard, where all the Mac-Leods slept. Then she went back to the old house, her only home, to rest for a few days and to plan for the future—the dark, desolate days that stretched before her, and that must be lived—somehow. Friends came about her, old school-mates and neighbors, and would have welcomed her to their homes, but she steadily refused. She wanted to be alone in those first desolate days.

Her old place in the seminary was filled. There was nothing for her to do in Quintnook, and work must be sought elsewhere.

She was at liberty now to carry out a long-cherished plan of going abroad to study, but Aunt Mary's long illness, and the consequent idleness, had made sad inroads on her slender funds. A year of patient and paying work would be necessary before she could venture to carry out her purpose.

But she was ready to work; not, indeed, with the old girlish enthusiasm and ambition, but still with a steady purpose and a noble aim. Since live she must, it should not be a useless life. If the sweetest earthly blessing was denied her, she could yet show to an incredulous world

"How grand may be life's might,
Without love's circling crown."

"I thought once that I did not care for him," she said to herself in those days. "I meant to live for my art,—to do grand work and win a name,—and God has taken me at my word. He has just shown me how beautiful life might be; He has let me see the worth of that which I esteemed of little value, and now He has taken it away and given me my choice. I was not worthy, and I will be patient, and by and by, perhaps, content." But a little comfort came to her at this time. She learned that her order, requesting letters sent to Chequishnoc, had never been received at Quintnook post-office, and, therefore, all her letters had been sent to the Dead-Letter Office, that grave of so many unfortunate epistles.

"There were *some*," the old postmaster said, in answer to her anxious inquiry, looking musingly over his glasses; "I don't justly know how many. I believe there was a gentleman here inquiring about them, too, and about your address, but it was while I was gone to Philadelphia, and Sim Higgins was here, and *he* didn't know, nor I, either, for that matter." And one of her old neighbors told her that twice a gentleman had called there, it being next door to her old home, and inquired about her and the name of the place where Aunt Mary went. "But I couldn't remember it to save me, dear, nor Hezekiah, neither; it was a kind of outlandish name, you know. He was a tall man with a light moustache, and eyes that looked right through you,—handsome, if he hadn't looked so down-hearted like, and he walked all around the old house and sat down on the doorstep and sat there a long time. The first time was in October. I remember because it was the day

after we had the sewing-circle; and the last time—let me see—December! no—it must have been about New Year's, and he stayed a long time, and seemed to hate to go away, and asked if he could get boarded here, or anywhere in town, and said perhaps he should come back, but he never has." The good lady looked curiously at Kathleen as she concluded, as if hoping that she might throw some light on the strange occurrence; but the girl turned away indifferently and began to talk of something else.

But the bitterness of her cup was gone. He had loved her then—he had tried to find her, and she knew he would never give up the search. Living or dying, they loved each other, and no time or space could quite part them. Sometime, perhaps, in this world, or beyond, they would find one another. Meanwhile, she would wait. Almost happy, she repeated to herself a little snatch of poetry that she had grown fond of:

"Because I am my Love's I'll keep my life
Washed clean of every soil in thought or deed;
And bear my heart with ever steadfast heed
Like a shut rose, through days of dusty strife.
Because I am my Love's I'll rise at dawn,
And hasten to my toil, and toiling, sing,
That from my own poor talent there may spring
Something for my Love's eyes to shine upon,
And so make good the empty years agone.
Because I am my Love's I will not die—
As lovers might—to prove my fealty;
But I'll so live, that, in some distant time,
My love shall say, 'Bless God, who made you mine.'"

Going back to her lonely house, she found a letter from Doctor Lancaster, at Chequishnoc. He asked if she had anything special in view in the way of work; she ought to rest, but he supposed she would not; if not, why their assistant teacher at the high-school was just getting married; would she take the place for the spring term? She could board in his family; the work was not hard—small school—fair pay—time to paint, or, better still, to rest—would she come?

The next day she was on her way, and a week saw her quite at home in Doctor Lancaster's pleasant family. He had a lovely wife and two daughters, bright, sweet New England girls. One of them wanted to take drawing-lessons of her, and, by teaching her, Kathleen could pay her board.

She grew almost contented in the new, restful

home atmosphere; with a quiet yielding to the inevitable, which was almost sad in one so young. She was but twenty-four, and she seemed to have lived her life. Patient, brave, and hopeful, she was still even merry sometimes, and no one suspected the hidden sorrow that darkened the young life. No one, save, perhaps, Doctor Lancaster, who, with the keen insight of his profession, sometimes watched her closely, and possibly read in the pale face and patient mouth more than he ever spoke of to any one. Certainly he uttered no word; only treated her always with unflinching kindness and tender solicitude.

So the spring passed away. June came, the rare, sweet days bringing to Kathleen memories of that June one year ago.

Again it was midsummer. Her term of school was over, but the Lancasters would not let her go away. She had quite a class of private scholars in drawing and painting. She was already engaged for the next school year, to open in September. One warm Sunday morning, toward the last of July, she came down ready for church, wearing a dress of some thin black material with a knot of white lace at her throat, and a little plain hat of black straw with only a fold of lace around the crown, and a tiny white *ruche* under the brim.

The black dress made her look paler even than usual, and Doctor Lancaster, meeting her in the hall, exclaimed: "My child, you are not well; don't go out this hot day."

She smiled. "Just as well as usual, my dear doctor, and I think I must go this morning; Mr. Peters is depending upon me for that solo, I think, and he does not like to have any one fail, you know, especially now that there is so much company in town."

"But you are not fit to go. I will make it all right with Peters," expostulated the doctor.

"Thank you, doctor, but I think I must go this morning; don't be afraid. I never faint, and I am quite well," answered Kathleen, and ran hastily out, to avoid further discussion.

Chequishnoc church was not far from Doctor Lancaster's, and had attained quite a celebrity among the neighboring towns for its fine music. Mr. Peters, the chorister, was a true musical enthusiast, with a clear, well-cultivated voice, and a genius for organizing and developing the somewhat crude material at his command. He had a

well-trained choir of fresh young voices, and was always looking out for new talent. He had not been long in discovering that Kathleen possessed a remarkably sweet contralto,—not strong, but with rare depth and wonderful pathos,—and had lost no time in securing her services. Just now Chequishnoc, like all attractive country towns, was full of summer visitors, and Mr. Peters took much pride in being able to show the city visitors that good music was occasionally to be heard in the country.

He was proud of Kathleen, too, and had selected for this Sabbath morning a fine anthem for the opening of service, with a solo passage especially adapted to her voice. She was a little late, thanks to Doctor Lancaster, and as she entered she saw that the house was unusually full. It was a new church, built but a few years previously, and the choir and organ were directly in the rear of the pulpit. The voluntary was just over, and the choir were taking their places for the anthem. There was a little hum of expectation through the congregation, and a slight bustle as some strangers were ushered in and seated in a prominent position. Then all was hushed as the first sweet words floated out.

"O Lord, our desires are before Thee, and our griefs are not hid from Thine eyes,"

sang the sweet alto voice, with the stifled pleading of a heart to which this was no unfamiliar prayer. And the chorus answered:

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Again:

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come,"

pleaded the pathetic voice, and the chorus caught up the refrain and repeated it in low chanting measure, while the sweet voice rose higher, thrilling with passionate longing, and sinking softly at last to a low, restful strain, growing fainter, and then blending triumphantly in the grand "Amen."

People whispered, "What a sweet voice!" and some of the city visitors said, "Who would have expected anything equal to this up here in this out-of-the-way place?"

One of the strangers who came in last, a tall, fair gentleman, leaned forward as the first note fell on his ear and listened spellbound, and he

only fathomed the depths whence that rare voice, with its burden of passionate sorrow, sprang. He grew so pale that his companion leaned forward and whispered:

"What is the matter, Mark, are you faint?"

But Mark Delavan shook his head and sat upright, his eyes resting on one face.

And Kathleen? She had felt rather than seen his presence as she rose to sing, but the strong will and steady nerves never failed her. She did not faint, and she sang as she never sang before. When it was over, she sank into her seat white and trembling, and leaned her head on the railing in front of her.

It was some minutes before she dared to raise it and look—a long, eager look—at him. He was the same, yet how changed—how pale and worn he was! But gradually the old smile came into his eyes, and once he gave her just one little look. There were two more hymns and the sermon, and at last it was over. The two Lancaster girls, Mr. Peters, and half the choir gathered about her, the moment service was ended, with anxious inquiries; and when Kathleen was well-nigh desperate, Dr. Lancaster came to the rescue. "She is tired, of course—anybody would be. Too outrageous hot day to go to church. Let her alone, do!" he scolded, and took her away. As they walked into the cool hall at home, Nettie Lancaster came running excitedly to meet them. "There is a gentleman in the parlor to see you, Kathleen; one of those strangers in the Vaughn pew, come up just ahead of me!" Doctor Lancaster opened his mouth. "A gentleman! She isn't fit—" But Kathleen was gone, and the sentence was never finished.

Mark Delavan, pacing the parlor floor impatiently, turned as she came in, and, taking one step forward, caught her in his arms. "My little Kathleen!"

"Mark! oh, Mark!" And then the brave spirit broke down, and she lay sobbing on his breast. He took off her hat and drew the fair head close, kissing the golden braids and murmuring tender words in her ear. "Oh, my darling, my darling," he whispered, "have I found you at last! Look up, dear, and let me be sure that it is you, and not a spirit that I hold here—that I shall not wake up and find it all a dream. Oh, my love, my love! I have dreamed so often that I held you in my arms, close, close at my heart, as now, and kissed your

lips, and you have kissed me, and then I have awakened to find it only a dream!"

"But it is not a dream now." And Kathleen lifted her head, smiling through her tears. "See, I am your own Kathleen!" And she wound her arms about his neck and put her lips to his.

"My own, my own!" he murmured softly. "My Kathleen mavourneen! And you have loved me all this time! Tell me that you love me, sweet!"

"Oh! how I do love you, Mark!" she answered, looking up into his eyes. And then he kissed her brow and lips and hair passionately, and they were silent for a long time. By and by he told his story.

"I came back to Content Cottage that night," he said, "to find my forebodings realized; but I had a 'crumb of comfort' in that little note; only you gave no address, and I was half afraid that it was an intentional oversight,—that you didn't want to be bothered with such a troublesome fellow, and an Englishman too; forgive me, dear. I know better now, and I did not believe it then, for I had your sweet good-bye to give me courage. I knew my darling loved me when she looked up in that pleading way into my face that night. I went to Mrs. Morris and to Mrs. Arbutnot, but neither of them knew your address. Then I wrote to Quintnook, supposing that the postmaster there would forward the letters to your address, as I requested him to do. I went back to New York in September, and all this time I was writing and waiting. At last, in October, I went down to Quintnook, hoping to get some clue there that should aid me in finding you; for, dearest, I did not mean to give you up until I knew from your own lips that there was no hope for me. I found out nothing except that my letters had never been forwarded to you, because the postmaster did not know where you were, and had received no directions from you. Some of your friends had known the name of the place where your aunt went, but could not remember it. All that I had to fall back upon was the very definite direction that you were somewhere in Connecticut.

"Well, I got a map of the State and wrote to an unaccountable number of places, but the letters all came back to me. I began to wonder if you were indeed a real being of flesh and blood or a spirit who had come to me and lingered just long enough for me to learn to love her and then vanished forever.

"In January I made another journey to Quintnook, and half formed a plan to stay there and board until you came back, as you told Mrs. A—you should do, whenever your aunt was able. I thought that was my only chance of finding you; but when I returned to New York I found a dispatch from home, telling me of the severe illness of my only brother. I went back to England at once, and in March he died. Just as I was ready to return to this country I was taken with the fever and was very sick for a month. As soon as I got strong enough I came back here to renew my search, for I meant never to rest until I found you. I went to the Arbuthnots and told them the story, and they have helped me all they could. I have been up to Content Cottage, and have traveled all over this State. I came down to Lester, where the Arbuthnots are stopping,—Professor A's father lives there,—to spend Sunday, meaning to go to Quintnook to-morrow. Charlie Arbuthnot proposed that we should drive over here to church.

"When I went in I did not see you, but almost instantly you began to sing. I never had heard you sing, sweetheart; but I knew your voice, and as I listened to it and looked into your face, I knew you were my darling still, and that for you as for me it had been a weary waiting. My love, my love, I shall never dare to leave you again!"

An hour later Doctor Lancaster came to the door and Kathleen made him come in and introduced him to "my friend, Mr. Delavan," with a very charming little blush. Then Mark told him the whole story, while Kathleen went up-stairs to bathe her happy face and put on a dainty white dress. Coming down presently, she found that Mark was to stay to the early supper, which on Sundays took the place of dinner, by the doctor's express invitation, and later the good doctor himself drove him over to Lester.

The next morning the Arbuthnots came over to call on Kathleen and Mark accompanied them. Mrs. Arbuthnot kissed and cried over Kathleen in a way that left no room to doubt her hearty sympathy. "To think what you must have suffered!" she said. "But it is all over now, and you will be very happy. Mark is such a noble fellow; and his uncle, Sir Hugh Delavan, is very fond of him. He is his heir, you know, and Sir Hugh has a beautiful estate in Surrey and a fine house in London. Mark has an estate of his own in Wales

somewhere, and is planning all manner of improvements, and is full of schemes. You know he came to this country to study American ideas and how to help the working people, and he means to give all his life to their service. My dear, you don't mean to say that he never told you all this!"

"He never talked much about himself," said Kathleen smiling. "I knew that his father and mother died when he was quite young; he has told me a good deal about his mother and something about his uncle who brought him up, but for a long time I did not even know that he was English."

"Just like him," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. "I dare say we should never have known, only Fred has been there. He came back from Germany with Mark and went to Delavan Manor and stayed a week. Such a lovely place, Fred says; Sir Hugh is a real old English gentleman, and his wife very good and motherly, and the two girls—there are no sons—are lovely English girls. The Delavans are a very old family. Mark's own home in Wales—it has an unpronounceable name—is a charming wild place, though it has been very much neglected, but he means to remedy that. It is just like a story-book, dear. Mark is the grandest fellow! Fred says you ought to be a very happy woman!"

Kathleen smiled—a very sweet little smile.

"I think I am," she answered softly.

Mark, coming up just then, saw the smile and heard the words, and taking her hand drew it within his arm.

"To think how little you have told her about yourself, Mark!" said Mrs. Arbuthnot, shaking her head at him.

"My dear Mrs. Arbuthnot, I did not dare to; she does not like the English. My only hope lay in silence." And there was a general laugh.

"And how soon do you propose to take her away to that despised land?" asked Mrs. Arbuthnot merrily.

"She has consented to exile herself on the first of September," was the reply.

"And meanwhile?"

"And meanwhile," Mark answered, "I shall not venture far away. I shall take up my quarters at the Chequishnoc House for the few remaining weeks, as Doctor Lancaster kindly insists that we shall be married here."

But after they were all gone he drew Kathleen into his arms and said softly :

"My darling, do you think I do not know what you are giving up for my sake?"

She looked up with a bright smile.

"As if it could be anything but home where you are, Mark! I love England already, because it is your country, dear. But, Mark"—putting both arms about his neck and looking wistfully into his face—"one thing I do want very much, and that is to go down to dear old Quinticook before I go away."

"You shall, dear," he answered. "We will

both go ; only—may we be married a week earlier, then?"

"Oh, Mark!" she exclaimed blushing.

"Never mind the dresses, love. I wish you could be married in that blue dress you wore that day we went to the Ridge. Say it shall be the twenty-fourth, sweet."

And he had his own way. So it came to pass that they were married and went down to Quinticook together in just one year from the day when they said good-bye to one another under the lilacs at Content Cottage.

A SUNFLOWER.

EARTH hides her secrets deep
Down where the small seed lies,
Hid from the air and skies
Where first it sank to sleep.
To grow, to blossom, and to die—
Ah! who shall know her hidden alchemy?

Quick stirs the inner strife,
Strong grow the powers of life,
Forth from earth's mother breast,
From her dark homes of rest,
Forth as an essence rare
Eager to meet the air
Growth's very being, seen
Here, in this tenderest green.

Drawn by the light above,
Upward the life must move;
Touched by the outward life
Kindles anew the strife,
Light seeks the dark's domain,
Draws thence with quickening pain
New store of substance rare,
Back through each tingling vein
Thrusts the new life again—
Beauty unfolds in air.

So grows earth's changeling child,
By light and air beguiled
Out of her dreamless rest
Safe in the mother breast.
Impulses come to her,
New hopes without a name
Touch every leaf, and stir
Colorless sap to flame;
Quick through her pulses run
Love's hidden mystic powers,

She wakes in golden flowers
Trembling to greet the sun.

What means this being new,
Sweet pain she never knew
Down in the quiet earth
Ere hope had come to birth?
Golden he shines above,
Love wakes, and born of love
All her sweet flowers unfold
In rays of burning gold.
Life, then, means naught but this—
Trembling to wait his kiss,
Wake to emotion?
There where he glows she turns
All her gold flowers, and burns
With her devotion.
Ah! but when day is done?
When he is gone, her sun,
King of her world and lover?
Low droops the faithful head
Where the brown earth is spread
Waiting once more to cover
Dead hopes and blossoms over.

Earthborn to earth must pass—
Spirits of leaf and grass
Touched by the sun and air
Break into colors rare,
Blossom in love and flowers.
Theirs are the golden fruits—
Earth clings around the roots,
She whispers through the hours,
"I will enfold again
Life's being; love and pain
Back to the mother breast
Fall as the falling dew,
Once more to pass anew
Into the dreamless rest."

M. B.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XX.—"MY COUSIN JUDITH!"

BERNARD did not return to Scar Foot that night. He had left word with Mrs. Aveson that he might not do so. He remained all night at Mr. Whaley's, at Yoresett, discussing business matters with him. Judith, after her return, sat up-stairs with her mother, and wondered what made her feel so wretched—what caused the sensation of fierce desolation in her heart. Mrs. Conisbrough was quickly recovering, and had begun to chat, though scarcely cheerfully. Her conversation was hardly of a bracing or inspiriting nature, and the blow dealt by the old man's will was still felt almost in its full force. Likewise, she was a woman much given to wondering what was to become of them all.

But she no longer raged against Aglionby, and Judith did not know whether to be relieved or uneasy at the change.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Lowther called, and pronounced Mrs. Conisbrough quite fit to go home on the following day, as arranged; he added that she might go down-stairs that day, if she chose. Judith trembled lest she should decide to do so, but she did not. She either could not or would not face Bernard Aglionby, and, in him, her fate. So Judith said to herself, trying to find reasons for her mother's conduct, and striving, too, to still the fears which had sprung up in her own breast, to take no heed of the sickening qualms of terror which had attacked her at intervals ever since she had seen her mother on the morning of the reading of the will—her expression, and the sudden failing of her voice; her cowering down; the shudder with which she had shrunk away from Bernard's direct gaze. That incident had marked the first stage of her terrors; the second had been reached when her mother had opened her eyes, and spoken her incoherent words about "Bernarda," and what Bernarda had said. The third and worst phase of her secret fear had been entered upon when Aglionby had solemnly assured her that, save his grandfather, he had never possessed a rich relation, on either father's or mother's side. She had pondered upon it all till her heart was sick. She saw the

deep flush which overspread Mrs. Conisbrough's face every time that Bernard's name was mentioned, and her own desire to "depart hence and be no more seen" grew stronger every hour. Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, Mrs. Conisbrough, tired of even pretending to listen to the book which Judith had been reading to her, advised the latter to take a walk, adding that she wished to be alone, and thought she could go to sleep if she were left. Judith complied. She put on her hat and went out into the garden. Once there, the recollection came to her mind, that to-morrow she was leaving Scar Foot—that after to-morrow it would not be possible for her to return here: she took counsel with herself, and advised herself to take her farewell now, and once for all, of the dear familiar things which must henceforth be strange to her. Fate was kind, in so far as it allowed her to part on friendly terms from Bernard Aglionby, but that was all she could expect. If, for the future, she were enabled to stay somewhere in shelter and obscurity, and to keep silence, what more could be wanted? "By me, and such as me, nothing," she said inwardly, and with some bitterness.

In addition to this feeling, she was wearied of the house, of the solitude, and the confinement. Despite her grief and her foreboding, she being, if not "a perfect woman," at least a "nobly-planned" one, felt strength and vigor in every limb, and a desire for exercise and expansion, which would not let her rest. She wandered all round the old garden, gathered a spray from the now flowerless "rose without thorns," which flourished in one corner of it, sat for a minute or two in the alcove, and gazed at the prospect on the other side with a mournful satisfaction, and then, finding that it was still early, wandered down to the lake-side, to the little landing-place, where the boat with the grass-green sides, and with the name "Delphine" painted on it, was moored.

"I should like a last row on the lake dearly," thought Judith, and quickly enough followed the other thought, "and why not?" So thought, so decided. She went to the little shed where the

oars were kept, seized a pair, and sprang into the boat, unchained it from its moorings, and with a strong, practiced stroke or two, was soon in deep water. It gave her a sensation of joy, to be once more here, on the bosom of this sweet and glistening Shennamere. She pulled slowly, and with many pauses; stopping every now and then to let her boat float, and to enjoy the exquisite panorama of hills surrounding the lake, and of the long, low front of Scar Foot, in its gardens. A mist rushed across her eyes and a sob rose to her throat as she beheld it.

"Ah," thought Judith, "and this is what will keep rising up in my memory at all times, and in all seasons, good or bad. Well, it *must* be, I suppose. Shennamere, good-bye!"

She had rowed all across the lake, a mile, perhaps, and was almost at the opposite shore, beneath the village of Busk. There was a gorgeous October sunset, flaming all across the heavens, and casting over everything a weird, beautiful light and glamor, and at the same time the dusk was creeping on, as it does in October, following quickly on the skirts of the sunset.

She skirted along by the shore, thinking, "I must turn back," and feeling strangely unwilling to do so. She looked at the grassy fringe at the edge of the lake, which in summer was always a waste of the fair yellow iris; one of the sweetest flowers that blow, to her thinking and to mine. She heard the twittering of some ousels, and other water-birds. She heard the shrill voice of a young woman on the road, singing a song. She raised her eyes to look for the young woman, wondering whether it were any acquaintance of hers, and before her glance had time to wander far enough, it rested, astonished, upon the figure of Bernard Aglionby, whose presence on that road, and on foot, was a mystery to her, since his way to Scar Foot lay on the other side of the lake.

But he was standing there, had stopped in his walk, evidently, so that she knew not from which direction he came, and was now lifting his hat to her.

"Good-afternoon!" cried Judith quickly, and surprised to feel her cheeks grow hot.

"Good-afternoon," he responded, coming down to the water's edge, and looking, as usual, very earnest.

"You are not rowing about here all alone?" added, in some astonishment.

This question called up a smile to Judith's face, and she asked, leaning on her oars:

"And why not, pray?"

"It is dangerous. And you are alone, and a lady."

Judith laughed outright. "Shennamere dangerous! That shows how little you know about it. I have rowed up and down it since I was a child; indeed, any child could do it."

"Could it? I wish you would let me try, then."

"Would you like it, really?" asked Judith, in some surprise.

"There is nothing I should like better, if you will let me."

"Then see! I will row up to the shore, and you can get in and pull me back if you will, for I begin to feel my arms tired. It is some time since I have rowed, now."

This was easily managed. He took her place, and she took the tiller-cords, sitting opposite to him. It was not until after this arrangement had been made, and they were rowing back in a leisurely manner, toward Scar Foot, that Judith began to feel a little wonder as to how it had all happened—how Bernard came to be in the boat with her, rowing her home. He was very quiet, she noticed, almost subdued, and he looked somewhat tired. His eyes rested upon her every now and then with a speculative, half-absent expression, and he was silent, till at last she said:

"How came you on the Lancashire road, Mr. Aglionby, and on foot? I thought you would be driving back from Yoresett."

"I did drive as far as the top of the hill above the bridge, and then I got out to walk round this way. You must know that I find a pleasure which I cannot express, in simply wandering about here, and looking at the views. It is perfectly delightful. But I might say, how came you to be at this side of the lake, alone and at sunset?"

"That is nothing surprising, for me. We are leaving to-morrow, after which we shall have done with Scar Foot forever. I have been bidding good-bye to it all. The house, the garden, the lake, everything."

That "everything" came out with an energy which smacked of anything but resignation pure and simple.

"Bidding good-bye? Ah, I must have seemed a bold, insolent intruder, at such a moment. I

wonder you condescended to speak to me. I wonder you did not instantly turn away, and row back again, with all speed. Instead of which—I am here with you.”

Judith did not reply, though their eyes met, and her lips parted. It was a jest, but a jest which she found it impossible to answer. Aglionby also perhaps judged it best to say nothing more. Yet both hearts swelled. Though they maintained silence, both felt that there was more to be said. Both knew, as they glided on in the sharp evening air, in the weird light of the sunset, that this was not the end: other things had yet to happen. Some of the sunset glow had already faded, perhaps it had sunk with its warmth and fire into their hearts, which were hot; the sky had taken a more pallid hue. At the foot of the lake, Addleborough rose, bleak and forbidding; Judith leaned back, and looked at it, and saw how cold it was, but while she knew the chillness of it, she was all the time intensely, feverishly conscious of Aglionby's proximity to herself. Now and again, for a second at a time, her eyes were drawn irresistibly to his figure. How rapidly had her feelings toward him been modified! On the first day she had seen him, he had struck her as an enthusiastic provincial politician: he had been no more a real person to her than if she had never seen him. Next she had beheld him walking behind Mr. Whaley into the parlor at Scar Foot; had seen the cool uncompromising curve of his lips, the proud, cold glance in his eyes. Then, he had suddenly become the master, the possessor, wielding power undisputed and indisputable over what she had always considered her own, not graspingly, but from habit and association. She had for some time feared and distrusted his hardness, but gradually yet quickly those feelings had changed, till now, without understanding how, she had got to feel a deep admiration for and delight in his dark, keen face; full of strength, full of resolution and pride; it was all softened at the present moment, and to her there seemed a beauty not to be described in its sombre tints, and in the outline expressive of such decision and firmness, a firmness which had just now lost the old sneering vivacity of eye and lip.

It all seemed too unstable to be believed in. Would it ever end? Gliding onward, to the accompaniment of a rhythmic splash of the oars, and ripple of the water, with the mountains

apparently floatingly receding from before them, while the boat darted onward. A month ago this young man had been an obscure salesman in an Irkford warehouse, and she, Judith Conisbrough, had been the supposed co-heiress, with her sisters, of all John Aglionby's lands and money: now the obscure salesman was in full possession of both the lands and the money, while from her, being poor, had been taken even that she had, and more had yet to go. She felt no resentment toward Aglionby, absolutely none: for herself she experienced a dull sensation of pain; a shrinking from the years to come of loneliness, neglect, and struggle. She pictured the future, as she glided on in the present. He, as soon as he had settled things to his pleasure, would get married to that tall, fair girl with whom she had seen him. They would live at Scar Foot, or wherever else it list them to live; they would be happy with one another; would rejoice in their possessions, and enjoy life side by side:—while she—bah! she impatiently told herself—of what use to repine about it? That only made one look foolish. It was so, and that was all about it. The sins of the fathers should be relentlessly and unsparingly visited upon the children. He, her present companion, had said so, and she attached an altogether unreasonable importance to his words. He had held that creed in the days of his adversity and poverty, that creed of “no forgiveness.” If it had supported him, why not her also? True, he was a man, and she was a woman; and all men, save the most unhappy and unfortunate of all, were taught and expected to work. She had only been forced to wait. Perhaps, if he had not had to work, and been compelled to forget himself and his wrongs in toil, he might have proved a harder adversary now than he was.

The boat glided alongside the landing place. He sprang up, jumped upon the boards, and handed her out.

“It is nearly dark,” he observed, and his voice, though low, was deep and full, as a voice is wont to be, when deep thoughts or real emotion has lately stirred the mind. “We will send out to have the things put away.” He walked beside her up the grassy path, as silent as she was, and her heart was full. Was it not for the last time? As he held the wicket open for her, and then followed her up the garden, he said:

"Miss Conisbrough, I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor, what is it?"

"Only a trifle," said Aglionby. "It is that you will sing me a song to-night—one particular song."

"Sing you a song!" ejaculated Judith, amazed. And the request, considering the terms on which they stood, was certainly a calm one.

"Yes, the song I overheard you singing on Sunday night, 'Goden Abend, Gode Nacht!' I want to hear it again."

They now stood in the porch, and as Judith hesitated, and looked at him, she found his eyes bent upon her face, as if he waited less for a reply than for compliance with his request—or demand—she knew not which it was. She conquered her surprise; tried to think she felt it to be a matter of entire indifference, and said, "I will sing it, if you like."

"I do like, very much. And when will you sing it?" he asked, pausing at the foot of the stairs. Judith had ascended a step or two.

"Oh, when Mrs. Aveson calls me down to supper," she answered slowly, her surprise not yet overcome.

"Thank you. You are very indulgent, and I assure you I feel proportionately grateful," said Aglionby, with a smile which Judith knew not how to interpret. She said not a word, but left him at the foot of the stairs, with an odd little thrill shooting through her, as she thought:

"I was not wrong. He does delight to be the master—and perhaps I ought to have resisted—though I don't know why. One might easily obey that kind of master—but what does it all matter? After to-morrow afternoon all this will be at an end."

Aglionby turned into the parlor, as she went up-stairs; the smile lingering still on his lips. All the day, off and on, the scene had haunted him in imagination—Judith seated at the piano, singing, he standing somewhere near her, listening to that one particular song. All day, too, he had kept telling himself that, all things considered, it would hardly do to ask her to sing it; that it would look very like impertinence if he did; would be presuming on his position—would want some more accomplished tactician than he was, to make the request come easily and naturally.

Yet (he thought, as he stood by the window), whether he had done it easily or not, it had been done. He had asked her, and she had consented. What else would she do for him, he wondered, if he asked her. Then came a poignant, regretful wish that he had asked her for something else. In reflecting upon the little scene which was just over, he felt a keen, pungent pleasure, as he remembered her look of surprise, and seemed to see how she gradually yielded to him, with a certain unbending of her dignity, which he found indescribably and perilously fascinating.

"I wish I had asked her for something else!" he muttered. "Why had I not my wits about me? A trumpery song! Such a little thing! I am glad I made her understand that it was a trifle. I should like to see her look if I asked her a real favor. I should like to see how she took it. Something that it would cost her something to grant—something the granting of which argued that she looked with favor upon one. Would she do it? By Jove, if her pride were tamed to it, and she did it at last, it would be worth a man's while to go on his knees for it, whatever it was."

He stood by the window, frowning over what seemed to him his own obtuseness, till at last a gleam of pleasure flitted across his face.

"I have it!" he said within himself, with a triumphant smile. "I will make her promise. She will not like it, she will chafe under it, but she shall promise. The greatest favor she could confer upon me would be to receive a favor from me—and she shall. Then she can never look upon me as 'nobody' again."

He rang for lights, and pulled out a bundle of papers which Mr. Whaley had given him to look over, but on trying to study them he found that he could not conjure up the slightest interest in them; that they were, on the contrary, most distasteful to him. He opened the window at last, and leaned out, saying to himself, as he flung the papers upon the table:

"If she knew what was before her, she would not come down. But she has promised, and heaven forbid that I should forewarn and forearm her."

The night was fine; moonless, but starlight. He went outside, lit his pipe, and paced about. He had been learning from Mr. Whaley what a goodly heritage he had entered upon. He was beginning to understand how he stood, and what

advantages and privileges were to be his. All the time that he conned them over, the face of Judith Conisbrough seemed to accompany them, and a sense of how unjustly she had been treated, above all others, burnt in his mind. Before he went to Irkford, before he did anything else, this question must be settled. It should be settled to-night, between him and her. He meant first to make her astonished, to see her put on her air of queenly surprise at his unembarrassed requests, and then he meant her to submit, for her mother's and sisters' sake, and, incidentally, for his pleasure.

It was an agreeable picture; one, too, of a kind that was new to him. He did not realize its significance for himself. He only knew that the pleasure of conquest was great, when the obstacle to be conquered was strong and beautiful.

He was roused from these schemes and plans by the sound of some chords struck on the piano, and he quickly went into the house. Judith had seated herself at the piano: she had resumed her usual calmness of mien, and turned to him as he entered.

"I thought this would summon you, Mr. Aglionby. You seem fond of music."

"Music has been fond of me, and a kind friend to me, always," said he. "I see you have no lights. Shall I ring for candles?"

"No, thank you. I have no music with me. All that I sing must be sung from memory, and the fire-light will be enough for that."

She did not at once sing the song he had asked for, but played one or two fragments first; then struck the preluding chords and sang it.

"I like that song better than anything I ever heard," said he emphatically, after she had finished it.

"I like it, too," said Judith. "Mrs. Malleeson gave it to me, or I should never have become possessed of such a song. Do you know Mrs. Malleeson?" she added.

"No. Who is she?"

The wife of the vicar of Stanniforth. I hope he will call upon you, but of course he is sure to do so. And you will meet them out. I advise you to make a friend of Mrs. Malleeson, if you can."

"I suppose," observed Bernard, "that most, or all of the people who knew my grandfather, will call upon me, and ask me to their houses?"

"Of course."

"How odd that seems, doesn't it? If I had not, by an accident, become master here—if I had remained in my delightful warehouse at Irkford, none of these people would have known of my existence, or if they had they would have taken no notice of me. Not that I consider it any injustice," he added quickly, "because I hold that unless you prove yourself in some way noticeable, either by being rich, or very clever, or very handsome, or very something, you have no right whatever to complain of neglect—one at all. Why *should* people notice you?"

"Just so; only you know, there is this to be said on the other side. If all these people had known as well as possible who you were, and where you lived, and all about you, they would still have taken no notice of you while you were in that position. I don't want to disparage them. I am sure some of them are very good, kind-hearted people. I am only speaking from experience."

"And you are right enough. You are not going?" he added, seeing that she rose. "Supper is not ready yet."

"Thank you. I do not want any supper. And it is not very early."

"Then, if you will go, I must say now what I wanted to say. You need not leave me this instant, need you? I really have something to say to you, if you will listen to me."

Judith paused, looked at him, and sat down again.

"I am in no hurry," said she; "what do you wish to say to me?"

"You said this afternoon that you had gone to say good-bye to Scar Foot, to the lake—to everything; that after you left here to-day you would have 'done with' Scar Foot. It would no longer be anything to you. You meant, I suppose, that you would never visit it again. Why should that be so?"

They were seated, Judith on the music-stool, on which she had turned round when they began to talk, and he leaning forward on a chair just opposite to her. Close to them was the broad hearth, with its bright fire and sparkling blazes, lighting up the two faces very distinctly. He was looking very earnestly at her, and he asked the question in a manner which showed that he intended to have an answer. It was not wanting. She replied, almost without a pause:

"Well, you see, we cannot possibly come here now, as we were accustomed to do in my uncle's time, just when we chose; to ramble about for an hour or two, take a meal with him, and then go home again, or, if he asked us, to spend a few days here: it would not do."

"But you need not be debarred from ever coming to the place, just because you cannot do exactly as you used to do."

She was silent, with a look of some pain and perplexity—not the dignified surprise he had expected to see. But the subject was, or rather it had grown, very near to Bernard's heart. He was determined to argue the question out.

"Is it because Scar Foot has become mine, because I could turn you out if I liked, and because you are too proud to have anything to do with me?" he asked, coolly and deliberately.

Judith looked up, shocked.

"What a horrible idea! What could have put such a thought into your head?"

"Your elaborate ceremonial of everlasting farewell, this afternoon, I think," he answered, and went on boldly, though he saw her raise her head somewhat indignantly. "Do listen to me, Miss Conisbrough; I know that in your opinion I must be a most unwelcome interloper. But I think you will believe me when I say that I have nothing but kindly feelings toward you—that I would give a good deal—even sacrifice a good deal to be on kindly terms with Mrs. Conisbrough and you, and your family. I wish to be just, to repair my grandfather's injustice. You know, as we discovered the other night, we are relations. What I want to ask is, will you not meet me half-way? You will not hold aloof—I beg you will not! You will help me to conciliate Mrs. Conisbrough, to repair, in some degree, the injustice which has been done her. I am sure you will. I count securely upon you," he added, looking full into her face, "for you are so utterly outside all petty motives of spite or resentment. You could not act upon a feeling of pique or offense, I am sure."

She was breathing quickly; her fingers locked in one another; her face a little averted, and flushed, as he could see, by something more than the fire-light.

"You have far too good an opinion of me," she said, in a low tone; "you are mistaken about me. I *try* to forget such considerations, but I

assure you I am not what you take me for. I am soured, I believe, and embittered by many things which have conspired to make my life rather a lonely one."

"How little you know yourself!" said Bernard. "If I had time, I should laugh at you. But I want you to listen to me, and seriously to consider my proposal. Will you not help me in this plan? You said at first, you know, that you would not oppose it. Now I want you to promise your co-operation."

"In other words," said Judith quietly, "you want me to persuade mamma to accept as a gift from you, some of the money which she had expected to have, but which, as is very evident, my uncle was at the last determined she should not have."

Aglionby smiled. He liked the opposition, and had every intention of conquering it.

"That is the way in which you prefer to put it, I suppose," he said. "I do not see why you should, I am sure. You did not use such expressions about it the other night, and, at any rate, I have your promise. But I fear you think the suggestion an impertinent one. How am I to convince you that nothing could be further from my thoughts, than impertinence?"

"I never thought it was impertinent," answered Judith, and if her voice was calm, her heart was not. Not only had she not thought him impertinent, but she was strangely distressed and disturbed at his imagining she had thought him so.

"I thought," she went on, "that it was very kind, very generous."

"I would rather you took it as being simply just. But, at any rate, you will give me your assistance, for I know that without it I shall never succeed in getting Mrs. Conisbrough's consent to my wishes."

He spoke urgently. Judith was moved—distressed—he saw.

"I know I gave you a kind of promise," she began slowly.

"A kind of promise! Your words were, 'I shall not oppose it.' Can you deny it?"

"No, those were my words. But I had had no time to think about it then. I have done so since. I have looked at it in every possible light, with the sincere desire to comply with your wish, and all I can say is, that I must ask you to release me from my promise."

"Not unless you tell me why," said he, in a deep tone of something like anger.

"I cannot tell you why," said Judith, her own full tones vibrating and growing somewhat faint. "I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it would indeed be best in every way if, after we leave your house, you cease to take any notice of us. If we meet casually, either in society, or in any other way, there is no reason why we should not be friendly. But it must end there. It is best that it should do so. And do not try to help my mother in the way you proposed. I—I cannot give any assistance in the matter, if you do."

This was not the kind of opposition which Aglionby had bargained for. For a few moments he was silent, a black frown settling on his brow, but far indeed from having given up the game. Nothing had ever before aroused in him such an ardent desire to prevail. He was thinking about his answer; wondering what it would be best for him to say, when Judith, who perhaps had misunderstood his silence, resumed in a low, regretful voice:

"To spend money which had come from you—to partake of comforts which your generosity had procured, would be impossible—to me, at any rate. It would scorch me, I feel."

Again a momentary silence. Then the storm broke:

"You have such a loathing for me, you hate me so bitterly and so implacably that you can sit there, and say this to me, with the utmost indifference," with passionate grief in his voice; grief and anger blended in a way that cut her to the quick. And so changed was he, all in a moment, that she was startled, and almost terrified.

"What!" she faltered; "have I said something wrong? I, hate you? Heaven forbid! It would be myself that I should hate, because——"

"Because you had touched something that was defiled by coming from me. Because it had been mine!"

"Thank God that it is yours!" said Judith suddenly, and in a stronger tone. "It is the one consolation that I have in the matter. When I think how very near it was to being ours, and that we might have had it and used it, I feel as if I had escaped but little short of a miracle, from——"

She stopped suddenly.

"I don't understand you."

"Do not try. Put me down as an ill-disposed virago. I feel like one sometimes. And yet, I would have you believe that I appreciate your motives—it is out of no ill-feeling——"

"It is useless to tell me that," he broke in, in uncontrollable agitation. "I see that you have contained your wrath until this evening; you have nourished a bitter grudge against me, and you feel that the time has come for you to discharge your debt. You have succeeded. You wished to humiliate me, and you have done so most thoroughly, and as I was never humiliated before. Understand—if you find any gratification in it, that I am wounded and mortified to the quick. I had hoped that by stooping—by using every means in my power—to please you, I should succeed in conciliating you and yours. I wished to put an end to this horrible discord and division, to do that which was right, and without doing which, I can never enjoy the heritage that has fallen to me. No, never! and you—have led me on—have given me your promise, and now you withdraw it. You know your power, and that it is useless for me to appeal to Mrs. Conisbrough, if you do not allow her to hear me, and——"

"You accuse me strangely," she began, in a trembling voice, forgetting that she had desired him to look upon her as a virago, and appalled by the storm she had aroused, and yet, feeling a strange, thrilling delight in it, and a kind of reckless desire to abandon herself to its fury. Even while she raised her voice in opposition to it, she hoped it would not instantly be lulled. There was something more attractive in it than in the commonplace civilities of an unbroken and meaningless politeness. She had her half-conscious wish gratified to the utmost, for he went on:

"Strangely, how strangely? I thought women were by nature fitted to promote peace. I thought that you, of all others, would encourage harmony and kindness. I appealed to you, because I knew your will was stronger than that of your mother. It only needs your counsel and influence to make her see things as I wish her to see them. And you thrust me capriciously aside—your manner, your actions all tell me to retire with the plunder I have got, and to gloat over it alone. You stand aside in scorn. You prefer poverty, and I believe

you would prefer starvation, to extending a hand to one whom you consider a robber and an upstart——”

“You are wrong, you are wrong!” she exclaimed vehemently and almost wildly, clasping her hands tightly together and looking at him with a pale face and dilated eyes.

“Then, show me that I am wrong!” he said, standing before her, and extending his hands toward her. “Repent what you have said about benefits derived from me *scorching* you!” (He did not know that the flash from his own eyes was almost enough to produce the same effect). “Recall it, and I will forget all this scene—as soon as I can, that is. Judith——” She started, changed color, and he went on in his softest and most persuasive accent. “My cousin Judith, despite all you have just been flinging at me of hard and cruel things, I still cling to the conviction that you are a noble woman, and I ask you once more for your friendship, and your good offices toward your mother. Do not repulse me again.”

She looked speechlessly into his face. Where were now the scintillating eyes, the harsh discord of tone, the suppressed rage of manner? Gone; and in their stead there were the most dulcet sounds of a most musical voice; eyes that pleaded humbly and almost tenderly, and a hand held out beseechingly, craving her friendship, her good offices.

A faint shudder ran through Judith's whole frame. His words and the tone of them rang in her ears, and would ring there for many a day, and cause her heart to beat whenever she remembered them. “Judith—my cousin Judith!” His hot earnestness, and the unconscious fascination which he could throw into both looks and tones, had not found her callous and immovable. While she did not understand what the feeling was which overmastered her, she yet felt the pain of having to repulse him amount to actual agony. She felt like one lost and bewildered. All she knew or realized was, that it would have been delicious to yield unconditionally in this matter of persuading her mother to his will; to hear his wishes and obey them, and that of all things this was the one point on which she must hold out, and resist. Shaken by a wilder emotion than she had ever felt before, she suddenly caught the hands he stretched toward her, and exclaimed, brokenly:

“Ah, forgive me, if you can, but do not be so hard upon me. You do not know what you are saying. I cannot obey you. I wish I could.”

She covered her face with her hands, with a short sob.

Aglionby could not at first reply. Across the storm of mortification and anger, of good-will repulsed, and reverence momentarily chilled, another feeling was creeping, the feeling that behind all this agitation and refusal on her part, something lay hidden which was not aversion to him; that the victory he had craved for was substantially his: she did not refuse his demand because she had no wish to comply with it. She denied him against her will, not with it. She was not churlish. He might still believe her noble. She was harassed evidently, worn with trouble, and with some secret grief. He forgot for the moment that a confiding heart at Irkford looked to him for support and comfort; indeed, he had a vague idea, which had not yet been distinctly formulated, that there were few troubles which Miss Vane could not drive away, by dint of dress and jewelry and amusement. He felt that so long as he had a full purse he could comfort Lizzie and cherish her. This was a different case; this was a suffering which silk attire and diamonds could not alleviate, a wound not to be stanchd for a moment by social distinction and the envy of other women. His heart ached sympathetically. He could comprehend that feeling.

He knew that he could feel likewise. Nay, had he not experienced a foretaste of some such feeling this very night, when she had vowed that she could not aid him in his scheme, and he had felt his newly-acquired riches turn poor and sterile in consequence, and his capacity for enjoying them shrivel up? But there was a ray of joy even amid this pain, in thinking that this hidden obstacle did not imply anything derogatory to her. He might yet believe her noble, and treat her as noble. His was one of the natures which cannot only discern nobility in shabby guise, but which are perhaps almost too prone to seek it there, rather than under purple mantles; being inclined to grudge the wearers of the latter any distinction save that of inherited outside splendor. The fact that Miss Conisbrough was a very obscure character; that she was almost sordidly poor; that the gown she wore was both shabby and old-fashioned, and that whatever secret trou-

bles she had, she must necessarily often be roused from them, in order to consider how most advantageously to dispose of the metaphorical sixpence—all this lent to his eyes, and to his way of thinking, a reality to her grief; a concreteness to her distress. He had no love for moonshine and unreality, and though Judith Conisbrough had this night overwhelmed him with contradictions and vague, intangible replies to his questions, yet he was more firmly convinced than ever that all about her was real.

If she had to suffer—and he was sure now that she had—he would be magnanimous, though he did not consciously apply so grand a name to his own conduct. After a pause he said, slowly:

"I must ask your forgiveness. I had no business to get into a passion. It was unmanly, and, I believe, brutal. I can only atone for it in one way, and that is by trying to do what you wish; though I cannot conceal that your decision is a bitter blow to me. I had hoped that everything would be so different. But tell me once again that you do not *wish* to be at enmity with me; that it is no personal ill-will which——"

"Oh, Mr. Aglionby!"

"Could you not stretch a point for once?" said Bernard, looking at her with a strangely mingled expression, "as we are soon to be on mere terms of distant civility, and address me like a cousin—just once—it would not be much to do, after what you have refused?"

There was a momentary pause. Aglionby felt his own heart beat faster as he waited for her answer. At last she began, with flaming cheeks, and eyes fixed steadily upon the ground:

"You mean—Bernard—there is nothing I desire less than to be at enmity with you. Since we have been under your roof here, I have learned that you are at least noble, whatever I may be; and——"

At this point Judith looked up, having overcome, partially at least, her tremulousness, but she found his eyes fixed upon hers, and her own fell again directly. Something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her; at last she faltered out:

"Do not imagine that I suffer nothing in refusing your wish."

"I believe you now, entirely," he said, in a tone almost of satisfaction. "We were talking about creeds the other night, and you said you wanted a strong one. I assure you it will take

all the staying power of mine to enable me to bear this with anything like equanimity. And meantime, grant me this favor, let me accompany you home to-morrow, and do me the honor to introduce me to your sisters; I should like to know my cousins by sight, at any rate—if Mrs. Conisbrough will allow it, that is."

"Mamma will allow it—yes."

"And I promise that after that I will not trouble nor molest you any more."

"Don't put it in that way."

"I must, I am afraid. But you have not promised yet."

"Certainly, I promise. And, oh! Mr. Aglionby, I am glad, I am *glad* you have got all my uncle had to leave," she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis. "The knowledge that you have it will be some comfort to me in my dreary existence, for it is and will be dreary."

She rose now, quite decidedly, and went toward the door. He opened it for her, and they clasped hands silently, till he said, with a half smile which had in it something wistful:

"*Goden Abend!*"

"*Gode Nacht!*" responded Judith, but no answering smile came to her lips—only a rush of bitter tears to her eyes. She passed out of the room; he gently closed the door after her, and she was left alone with her burden.

CHAPTER XXI.—AN AFTERNOON EPISODE.

"We must not go out this afternoon, because they are coming, you know," observed Rhoda to Delphine.

"I suppose not, and yet, I think it is rather a farce, our staying in to receive them. I cannot think it will give them any joy."

"You are such a tiresome, analytical person, Delphine! Always questioning my statements."

"Sometimes you make such queer ones."

"I wish something would happen. I wish a change would come," observed Rhoda, yawning. "Nothing ever does happen here."

"Well, I should have said that a good deal had happened lately. Enough to make us very uncomfortable, at any rate."

"Oh, you mean about Uncle Aglionby and his grandson. Do you know, Del, I have a burning, a consuming curiosity to see that young man. I think it must have been most delightfully romantic for Judith to be staying at Scar Foot all

this time. I don't suppose she has made much of her opportunities. I expect she has been fearfully solemn, and has almost crushed him, if he is crushable, that is, with the majesty of her demeanor. Now, I should have been amiability itself. I think the course I should have taken would have been to make him fall in love with me——"

"You little stupid! When he is engaged to be married already!"

"So he is! How disgusting it is to find all one's schemes upset in that way. Well, I don't care whether he is engaged or not. I want to see him awfully, and I think it was intensely stupid of mamma to quarrel with him."

"No doubt you would have acted much more circumspectly, being a person of years, experience, and great natural sagacity."

"I have the sagacity at any rate, if not the experience. And after all, that is the great thing, because if you have experience without sagacity, you might just as well be without it."

"I know you are marvelously clever," said Delphine, "but you are an awful chatterbox. Do be quiet, and let me think."

"What can you possibly have to think about here?"

"All kinds of things, about which I want to come to some sort of an understanding with myself. So hold your peace, I pray you."

They had finished their early dinner, and had retired to that pleasant sunny parlor where Judith had found them, little more than a week ago, on her return from Irkford. Delphine, being a young woman of high principle, had pulled out some work, but Rhoda was doing absolutely nothing, save swaying backward and forward in a rocking-chair, while she glanced round with quick, restless gray eyes at every object in the room, oftenest at her sister. Not for long did she leave the latter in the silence she had begged for.

"Won't you come up-stairs to the den, Delphine? It is quite dry and warm this afternoon, and I want you so to finish that thing you were doing."

"Not now, but presently, perhaps. I feel lazy just now."

Pause, while Rhoda still looked about her, and at last said abruptly:

"Delphine, should you say we were a good-looking family?"

Delphine looked up.

"Good-looking? It depends on what people call good-looking."

"One man's meat is another man's poison, I suppose you mean. I have been considering the subject seriously of late, and on comparing us with our neighbors, I have come to the conclusion that, taken all in all, we *are* good-looking."

"Our good looks are all the good things we have to boast of, then," said Delphine unenthusiastically, as she turned her lovely head to one side, and contemplated her work—her sister keenly scrutinizing her in the meantime.

"Well, good looks are no mean fortune. What was it I was reading the other day about—'As much as beauty better is than gold,' or words to that effect."

"Pooh!" said Delphine, with a little derisive laugh.

"Well, but it is true."

"In a kind of way, perhaps—not practically."

"In a kind of way—well, in such a way as this. Suppose—we may suppose anything, you know, and for my part, while I am about it, I like to suppose something splendid at once—suppose that *you were*, for one occasion only, dressed up in a most beautiful ball-dress; *eau de Nil* and wild roses, or the palest blue and white lace, or pale-gray and pale-pink, you know—ah, I see you are beginning to smile at the very idea. I believe white would suit you best, after all—a billow of white, with little humming-birds all over it, or something like that. Well—imagine yourself in this dress, with everything complete, you know, Del" (she leaned impressively forward), "fan and shoes, and gloves and wreath, and a beautiful pocket-handkerchief like a bit of scented mist—and jewelry that no one could find any fault with; and then suppose Philippa Danesdale popped down in the same room, as splendid as you please—black velvet and diamonds, or satin, or silk, and ropes of pearls, or anything grand, with her stupid little prim face and red hair——"

"Oh, for shame, Rhoda! You are quite spiteful."

"I, spiteful!" cried Rhoda, with a prolonged note of indignant surprise. "That *is* rich! Who has drawn Miss Danesdale, I wonder, in all manner of attitudes: 'Miss Danesdale engaged in prayer,' holding her prayer-book with the tips of her lavender kid fingers, and looking as if she were

paying her Maker such a compliment in coming and kneeling down to Him, with an ivory-backed prayer-book and a gold-topped scent-bottle to sustain her through the operation? 'Miss Danesdale on hearing the *Mésalliance of a Friend*'—now, who drew *that*, Delphine? and many another as bad? My sagacity, which you were jeering at just now, suggests a reason for your altered tone. But I will spare you, and proceed with my narrative. Suppose what I have described to be an accomplished fact, and then suppose a perfect stranger—we'll imagine Mr. Danesdale to be one, because I like to make my ideas very plain to people, and there's nothing like being personal for effecting that result—suppose him there, not knowing anything about either of you, whether you were rich or poor, or high or low—now, which of the two do you think he would be likely to dance with oftenest?"

"How should I know?"

"Delphine, you used to be truthful once—candid and honest. The falling off is deplorable. 'Evil communications'—I won't finish it. You are shirking my question. Of course he would dance with you, and you know he would. There's no doubt of it, because you would look a vision of beauty——"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"And Miss Danesdale would look just what she is, a stiff, prudish, *plain* creature. And so beauty is better than gold."

"Yes, under certain conditions, if one could arbitrarily fix them. But we have to look at conditions as they are, not as we could fix them if we tried. Suppose, we'll say, that he had been dancing with me all the evening——"

"Which he would like to do very much, I haven't a doubt."

"And suddenly, some one took him aside, and said, 'Friend, look higher. She with whom thou dancest has not a penny, while she who stands in yonder corner neglected, lo! she hath a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.' After that, I might dance as long as I liked, but it would be alone."

"I call that a very poor illustration, and I don't know that it would be the case at all. All I know is, that it pleases you to pretend to be cynical, though you don't feel so in the very least. I do so like to dream sometimes, and to think what I would do if we were rich! Delphine, *don't* you wish we were rich?"

"Not particularly; I would rather be busy. I wish I was a great painter, that's what I should like to be, with every hour of the day filled up with work and engagements. Oh, I am so tired of doing nothing. I feel sometimes as if I could kill myself."

Before Rhoda had time to reply, Louisa, the maid, opened the door, remarking:

"Please, miss, there's Mr. Danesdale."

The girls started a little consciously as he came in, saying, as Louisa closed the door after him:

"Send me away if I intrude. Your servant said you were in, and when I asked if you were engaged, she replied, 'No, sir; they are a-doing of nothing.' Encouraged by this report, I entered."

"We are glad to see you," said Delphine, motioning him to take a seat and still with a slight flush on her face.

"I called for two reasons," said Randolph, who, once admitted, appeared to feel his end gained: "to ask if you arrived at home in safety after that confabulation with Miss Conisbrough, and to ask if you have any news from Mrs. Conisbrough. How is she?"

"Much better, thank you. So much better, indeed, that we expect her and Judith home this afternoon——"

"Yes," interposed Rhoda, "so far from doing nothing, as Louisa reported, we were waiting for mamma's return."

"Ah, I can tell Philippa then. She has been talking of calling to see Mrs. Conisbrough."

It was Rhoda's turn to cast down her eyes a little, overcome by the reflections called up by this announcement. There was a pause; then Rhoda said:

"How thankful Judith and mother will be to come away from Scar Foot, and how very glad Mr. Aglionby will be to get rid of them!"

"Had you just arrived at that conclusion when I came?"

"Oh, no! We were at what they call 'a loose end,' if you ever heard the expression. We were exercising our imaginations."

Rhoda pursued this topic with imperturbable calm, undismayed by the somewhat alarmed glances given her by Delphine, who feared that her sister might, as she often did, indiscreetly reveal the very subject of a conversation.

"Were you? How?"

"We were imagining ourselves *rich*," said

Rhoda with emphasis. "You can never do that, you know, because you are rich already. We have the advantage of you there, and I flatter myself that that is a new way of looking at it."

"I beg your pardon, Rhoda—I was not imagining myself rich. I was imagining myself——" She stopped suddenly.

"Imagining yourself what?" he asked, with deep interest.

"Oh, nothing—nonsense!" said Delphine hastily, disinclined to enter into particulars. He turned to Rhoda. Delphine looked at her with a look which said, "Speak if you dare!" Rhoda tossed her head and said:

"There's no crime in what you were wishing, child. She was imagining herself a great painter. That's Delphine's ambition. Like Miss Thompson, you know——"

"Oh, no!" interposed Delphine hastily—"not battle-pieces."

"What then?"

"Landscapes, I think, and animals," said Delphine, still in some embarrassment.

"Del draws beautiful animals," said Rhoda turning to him, and speaking very seriously and earnestly. Randolph was charmed to perceive that the youngest Miss Conisbrough had quite taken him into her confidence, and he trusted that a little judiciously employed tact would bring Delphine to the same point.

"Oh, not beautiful, Rhoda! Only——" She turned to Randolph, losing some of the shyness which with her was a graceful hesitation and not the ugly awkward thing it generally is. "Not beautiful at all, Mr. Danesdale, but it is simply that I cannot help, when I see animals and beautiful landscapes—I absolutely can't *help* trying to copy them."

"That shows that you have a talent for it," said Mr. Danesdale promptly. "You should have lessons."

He could have bitten his tongue off with vexation the next moment, as it flashed into his mind that most likely she could not afford to have lessons.

"That would be most delightful," said Delphine composedly, "but we can't afford to have lessons, you know, so I try not to think about it."

Randolph was silent, his mind in a turmoil, feeling a heroic anger at those "ceremonial institutions" not altogether unallied to those with which

Mr. Herbert Spencer has made us familiar—which make it downright improper and impertinent for a young man to say to a young woman (or *vice versa*), "I am rich and you are poor. You have talent; allow me to defray the expenses of its cultivation, and so to put you in the way of being busy and happy."

"And do you paint from nature?" he asked at last.

"Of course," replied Delphine, still not quite reconciled to being thus made a prominent subject of conversation. "Why should I paint from anything else? Only, you know, one can't do things by instinct. Uncle Aglionby let me have some lessons once—a few years ago—oh, I did enjoy it! But he had a conversation with my painting master one day, and the latter contradicted some of his theories, so he said he was an impudent scoundrel, and he would not have me go near him again. But I managed to learn something from him. Still, I don't understand the laws of my art—at least," she added hastily, crimsoning with confusion, "I don't mean to call my attempts art at all. Mamma thinks it great waste of time, and they are but daubs, I fear,"

"I wish you would show me some of them. Where do you keep them? Mayn't I look at them?"

"Oh, I could not think of exposing them to your criticism! you, who have seen every celebrated picture that exists, and who know all about all the 'schools,' and who make such fun of things that I used to think so clever—you must not ask it indeed! Please don't."

Delphine was quite agitated, and appealed to him, as if he could compel her to show them, even against her will.

"You cannot suppose that I would be severe upon anything of yours!" he exclaimed, with warmth. "How can you do me such injustice?"

"If you did not say it, you would think it," replied Delphine, "and that would be worse. I can imagine nothing more unpleasant than for a person to praise one's things out of politeness, while thinking them very bad the whole time."

"I never heard such unutterable nonsense," cried Rhoda, who had been watching her opportunity of cutting in. "To hear you talk, one would imagine your pictures were not fit to be looked at. Mr. Danesdale, I should like you to see them, because I know they are good. Delphine

does so like to run herself down. You should see her dogs and horses, I am sure they are splendid, far better than some of the things you see in grand magazines. And I think her little landscapes——”

“Rhoda, I shall have to go away, and lock myself up alone, if you will talk in this wild, exaggerated way,” said Delphine, in quiet despair.

“But you can’t refuse, after this, to let me judge between you,” said Randolph persuasively. “An old friend like me—and after rousing my curiosity in this manner—Miss Conisbrough, you cannot refuse!”

“I—I really——”

“Let us take Mr. Danesdale to your den!” cried Rhoda, bounding off her chair in a sudden fit of inspiration. “Come, Mr. Danesdale, it is up a thousand stairs, at the very top of the house, but you are young and fond of exercise, as we know, so you won’t mind that.”

She had flung open the door, and led the way, running lightly up the stairs, and he had followed her, unheeding Delphine’s imploring remonstrances, and thinking:

“By Jove, they are nice girls! No jealousy of one another. I’ll swear to the pictures, whatever they may turn out to be.”

Delphine slowly followed, wringing her hands in a way she had when she was distressed or hurried, and with her white forehead puckered up in embarrassed lines. Rhoda flew ahead, and Randolph followed her, up countless stairs, along great broad, light passages, and even in his haste the young man had time to notice—or rather, the fact was forced upon his notice—how bare the place looked, and how empty. He felt suddenly, more than he had done before, how narrow and restricted a life these ladies must be forced to lead.

Rhoda threw open the door of a large, light room, with a cold, clear northern aspect. It was bare, indeed; no luxurious *atelier* of a pampered student. Even the easel was a clumsy-looking thing, made very badly by a native joiner of Yoresett, who had never seen such a thing in his life. and who had not carried out the young lady’s instructions very intelligently.

Randolph, looking round, thought of the expensive paraphernalia which his sister had some years ago purchased, when the whim seized her to paint in oils; a whim which lasted six months, and which had for sole result, bitter complaints against her master, as having no faculty for teaching, and

no power of pushing his pupils on; while paints, easel, canvas, and maulstick were relegated to a cockloft in disgust. Delphine’s apparatus was of the most meagre and simple kind—in fact, it was absolutely deficient. Two cane-bottomed chairs, sadly in need of repairs, and a rickety deal table, covered with rags and oil tubes, brushes, and other impedimenta, constituted the only furniture of the place.

“It’s very bare,” cried Rhoda’s clear, shrill young voice, as she marched onward, not in the least ashamed of the said bareness. “And in winter it’s so cold that she can never paint more than an hour a day, because fires are out of the question. With one servant, you can’t expect coals to be carried, and grates cleaned, four stories up the house. Now see, Mr. Danesdale. I’ll be show-woman. I know everything—she has done. You sit there, in that chair. We’ll have the animals first. Most of them are in water-colors or crayons. Here’s a good one, in water-colors, of Uncle Aglionby on his old ‘Cossack,’ with Friend looking at him, to know which way he shall go. Isn’t it capital?”

Despite his heartfelt admiration for all the Misses Conisbrough, and for Delphine in particular, Randolph fully expected to find, as he had often found before with the artistic productions of young lady amateurs, that their “capital” sketches were so only in the fond eyes of partial sisters, parents, and friends. Accordingly, he surveyed the sketch held up by Rhoda’s little brown hand with judicial aspect, and some distrust. But in a moment his expression changed; a smile of pleasure broke out; he could with a light heart cry, “Excellent!”

It was excellent, without any flattery. It had naturally the faults of a drawing executed by one who had enjoyed very little instruction; there was crudeness in it—roughness, a little ignorant handling; but it was replete with other things which the most admirable instruction cannot give: there was in it a spirit, a character, an individuality which charmed him, and which, in its hardy roughness, was the more remarkable and piquant, coming from such a delicate-looking creature as Delphine Conisbrough. The old squire’s hard, yet characteristic features; the grand contours of old Cossack, the rarest hunter in all the country-side; and above all, the aspect of the dog; its inquiring ears and inquisitive nose, its

tail on the very point, one could almost have said in the very action, of wagging an active consent, one paw upraised, and bent, ready for a start the instant the word should be given—all these details were as spirited as they were true and correct.

"It is admirable!" said Randulf emphatically. "If she has many more like that, she ought to make a fortune with them some time. I congratulate you, Miss Conisbrough"—to Delphine, who had just come in, with the same embarrassed and perplexed expression—"I can somehow hardly grasp the idea that that slender little hand has made this strong, spirited picture. It shows the makings of a first-rate artist—but it is the very last thing I should have imagined you doing."

"Ah, you haven't seen her sentimental drawings yet," said Rhoda, vigorously hunting about for more. "Oh, here's one of her last. I've not seen this. Why—why—oh, what fun! Do you know it?"

"Rhoda, you little—oh, *do* put it down!" cried the harassed artist, in a tone of sudden dismay, as she made a dart forward.

But Rhoda, with eyes in which mischief incarnate was dancing a tarantella, receded from before her, holding up a spirited sketch of a young man, a pointer, a retriever, a whip, an apple-tree, and in the tree a cat, apparently in the last stage of fury and indignation.

"Do you know it, Mr. Danesdale? Do you know it?" cried the delighted girl, dancing up and down, her face alight with mirth.

"Know it—I should think I do!" he cried, pursuing her laughingly. Give it to me, and let me look at it. 'Tis I and my dogs, of course. Capital! Miss Conisbrough, you must really cement our friendship by presenting it to me—will you?"

He had succeeded in capturing it, and was studying it laughingly, while Delphine wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, dear!"

"Splendid!" he cried again. "It ought to be called 'Randulf Danesdale and Eyeglass.' And how very much wiser the dogs look than their master. Oh, this is a malicious sketch, Miss Conisbrough! But, malicious or not, I shall annex it, and you must not grudge it me."

"If you are not offended——" began Delphine confusedly.

"I offended?" Rhoda was rummaging among

a pile of drawings with her back to them. Mr. Danesdale accompanied his exclamation with a long look of reproach, and surely of something else. Delphine pushed her golden hair back from her forehead, and stammered out:

"Then pray keep it, but don't show it to any one!"

"Keep it, but keep it dark,' you mean. You shall be obeyed. At least no one shall know who did it. That shall be a delightful secret which I shall keep for myself alone."

Here Delphine, perhaps fearful of further revelations, advanced and, depriving Rhoda of the portfolio, said she hoped she might be mistress in her own den, and she would decide herself which drawings were fit to show to Mr. Danesdale. Then she took them into her own possession and doled them out with what both the spectators declared to be a very niggard hand.

Randulf, apart from his admiration of the Miss Conisbroughs, really cared for art, and knew something about pictures. He gave his best attention to the drawings which were now shown to him, and the more he studied them the more convinced he became that this was a real talent, which ought not to be left uncultivated, and which, if carefully attended to, would certainly produce something worthy. She showed him chiefly landscapes, and each and all had in it a spirit, an originality, and a wild grace peculiar to the vicinity, as well as to the artist. There were sketches of Shennamere from all points of view, at all hours and at all seasons: by bright sunlight, under storm-clouds, by sentimental moonlight. There was a bold drawing of Addleborough, admirable as a composition. The coloring was crude and often incorrect, but displayed evident power and capacity for fine ultimate development. Now and then came some little touch, some delicate suggestion, some bit of keen, appreciative observation, which again and again called forth his admiration. Some of the smaller bits were, as Rhoda had said, sentimental—full of a delicate, subtle poetry impossible to define. These were chiefly autumn pictures—a lonely dank pool, in a circle of fading foliage; a view of his own father's home seen on a gusty September afternoon struck him much. He gradually became graver and quieter, as he looked at the pictures. At last, after contemplating for some time a larger and more ambitious attempt, in oils,—a view of the splendid rolling hills, the

town of Middleham, and a portion of the glorious plain of York, and in the foreground the windings of the sweet river Yore, as seen from the hill called the "Shawl," at Leyburn,—he laid it down and said earnestly, all his drawl and all his half-jesting manner clean gone :

"Miss Conisbrough, you must not take my judgment as infallible, of course, but I have seen a good deal of this kind of thing, and have lived a good deal among artists, and it is my firm conviction that you have at any rate a very great talent—I should say genius. I think these first sketches, the animals, you know, are admirable, but I like the landscapes even better. I am sure that with study under a good master you might rise to eminence as a landscape painter; for one sees in every stroke that you love the things you paint—love nature."

"I do!" said Delphine, stirred from her reserve and shyness. "I love every tree in this old dale; I love every stick and stone in it, I think; and I love the hills and the trees as if they were living things, and my friends. Oh, Mr. Danesdale, I am so glad you have not laughed at them! I should never have had courage, you know, to show them to you. But it would have been misery to have them laughed at, however bad they had been. They have made me so happy—and sometimes so miserable. I could not tell you all they have been to me."

"I can believe that," said Randolph, looking with the clear, grave glance of friendship from one face to the other of the two girls, who were hanging on his words with eager intentness—for Rhoda, he saw, identified herself with these efforts of Delphine, and with the sorrow and the joy they had caused her, as intently as if her own hand had made every stroke on the canvases. "But you must learn; you must study and work systematically, so as to cultivate your strong points and strengthen your weak ones."

The light faded from Delphine's eyes. Her lips quivered.

"It is impossible," said she quietly. "When one has no money one must learn to do without these things."

"But that will never do. It must be compassed somehow," he said, again taking up the view of Danesdale Castle, with the cloudy sky, which had so pleased him. "Let me——"

"Oh, *here* you are! I have been searching for

you all over the house," exclaimed a voice—the voice of Judith—breaking in upon their eager absorption in their subject. She looked in upon them, and beheld the group: Delphine sitting on the floor, holding up a huge, battered-looking portfolio, from which she had been taking her drawings; Rhoda standing behind her, alternately looking into the portfolio and listening earnestly to Randolph's words; the latter, seated on one of the rickety chairs before alluded to, and holding in his hand the view of Danesdale Castle.

"I could not imagine where you were," continued Judith, a look of gravity, and even of care and anxiety, on her face.

"Well, come in and speak to us, unless you think we are very bad," retorted Rhoda. "Come and join the dance, so to speak. We are looking over Delphine's drawings, and Mr. Danesdale says they are very good."

"Of course they are," said Judith, coming in with still the same subdued expression. "I am quite well, I thank you" (to Randolph, who had risen and greeted her); "I hope you, too, are well. But, my dear children, you must come down-stairs at once."

"To see mother?" said Rhoda. "Oh, I'll go; and I'll entertain her till you are ready to come down. Stay where you are. Del has not shown Mr. Danesdale all."

"To see mother—yes," said Judith, striving to speak cheerfully. Delphine saw that the cheerfulness was forced, and became all attention at once.

"Of course you must come down and see mother at once," proceeded Judith. "But you have to see Mr. Aglionby too. He asked mother to present him to you, and she consented, so he has come with us. Therefore don't delay: let us get it over. And I am sure Mr. Danesdale will excuse——"

"Mr. Danesdale understands perfectly, and will carry himself off at once," said Randolph, smiling good-naturedly.

"Wants to be introduced to us!" repeated Rhoda wonderingly. "Of all the odd parts of this very odd affair, *that*, to my mind, is the oddest. Why should he want to be introduced to us? What can he possibly want with our acquaintance?"

"Oh, don't be silly!" said Judith a little impatiently.

"But I am very cross. I wanted Mr. Danesdale to see Delphine's 'morbid views.' She has some lovely morbid views, you know. Delphine, just find that one of a girl drowned in a pond, and three hares sitting looking at her."

"I shall hope to see that another time," observed Randulf; "it sounds delightfully morbid."

Delphine had begun to put her pictures away, and her face had not yet lost the grieved expression it had taken when she had said she could not afford to have any lessons. Rhoda, mumbling rebelliously, had gone out of the room, and Judith had followed her, advising or rebuking in a lower tone. Thus Randulf and Delphine were left alone, with her portfolio between them, he still holding the drawing of the Castle. Delphine stretched out her hand for it.

"Don't think me too rapacious," said he, looking at her, "but—give me this one!"

"Why?"

"Because I want it for a purpose, and it would be a great favor. At least I should look upon it as such."

"Should you? Pray, is that any reason why I should accord it to you?"

"Make it a reason," said he persuasively. "I should prize it—you don't know how much."

"As I say," said Delphine, still rebelliously, "that constitutes no reason for my giving it to you."

"If I take it——"

"That would be stealing the goods and chattels of one who is already very poor," said Delphine half-gaily, half-sadly.

"And who is so noble in her poverty that she makes it noble too," he suddenly and fervently said, looking at her with all his heart in his eyes.

She shook her head, unable to speak, but at last said hesitatingly:

"I do not know whether I ought—whether it is quite—quite——"

"In other words, you rather mistrust me," said he gently. "I beg you will not do so. I want to help you, if you will not disdain my help. Since you will have the bald truth, and the reason why I want your sketches, I have two reasons. The first is, that I should prize them exceedingly for their own sakes and for that of the giver—next, if you would trust me and my discretion, I will engage that they should bring you profit."

"Do you mean," said Delphine, with a quick

glance at him, and a flushing face, "that I could earn some money, and—and—help them?"

"That is what I mean."

"You mean," she persisted rather proudly, "that to oblige you, some friend would buy them, and——"

"Good heavens! do you know me no better than to suppose that I would sell what you had given me! What a cruel thing to say!"

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured hastily, and overcome with confusion, "but—but—I do not see how——"

"You can paint others as good as these," he said, unable to resist smiling at her simplicity. "When these have been seen and admired——"

"But you must not tell who did them—oh, you must not do that."

"Again I implore you to trust to my discretion and my honor."

"I feel afraid—I dare say it is very silly," she said.

"It is very natural, but it is needless," he answered, thinking at the same time that it was very sweet, very bewitching, and that he was supremely fortunate to be the confidant of this secret.

"And you would not be ashamed—you do not think that a woman—a lady—is any the worse if she has to work hard?" she began tremulously.

"All honest work is good; and when it is undertaken from certain motives, it is more than good, it is sacred. Yours would be sacred. And besides," he added, in a lower, deeper tone, "nothing that your hands touched could be anything but beautiful and pure and worthy of honor."

Her face was downcast; her eyes filled with a rush of tears; her fingers fluttered nervously about the petals of the flower that was stuck in her belt. She was unused to praise of this kind, utterly a stranger to compliments of any kind, from men; overwhelmed with the discovery that some one had found something in her to admire, to reverence.

"When you are a well-known artist," he added, in a rather lighter tone, "with more commissions, and more money and fame than you know what to do with, do not quite forget me."

"If ever—if ever I do anything—as you seem to think I may—it will all be owing to you."

This assurance, with the wavering look, the

hesitating voice with which it was made, was unutterably sweet to Randolph.

"Then I may keep the sketch?" he said.

"Yes, please," said Delphine.

He rolled them both up, and they went downstairs to the hall, where they found the two other girls waiting for them.

Randolph made his adieus, saying he hoped he might call again, and ask how Mrs. Conisbrough was. Then he went away, and Judith led the way into the parlor.

* * * * *

Aglionby, left alone with Mrs. Conisbrough, while Judith went to call her sisters, sat in the recess of the window which looked into the street, and waited for what appeared to him a very long time, until at last he heard steps coming downstairs and voices in the hall. He had a quick and sensitive ear, and besides that, Randolph's tones with their southern accent, and their indolent drawl, were sufficiently remarkable in that land of rough burr and Yorkshire broadness. So then, argued Bernard within himself, this young fellow was admitted as an intimate guest into the house which he was not allowed to enter, despite his cousinship, despite his earnest pleadings, despite his almost passionate desire to do what was right and just toward these his kinswomen. He had told Judith that he would comply with her behest. He was going to keep at the distance she required him to maintain, after this one interview, that is. But he felt that the price he paid was a hard and a long one. His joy in his inheritance was robbed of all its brightness. He sat and waited, while Mrs. Conisbrough leaned back and fanned herself, and observed:

"Why, that is Randolph Danesdale's voice. He is always here. Where can they have been?"

Mrs. Conisbrough, as may already have been made apparent, was not a wise woman, nor a circumspect one. Perhaps she wished to show Aglionby that they had people of position among their friends. Perhaps she wished to flourish the fact before him, that Sir Gabriel Danesdale's only son and heir was a great ally of her daughters. Be that as it may, her words had the effect of putting Bernard into a state of almost feverish vexation and mortification. It did appear most hard, most galling, and most inexplicable that against his name alone, of all others, *tabu* should be written so large. He saw Randolph go down the steps, with a

smile on his handsome face, and a little white roll in his hand, and saw him take his way up the market-place, toward the inn where he had left his horse, and then the door of the parlor was opened and his "cousins" came in.

There were greetings and introductions. He found two lovely girls, either of them more actually beautiful than her who was his oldest acquaintance. Beside their pronounced and almost startling beauty, her grave and pensive dignity and statuesque handsomeness looked cold, no doubt, but he had seen the fiery heart that burnt beneath that outward calm. He was much enchanted with the beauty of these two younger girls; he understood the charm of Delphine's shadowy, sylph-like loveliness; of Rhoda's upright figure, handsome features, and dauntless gray eyes. He talked to them. They kept strictly to commonplaces; no dangerous topics were even mentioned. Aglionby, when they were all seated, and talking thus smoothly and conventionally, still felt in every fibre the potent spell exercised over his spirit by *one* present. Judith sat almost silent, and he did not speak to her—for some reason he felt unable to do so.

All the time he was talking to the others he felt intensely conscious that soon he must leave the house—forever, ran the fiat—and in it he must leave behind him—what? Without his knowing it, the obscurity which prevented his answering that question, even to himself, was that viewless but real fact—Miss Vane.

By and by he rose; for to stay would have been needless and, indeed, intrusive under the circumstances. He shook hands with Mrs. Conisbrough, expressing his hope that she would soon be, as he bluntly put it, "all right again." He might not say, like Randolph Danesdale, that he would call again in a few days, and inquire after her. Then, with each of the girls, a handshake—with Judith last. When it came to that point, and her fingers were within his hand, it was as if a spell were lifted, and the touch thrilled him through from head to foot, through brain and heart and soul, and every inch of flesh! electrically, potently, and as it never had done—as no touch ever had done before. He looked at her; whether his look compelled an answering one from her—whether she would have looked in any case, who shall say. Only, she did look, and then Bernard knew, despite her composed countenance, and steady hand

and eye—he knew that it was not he only who was thrilled.

“Good-afternoon, Miss Conisbrough,” and “Good-afternoon, Mr. Aglionby,” sounded delightfully original, and pregnant with meaning. Not another word was uttered by either. He dropped her hand, and turned away, and could have laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart.

“I’ll open the door for you, Mr. Aglionby,” came Rhoda’s ringing voice; and, defying ceremony, she skipped before him into the hall.

“We’ve only one retainer,” she pursued, “and she is generally doing those things which she ought not to be doing, when she is wanted. Is that Bluebell you have in the brougham? Yes! Hey, old girl! Bluebell, Bluebell!”

She patted the mare’s neck, who tossed her head, and in her own way laughed with joy at the

greeting. With a decidedly friendly nod to Aglionby, she ran into the house again, and the carriage drove away.

“Well?” cried Miss Rhoda, rushing into the parlor, panting. Judith was not there. Doubtless she had gone to prepare that cup of tea for which Mrs. Conisbrough pined.

“Well?” retorted Delphine.

“I like him,” chanted Rhoda, whirling round the room. “He’s grnve and dark, and fearfully majestic, like a Spaniard, but he smiles like an Englishman, and looks at you like a person with a clear conscience. That’s a good combination, I say; but, all the same, I wish Uncle Aglionby had not been so fascinated with him as to leave him *all* his money.”

To which aspiration no one made any reply.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST AMERICAN BARONET.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

In the year 1587, when Raleigh’s ill-fated colony of Roanoke was struggling for existence on the little, palmetto-crowned, ocean-washed island off Albemarle Sound, on the desolate Carolina coast, an event, alike interesting and important, took place one August day on the village green in front of the governor’s house of logs. Manteo, a friendly Hatteras sagamore, was on that day created a feudal baron of England, under the title of Lord of Roanoke. We can imagine all of the concomitants of the strange scene. The little hamlet of palmetto logs, built among the magnolia and palm trees; Governor White, in his doublet and trunk hose, investing the solemn chief with his insignia of rank; the groups of Indian braves looking wonderingly on, their bows upon their shoulders, and their eagle feathers nodding in the breeze. In the doors of the cabins the women and the children of the “white strangers,” dressed in fardingales and ruffs, stood peering curiously out, while over all shone the brilliant southern sun. To this scene, which happened nearly three hundred years ago, we go back for a beginning, for this was the first and last peerage ever created by England on this soil.

But the hospitable Hatteras warrior was not the

last American who received a title of nobility from the British crown. William Phipps, of Massachusetts, was created a knight by William III., in 1692. Knight is a title four degrees lower than that of earl, which was bestowed on Manteo. Between them stand the titles of viscount, baron, and baronet. The title of viscount has never been borne in America, although one of the Virginian Carys was next male heir to the Viscount Hansdon. Thomas Fairfax was Baron of Cameron; but he inherited the title from his father before he ever came to America. Of American baronets there have been two, William Pepperell, of Maine, and William Johnson, of New York, both of whom were created such by George II., the first in 1745, and the latter in 1755.

Sir William Pepperell, the first American baronet, was born at Kittery Point, Maine, June 27, 1696. Kittery was then one of the great commercial centres of the colonies. There is no better harbor on all the Atlantic coast than that afforded by the widening of the Piscataqua below Portsmouth and Kittery, and in the colonial period this was the great channel of trade above every other. Boston, Newport, and New York were completely distanced by the enterprise of these

Piscataqua ports. A thousand ships sailed every year from the great harbor; ships that visited the Mediterranean, the West Indies, Arabia; ships that circumnavigated the world. The father of William Pepperell was the richest merchant of Kittery. He had risen from poverty to be the owner of a hundred ships, and the founder of the most extensive commercial business which ever existed in the colonies. So the cradle of our young baronet was rose-lined as well as though he had been born in an old castle on the Avon or among the hills of Cumberland.

But he knew what it was to labor, both with his head and his hands. During his boyhood the Indian war of Queen Anne raged in the colonies, and when sixteen years of age he took a musket and took his turn with the rest in mounting guard. In fact, he remained a soldier all his life, and rose to the highest rank in the military service ever reached by an American colonist. But notwithstanding so much of his life was passed in camps, William Pepperell knew quite as well how to trade and speculate successfully. He inherited a certain mercantile genius from his father, and this was developed by years of service in the counting-room. In course of time he was taken into the business by his father, who gradually withdrew, leaving him to conduct it alone, which he showed himself amply able to do.

In 1723 the young merchant married Mary, daughter of Grove Hurst, one of the leading business men of Boston. The wedding was a magnificent affair. The bride was young, beautiful, and of patrician descent. Two children, a son and a daughter, were born to the wedded couple. The great mansion which the elder Pepperell had built, in 1680, was enlarged to make room for the growing family. It was the grandest private residence in all New England. The two families lived together till the death of Colonel William, in 1734, at the good old age of eighty.

Young William now became the sole director of a business that made him the most influential man in New England, outside of the crown officers. The business did not suffer any by the change. Indeed, it increased amazingly under his shrewd and energetic management. The banks of the Piscataqua resounded with the cheerful noise of his ship carpenters, and its tide was covered with the fleets of the great Kittery merchant. Maine was at that time magnificently wooded, and the

Piscataqua River rendered accessible to him an almost inexhaustible supply of ship-timber. At his ship-yards schooner after schooner was built and sent to the West Indies, laden with codfish, furs, boards, cattle, and lamp oil, to exchange for sugar, coffee, and molasses. He had an extensive trade with the Carolinas, obtaining thence turpentine, rosin, and other products, which he exported to Europe. Thirty of his ships visited the Mediterranean ports at the end of every summer, selling their cargoes for piles of doubloons and ducats, which the far-sighted merchant laid out in land. There were summers when he had a hundred fishing vessels off the great banks of Newfoundland, some let out on shares to their crews, others manned and provided by Pepperell himself.

The trade that he carried on in the interior with the Indians was not small. On the land which gradually came under his control a thousand men were employed in cutting timber. He built mills of his own, for he owned the whole magnificent valley of the Saco, with its endless water-power, and this timber was sawed into boards, masts, and ribs, which he sent even as far as England. Not only successful in his large foreign trade, Pepperell went to work and established the first importing house upon New England soil. Vast quantities of West India rum were sold at his warehouses. He also dealt to some extent in slaves, thus laying the foundation in New England of that system which has proved such a bane to the South. In one of his letters—a large number of which have been preserved—he refers to the traffic in such a way as to show the purely mercantile spirit with which he regarded it:

"SIR: I received yours by Captain Morris, with bills of lading for ten negroes and twenty hogsheads of rum. One negro woman, marked Y on the left breast, died in about three weeks after her arrival, in spite of medical aid, which I procured. Two of the others died at sea. I am sorry for your loss. It may have resulted from insufficient clothing so early in the spring."

William Pepperell was not a hard-hearted man. His cool reference to the commercial disaster, without alluding to the sufferings which the poor creatures may have undergone, was characteristic of the age. Slaves were only chattels in the eyes of our utilitarian forefathers.

Meanwhile the rich merchant was winning other honors. A man of wealth and high social con-

nections in those days usually did not have to wait long for official appointments from the British crown. It was the policy of the English ministry to appoint the leading citizens of the colonies to places of emolument and trust. From this category William Pepperell could not be left out. Accordingly, in 1727, we find him holding the position of royal councillor for the province of Massachusetts,—Maine then being under the government of that State,—which high office he held for thirty-two successive years. In 1730 he was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas in the same State. A spirit of rivalry had always existed between the commercial houses of the Pepperells and the Wentworths; and it is curious to note now how this rivalry was extended into political channels. Benning, the leading representative of the Portsmouth Wentworths, was in 1734 appointed as one of his Majesty's council for New Hampshire. A few years later, in 1741, he was named to take the place of Jonathan Belcher, as governor of his province. Pepperell waited fifteen years before he secured the like appointment in Massachusetts. Prior to this, however, he received honors which threw even the Wentworths' vice-regal authority into the shade.

In 1744 England declared war against France. It was the third or fourth time within the century that the two rival kingdoms had been arrayed in arms against each other, and each time, as a matter of course, New England made war with Canada. It was so at this time; and if one could have been in Boston in the spring of 1745 he would have seen much to wonder at. The then provincial town had for three months been the scene of a protracted and most exciting session of the colonial legislature, in grave deliberation upon the important scheme for the conquest of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, the strongest fortress on the coast of America. It is unnecessary to speak at length of the unanimous decision of the legislation to proceed in its reduction; or of the scene presented at that early provincial muster, when the drums, beaten in town and village, summoned the colonists to the war, and the recruits, rallied from the hills and valleys of New England, came marching into Boston. Of how the Puritan clergy, by strong appeals from the pulpit, roused the religious zeal of their hearers against the French, by investing the enterprise with the character of a crusade, while the great Whitefield him-

self gave it his good offices, conferring the motto, "*Nil desperandum Christo duce*," upon its flag; or how shrewd, far-sighted Governor Shirley, casting about him for a fit commander, fixed upon William Pepperell, the great Kittery merchant, as combining all the necessary requirements, and despite his repeated declination, despite the machinations of Benning Wentworth, who was ambitious for the command, prevailed upon him to shut up his ledger, leave his counting-house, and accept King George's commission as commander-in-chief of the provincial army.

His youthful experience when he mounted guard, with musket in hand, and his distinguished militia service, were now to prove useful to Pepperell. He took hold of the bold project with his usual energy. Men rallied to his standard in surprising numbers, considering the sparseness of the New England population. New Hampshire sent eight hundred men, Connecticut five hundred and sixteen, and Massachusetts three thousand two hundred and fifty. Embarking in one hundred vessels of New England build, and supported by a British squadron under Commodore Peter Warren, they landed near Louisburg on the last day of April. The fortress, which was exceedingly strong, was defended by one hundred and fifteen guns and by sixteen hundred troops, commanded by Duchambon. The various defensive works had been thirty years in building, and had cost the French four millions of dollars.

The protracted siege, and interesting details of the fall of Louisburg, are well-known matters of history. At the landing of the New Hampshire troops a French detachment that manned a battery on the shore of the harbor was panic-stricken, spiked their guns, and abandoned their post. The New Hampshire men took possession. Twenty smiths from the ranks succeeded in drilling out the cannon, and the guns were soon turned upon the enemy. Pepperell knew nothing of the science of war, but he was vigilant and energetic. The siege was pressed with vigor, and after gallantly sustaining a leaguer of forty-nine days, in which nine thousand cannon-balls and six hundred shells had been thrown into the town, the French commander surrendered the doughty fortress to General Pepperell. The walls of Louisburg were leveled to the ground, and the fleet sailed home in triumph. The remarkable victory achieved by the colonial army, a mere levy of raw, undisci-

plined farmers, opened the eyes of astonished Europe. Nor was it to the colonists themselves a lesser revelation. Then, for the first time, dawned upon them a consciousness of their own strength, and then were aroused those aspirations which were destined to culminate thirty years later in the great revolution which was to sever their allegiance to the British crown.

Great were the rejoicings which welcomed the news of the fall of Louisburg, both in the colonies and the mother country. Every large town in the provinces was illuminated, and bon-fires were kindled in London in honor of the victory. The great participators in the event were specially rewarded. Commodore Warren, who commanded the fleet, was made rear-admiral of the blue, and a baronet. His great compeer, the rich merchant of Kittery, also received a baronetcy, the title of which dated from October, 1745. Pepperell was in Boston when he received the letter that conferred upon him the lordly title, which no other man in America held. He immediately started home by way of land. But the news of his new dignity reached there before him. He was met at a distance of many miles by a troop of horse, and at Salem he was entertained at a splendid banquet, which was attended by all the noted persons in the colony. When he reached Kittery, he found the whole harbor illuminated. A series of entertainments followed until Christmas, at which the whole country-side attended.

Sir William Pepperell, baronet of England, hunting colonial nobleman, and viceroy of almost boundless domain, now relinquished his trade and ship-building to his son and son-in-law, and devoted himself to the cares and pastimes of his new rank. The style he lived in may be truly called baronial. His grand old mansion crowning the hill and looking out to sea, surrounded by its broad park where droves of deer sported, with its large halls, heavy carving, grand staircases, where half a dozen ladies could walk abreast, was a fit residence for such a personage. Splendid mirrors and costly paintings adorned its walls. Heavy silver plate and rare old china glittered on the baron's table. Wine one hundred years old, from the delicate, spicy brands of the Rhineland to the fiery Tuscan, was in his cellars. He kept a coach with six white horses. A retinue of slaves and hired menials looked to him as their lord, and he had a barge upon the river in which he was rowed

by a crew of Africans in gaudy livery. No household in America lived in such state and magnificence. The only man in all the colonies worth two hundred thousand pounds sterling, reigning grandly over grand estates, for, like an English peer, he might have traveled all day long upon his own land, sovereign lord, in fact, of more than two hundred thousand acres, timber, plain and valley, in New Hampshire and Maine. Sir William Pepperell could do this and yet not live beyond his means.

The portrait of the great man is before me as I write, which probably is a correct likeness of him. He has a broad, full brow, overhanging, large, deep-blue eyes. His nose is long and handsome; the lips delicately cut as those of a woman. He was evidently a good liver, for his handsome face has a florid look, and his chin is double. He wears the large wig common at that time. Put upon that head the three-cornered Kevenhuller hat, laced with gold and silver galloon; array that tall, martial form in a square-cut scarlet coat trimmed with gold lace, a long-flapped waistcoat, blue silk stockings drawn up over the knees, white velvet breeches, large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles, and square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with high red heels and small diamond buckles, and you behold Pepperell, something as he appeared when conducting the siege of Louisburg or entertaining his guests at Kittery.

In 1749 Sir William visited England, where he was received with distinguished honor. Dukes and princes of the blood welcomed and *fêted* him. The city of London presented him with a silver table and a service of plate, and the king made him, at Pitt's suggestion, a lieutenant-general of the royal army. Soon after his return, a domestic bereavement saddened the great man's life; this was the death of his only son, Andrew, a promising young man of twenty-six. His only daughter, Elizabeth, had married Colonel Nathaniel Sparhawk, in 1742, and he now declared their oldest son, William, his heir, on the condition that he should assume the Pepperell name, an arrangement that was speedily consummated.

The baronet lived eight years after this event, continuing in active life until the last. He was prominent in the Seven Years' war, although he held no separate command. From 1756 to 1758 he was acting governor of Massachusetts. He died in 1759. His obsequies were attended

by a vast concourse. The drooping flags at half-mast on both sides of the Piscataqua, the solemn knell from the neighboring churches, the responsive minute guns from all the batteries, and the mournful rumbling of the muffled drums, announced that a great man had fallen and was descending to the tomb. He was truly the most brilliant and distinguished personage of that generation in America, and although the famous men who came after him—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lee, Adams, and many others—figured in great events, still the name and memory of Sir William Pepperell are well-nigh as famous as those of the *Dii Majores* of our history.

The baronet's tomb at Kittery is often visited by the tourist. It is a marble structure, occupying a pleasant spot on a commanding eminence. On it is engraved, with the knight's age and the date of birth and death, the Pepperell escutcheon—

arms, argent a chevron gules between three pine-apples. The crest is a knight's helmet, plumed, and with the visor down. The pine-apples are probably indicative of his West India trade, by which he secured a large part of his wealth.

Across the way stands the goodly residence that he built, solitary, but splendid still. Every part of the old mansion shows that firmness and solidity which is so visible in every particular of the business and character of the Pepperells. A strange air of desolation hovers over the great house. One can scarcely fancy that it has been the scene of festivity that was almost princely. The second baronet espoused the royal cause in the revolutionary contest, and so lost his American estates, which were confiscated. His daughter, and co-heiress, married William Congreve, the great commoner, a descendant of the poet.

SETH MARVIN'S MIRROR.

BY LUCY M. BLINN.

"HETTY, Hetty! Mehitabel Marvin! What are you about up there, that you can't answer me? Why don't you hurry down and go to the spring for some water? Here it is nigh on to supper-time and five great hungry men to feed; my fire almost out—neither wood nor water in the house—the baby screaming at the top of his voice, while my head aches fit to split; and no wonder! It is enough to drive a woman crazy! Here, Tommy, run to the lot, like a good boy, and get some chips to make mother a fire, and be quick about it!"

Hetty, a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of fourteen, came hurrying down the stairs at this imperative summons, caught up the pail and threw on her sun bonnet, saying, as she passed through the room, "I'm real sorry, mother; I forgot all about the water. I was reading a story in the magazine that Mary Greene lent me, it was just splendid! I do wish father would let us take something to read, books or papers or something! We don't have anything like other folks;" and she went out, giving the door a little spiteful "bang" after her.

Tommy, a brown-faced, bare-footed urchin of

seven summers, took the basket, mounted a stick, and trotted contentedly off to the "lot," while the weary Mrs. Marvin drew the cradle to the side of the table and rocked it with one foot, while she pared the potatoes and made the biscuit for the supper for the men, who would soon be in from the wheat-field, tired and hungry; striving, meanwhile, to soothe the cries of the wailing baby by singing, in a dejected, disconsolate minor key:

"Oh, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
Oh, there will be mourning,
When the judgment day shall come!"

Hetty very soon returned from the spring, flushed and breathless with the exertion of carrying the heavy pail so far; Tommy, upon his wooden charger, brought the basket of chips to the door, and supper was steaming at the fire by the time the men had made themselves ready for the meal.

"Why, why, mother!" said Mr. Marvin, with a frown, as he took one of the biscuits, "what's the matter with the cakes? There's something wrong; they're half dough!"

"The wood gave out and I had to send to the

lot for chips, and they don't heat the oven well. I do wish, Seth, that we could have plenty of wood near the house; it's hard on the children to carry so much wood and water."

"Nonsense; it don't hurt 'em a mite! Sarah and me had it to do when father lived on the old place; we carried wood from the lots and water from that same spring, year in and year out, and I reckon I don't look broke down, do I? I allow to get up a good pile of wood when all the fall work is done, but don't, for mercy's sake, take harvest-time to grumble over your little inconveniences! It does seem, though, as if some women was born to complain, as the sparks fly up'ards. Jerusalem! can't that child be made to stop it's screamin'?"

Mrs. Marvin, knowing by experience that words would avail nothing in any difference of opinion between herself and her very excellent but decidedly obstinate spouse, took the baby in her arms and silently proceeded to wait upon the tired workmen.

Hetty was not so prudent, however. Bewildering visions of the pretty book, with its fine engravings and interesting stories, were dancing through her mind, and she recklessly charged upon her father from another quarter.

"Oh, father, won't you please let us take a magazine like the one Mrs. Greene takes? It is just beautiful! It has such nice stories in it, too. I'll work real hard, father, if you will! There's a prize with it, too. Mary Greene said the agent told her——"

"No, no; I just won't! You needn't trouble yourself to repeat what the agent said. I'm poor enough now, without throwing away any money patterning after Mrs. Greene's extravagances. They're jest spoilin' their children."

"Well," piped little Tommy, "it's ever so much nicer over to their house than it is here, any way. They've got a wood-shed with lots of wood in it, and a swing for Georgie and Kate, and a well, and a cistern, and just piles and piles of nice books and papers with pictures in 'em."

"Yes," snarled Mr. Marvin, "and 'piles and piles' of reapers and mowers, cultivators and cornshellers, patent churns and washing-machines, clothes-wringer and dish-washer, for all I know. That man spends every dollar he gets hold of in some new kink or other, instead of savin' for his old age. His new-fangled notions all come from

reading his pesky newspapers, and they'll land him in the poorhouse yet, see if they don't!"

"I guess," said John, the oldest son, a boy of sixteen, "I guess he's making money all the time, any how, for he's going to send Dick away to school this fall and let him get ready for college. I do wish, father, you would try some of his 'notions,' as you call them. Why don't you?"

"Because I don't set myself up to be any better than my father was before me! He worked on this here old place nigh on to twenty year, and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, as Scriptor commands, and I'm satisfied to follow in his footsteps."

"Yes," muttered John, as he rose from the table and walked hastily on to the porch, "yes; and you are satisfied to keep poor mother and all the rest of us at it too; kill her and let us children grow up dunces! I'd light out pretty quick if it wasn't for mother and dear little Hetty. It is too bad to keep her out of school for a drudge; she learns so fast, and is so bright and pretty." And, catching up the milk-pail, he hurried to the barnyard with a surly, dissatisfied look on his boyish face.

"Seth," said Mrs. Marvin hesitatingly, after the men were gone, the table cleared, and baby asleep in the cradle, "I don't see how in the world I can get along with the fall work without some help with my sewing. You and John must have shirts and winter clothes, and the children grow so fast it takes half my time to let out and piece down for them. I do wish you would feel as if you could afford to get me a sewing-machine. There was an agent here from town to-day who offers a nice one for forty dollars, and we could get it by paying five dollars a month. He said——"

"There, there; that'll do! Don't waste your breath repeating the lying palaver of some witless popinjay who is too tarnal proud and lazy to work for an honest living, and so sticks on a paper collar and shirt-bosom, greases his curls, and sets out a salary, gulling just such simpletons as you into buying them clatterin', treadmill things! My mother never heard tell of such nonsense in her day. She was contented to work with the tools natur' provided. She spun and wove and sewed and knit for us all, and wa'n't too high and mighty to do her scrubbin' and soap-bilin', either! If she'd lived, she would show you what it is to work."

"Perhaps, Seth, if she hadn't worked so hard, she would have lived longer. You know she was young yet when she died."

"I don't know about that, Mary; I don't know. I reckon the Lord don't take none of us till our time comes. She was a good woman, mother was, and things didn't go very well with us after she died." And Mr. Marvin rose with a sigh, knocked the ashes from his clay pipe, and, laying it upon the clock-shelf in the corner, seated himself again in silence.

For some time no sound was heard save the "jog, jog" of the cradle, the clear monotonous "tick-tick" of the old clock, and now and then a long sigh from the corner where Mr. Marvin sat. He was under the influence of an unusual and strange presence; he was face to face with Memory and Conscience. Before such judges he was dumb: Memory whispered to him to recall the patient, quiet, overworked mother, whose life went out early because of the lack of sympathy and love from the one to whom she had a God-given right to look for it; she reminded him of the dull, heavy years that followed; years of careless neglect on the father's part, and indifference, if not positive dislike, on the part of the motherless children turned out to battle with the world as best they might. Then Conscience bade him look at the thin, white face before him, seamed with the hard lines of care and premature old age, and contrast it with that of the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl he had promised before God to cherish and comfort so long as life lasted; and she asked him how he had redeemed his solemn pledge.

"The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before his sight,
And things that he thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all his past life
Was a terrible thing to face,
Sitting with Memory and Conscience,
In that solemnly silent place."

They held a mirror before him, in which he saw himself as others saw him; as his God knew him; Is it any wonder if he shrank from the picture?

Blessed Memory! Faithful Conscience! Well are you doing your work! Slowly, slowly were they feeling the way to the blessed fountain where the waters of repentance had so long lain sealed; softly the barriers were withdrawn, the flood-gates opened, and the warm tides burst forth, washing

the world-calloused heart, melting all its hardness, and bringing from the neglected soil the sweet, late blossoms of penitent tenderness.

"Mary," said he suddenly, and there was a strange huskiness in his voice, "'spose we go over to neighbor Greene's a little while?"

"Why, Seth," she said, with a surprised, puzzled look, "I'd like ever so much to go, but I don't see how I can. I must get Tommy's jacket done to-night!"

"Let it go for this time, Mary; a visit will do you good. You look clean tucked out."

Wondering at her husband's unwonted mood, and feeling almost sure there was a mistake somewhere, she called Hetty from her nook up-stairs, where she was reveling in the marvelous stories that were, to her, glimpses into fairy-land, bade her mind the younger ones, donned bonnet and shawl, and was soon cordially welcomed and snugly seated in the cozy little parlor at Mrs. Greene's. The sharp contrast between their own bare living-room and this pretty little nook gave another stroke to the already thoroughly-awakened penitent. Here were books, pictures, games, and toys for the little ones, a goodly supply of miscellaneous and solid reading for older ones, and in the corner, carefully covered, stood the pride of Mrs. Greene's heart—her sewing-machine.

After the weather and farm matters had been duly discussed, politics touched upon, and various items of neighborhood interest interchanged, there was a slight pause, which was broken, at length, by Mr. Marvin, who said, with a glance at his wife, and a little awkward hesitation:

"I say, Greene, if you go into town to-morrow for anything, I wish you would send that there agent down to our house to talk to the folks about a sewing-machine. I reckon I'll have to give in and get one for Mary; she's gettin' clean beat out with so much hard work." Then rising and walking the floor hurriedly, he continued: "I tell you what, Greene, something's got hold of me to-night that I don't understand! I've been thinking, and thinking, until I am jest about turned inside-out, so to speak. I've been seeing myself as others see me, and I tell you, I ain't one bit flattered. It's as if I'd seen myself in a lookin'-glass, as it were; and I must say I've made the acquaintance of a cantankerous, hard-hearted old curmudgeon! I can't hold out no longer, though. I don't know what ails me—gettin' con-

verted, maybe! Anyhow, I'm going to turn over a new leaf; take care of Mary and the children, as I ought to, instead of grudin' 'em down to drudgery; try to do my duty as a neighbor and friend, and, perhaps, when I again look into the lookin'-glass that Conscience holds up to me, I won't see such an ill-favored tyrant. There, there,

Mary, don't cry about it; sho, sho! There, now, I'm blest if I ain't cryin' myself, or else it's this pesky cold in my head!"

"And so he had learned a lesson
Which he ought to have learned before,
And which, though he learned it dreaming,
He will lose, and forget, no more!"

FLINT AND SAND.

BY ARCHIE A. DU BOIS.

It was a sultry day in June, and we—that is, Frank and I—were sitting by a great stone bridge on the banks of a one-horse mill-pond, fishing. By fishing I do not mean yanking fish lively—we had not yanked any at all as yet, but were waiting for bites. It was very exciting.

Frank was on the other side of the bridge and out of sight; but this did not prevent us from exchanging an occasional remark.

"Frank," said I, "this is delightful sport."

"Yes," he replied; "and the water seems to be literally *alive* with fish. But don't you think anything so exhilarating as this is hard on one's nervous system?"

"Very likely," I responded. "Still, I guess we can stand it this once. I have already securely landed a fine bit of splatter-dock, and am waiting patiently for another piece; what have you got?"

"Ah," said Frank, "mine are expectations; like the little boy who was catching rats, if I get the fish I'm after, and *two* more, I'll have *three*."

Just then the cork of my line seemed to be troubled.

"Frank," said I, "I've got a bite."

"No! you don't mean it!" he exclaimed in astonishment;

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and dropping his rod he came across to where I sat. "Let's look at it."

We waited in breathless silence.

"There he goes again—now you have him—pull in!"

I gave the line a savage jerk, but it did not budge.



"Frank," said I, "it must be a whopper;" and then I gave a harder pull.

"Perhaps it's a whale," suggested Frank.

Whatever it was, I hoisted at it until my rod seemed almost bent double; then something seemed to loosen up.

"Here she comes!" I exclaimed.

With anxious faces we watched the water, until—a dilapidated piece of old hoop-skirt came to the surface, and then Frank burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, well! that's a singular sort of fish."

"A new species—a capital prize," I responded; "and Frank—confidentially, you know—I believe there are more of them to be had about this place."

● Carefully unhooking it from my line I laid it to one side, while Frank went back to see after his own tackle. Presently I heard him grumbling to himself.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'm fast in the mud," he replied with a growl; and then he said "blame it!"—at least, I *think* it was "blame it!"

"Perhaps I can help you." And going over to his side of the bridge, I found him tugging away like mad with his hooks in a lot of rubbish.

They came away eventually, but brought considerable with them in the way of mud and sticks and a piece of an old blue-glass bottle.

"Fishing," said Frank, "is not what it is cracked up to be."

"Perhaps your shadow on the water has an alarming effect," I suggested.

"Come, now," returned my friend, laughing, "I know I'm not very handsome, but I don't think my homeliness would scare a fish. What is more, I don't believe there's a single living creature in this pond to scare, and we are a couple of simpletons. Let us go somewhere else."

"What! to fish?"

"No; I'm tired of fishing."

"Where, then?"

"See here," said Frank in answer, "I have got an idea." He kicked with the toe of his boot the piece of blue-glass bottle he had rescued from its watery grave.

"An idea? Impossible!"

"No it isn't impossible, either," said Frank somewhat testily.

"Well, what is your idea?" I questioned.

He answered me in the Yankee fashion, by asking another.

"Do you know what keeps the folks of South Jersey awake?"

"No—mosquitoes, perhaps."

"They have a hand, or rather a bill in it, of course; but that is not what I meant. My mind was running on their principal manufacturing industry."

"Which is——"

"Glass," said Frank.

"What put that in your head?"

"This old piece of bottle," said Frank, sending it spinning back again into the water by a well-directed kick.

"But still I can't see what that has to do with us."

"Well," he returned, "let us go and see them make glass; it is interesting."

"Very good; I am with you."

So we did up our lines and were about to leave the spot, when I paused.

"Frank," said I, "shall we take our 'catch' along with us?" pointing toward the dilapidated hoop-skirt and our other trophies.

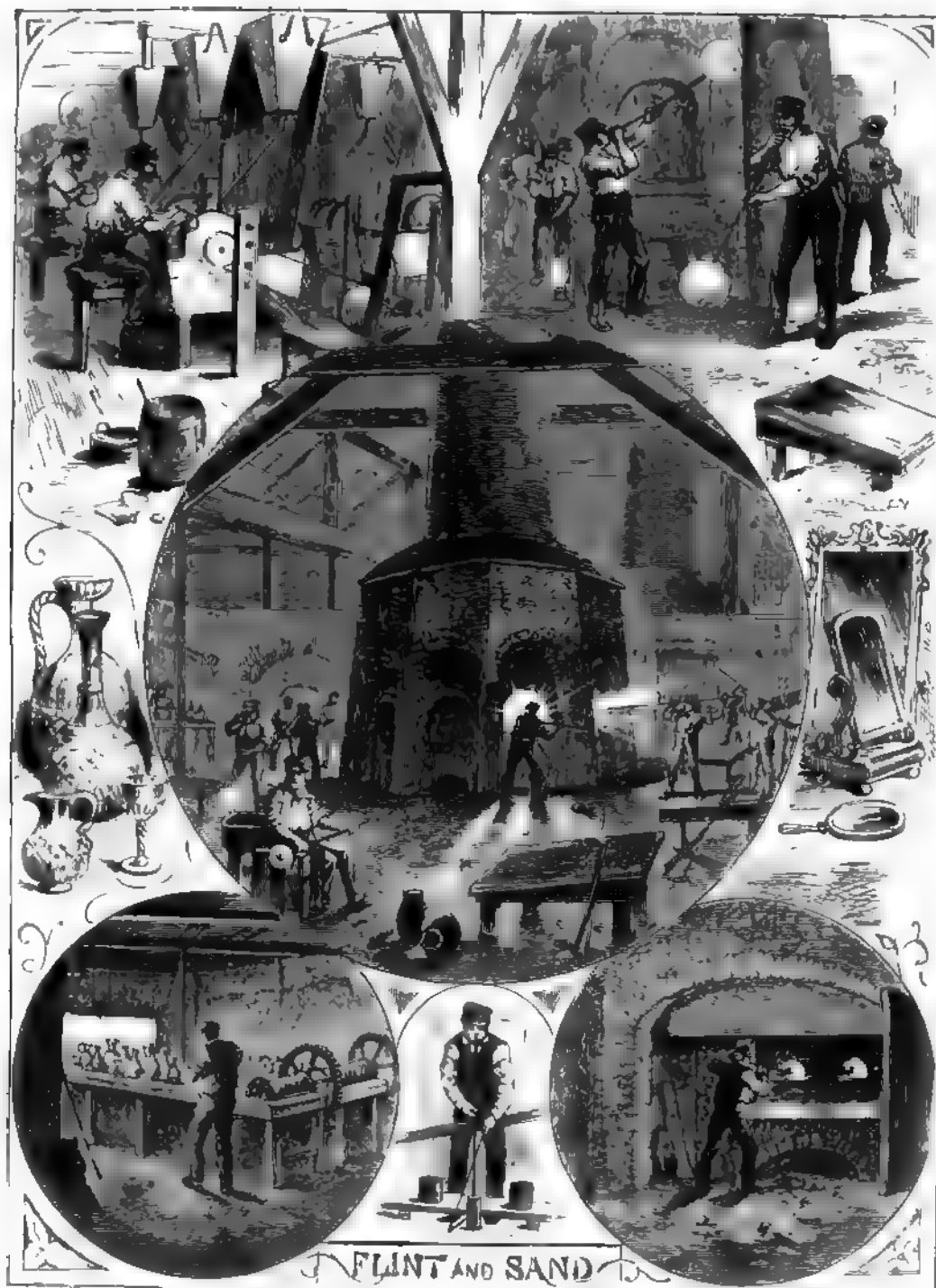
"It does seem a shame to leave them behind," he replied; "but the people hereabouts are very honest—no one would touch them if they laid there a week; so we can come back if we want them."

"That's so," I assented, "we can come back." And consoling myself in this manner, I followed my friend.

Our fishing-grounds were but a short distance outside of Salem, New Jersey, and it did not take us long to reach the town, which is a very sedate sort of place, as quiet as a church-yard, by which you may infer it is very *grave* indeed. Still, many boyish recollections are awakened in me by its landmarks, and I mentally wander back to the good old days when I went crab-fishing in the waters of its creek, or chased the unsuspecting robin, with a gun in my hand and wicked designs in my heart, across the adjacent peaceful meadows.

On leaving our rods and lines at the hotel where we were stopping, the landlord kindly inquired as to what we had done with our fish.

"My friend," said Frank, in a solemn voice, and with a majestic wave of the hand, "if you have any regard for your family—if you would not be stricken down in the flower of your man-



hood to meet an untimely doom, ask no such question." And then we left him.

The glass-furnaces were at the other end of the town; so, lighting our cigars, we strolled quietly in

that direction—quietly, because the excessive heat made any exertion out of the question, and besides there was no lack of time or necessity for haste.

Arriving at our destination in due time, we were confronted by a sign bearing the inscription, "Salem Glass Works," and entered the office to introduce ourselves and make known our desire to go through the establishment. The proprietor, Mr. John V. Craven, was present and received us cordially.

"I am always glad to see visitors," he said, "because it shows me that glass manufacturing is daily becoming a more prominent industry and exciting public interest."

"It has long been a most useful art," I observed.

"Yes, and is steadily increasing its importance. We now have two hundred and seven glass factories in the United States, with an estimated production of over two million and a half of dollars."

"Per annum?" asked Frank.

"Yes."

"That is pretty good."

"The industry has been instrumental in the growth of many South Jersey towns; for where there is a factory the employees must live close by, and soon a neat little village springs up around it, inhabited principally by glass-blowers."

"You have the material very handy here," said I.

"Yes; there is a fine quality of sand all about us."

"What kind of ware do you make?"

"Principally bottles. There is a window-glass factory at Quinton, about three miles from here; but *we* confine ourselves principally to bottles."

While pursuing this conversation we had entered the large enclosure surrounding the furnaces and other buildings required in the manufacture, packing, and shipment of glassware. The furnace-buildings, three in number, and circular in form, with huge chimneys rearing from the centre of each roof, were grouped together and other structures for varied purposes scattered about.

Approaching one of the former, we were about to walk in when the sight which met our gaze caused us to pause a moment with distended vision. It was very light in the sunshine outside, while within the glass-house it was darker, and our first glimpse through the door was somewhat

startling. Half-nude beings were moving hither and thither in the glare of flames which shot from every opening in the huge furnace; and amid a great clatter they swung balls of hissing fire to and fro, every now and then reaching into the roaring furnace for more and drawing it forth upon the ends of iron rods.

It was a very suggestive sight—reminding us of some things we had read in Sunday-school books; but, noticing that there were several little boys running about without any signs of alarm on their faces, we became reassured. I also recognized a man in there who had attended prayer-meeting the night before, and this convinced me it was all right. We went in.

"It is very warm in here," I observed.

Frank mumbled a reply about its being a "fore-taste" of something, but I did not quite catch the whole of his remark, though I have no doubt it had some reference to the glass trade.

"To begin at the beginning," said Mr. Craven, "I suppose you would like to know when glass was first discovered, and in this respect there are a great many like you. It is not known. Some say the art originated with the Egyptians, but having no other ground for their assertion than the convenient one of assuming that any art whose origin cannot be traced, is safely ascribed to that people."

"I have heard it stated," said Frank, "that a party of shipwrecked sailors made the discovery by accident. Being cast upon a desert shore they built a fire upon the sand, and under the action of its heat this sand was melted and a stream of glass ran out."

"Merely a surmise," replied Mr. Craven; "there are numerous conjectures upon the subject, but all are without foundation. It is certain, however, that the art is a very old one, since it was known to the Phœnicians and Egyptians long before Europe had emerged from barbarism. The Egyptians practiced the art more than three thousand five hundred years ago. At Thebes there are paintings representing glass-blowers at work, and from the hieroglyphics accompanying them it is found that they were executed in the reign of a monarch who occupied the throne before the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt; and, what is more, they could make better glass then than we can to-day. Many ancient writers speak of a malleable glass which could be indented if

thrown upon a hard substance and then hammered into shape again like brass. Now this is beyond our efforts. It is a lost art which skill and science have for hundreds of years been attempting to re-discover."

"What is glass made of?" I asked.

"No; it will have a slight tinge of green;" replied Mr. Craven.

As Mr. Craven had stated, his establishment was principally devoted to bottles. Big bottles, little bottles, porter-bottles, wine-bottles, short bottles with gaping mouths, tall bottles with slender



ORNAMENTED CUT GLASS.

"Sand, lime, and soda-ash. One hundred pounds of fine clean sand, thirty pounds of slaked lime, and about thirty-two pounds of soda-ash, when well mixed and subjected to sufficient heat, will make glass. Sometimes a small lump of arsenic is added to clear the mass, but it is not always necessary."

"Does this composition make a white glass?" inquired Frank.

necks, and bottles of various other shapes and kinds were upon all sides.

Frank looked pensively upon a great pile of druggists' prescription-bottles for several minutes, and then observed with a sigh:

"Poor fellows!"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Poor fellows," he repeated; "they little know what is in store for them."

"What are you talking about?"

"Ah! it is very sad; innocent and in ignorance, they cannot suspect their terrible fate."

"Are you going mad?" I exclaimed, with some concern for my friend's sanity.

"No," he replied; "I am not going mad; I was only thinking of the poor fellows who must take the contents of those bottles some day."

The huge furnace was in the middle of the



BLUE AND WHITE GLASS VASE.

apartment, and its fire, urged by a steam blower, was darting white flame from every opening and crevice. The blowers, clad in scant attire, were hard at work, and, taking the whole crew together, they looked like an amateur brass band in full blast, with cheeks puffed out and eyes distended. The illusion was perfect, except that we were spared from hearing any amateur band music.

Our attention was particularly attracted to one old man whose cheeks, from long service, had become stretched, and drooped in a disconsolate, baggy fashion. When he blew, they flopped up

suddenly, like toy balloons in the process of inflation, giving him the appearance of having a good-sized apple in each cheek. Immediately upon his ceasing to blow, they flopped down again.

We watched this old man until he had blown a number of bottles. The blow-pipe used is a tube of iron about four feet long. Inserting one end of this through an aperture in the furnace, he gave it a turn or two by a deft movement of the wrist, and thus collecting a sufficient quantity of molten glass upon the tube he withdrew it, keeping it in constant motion, as, otherwise, the mass would run off. Then he rolled the lump slowly to and fro on the surface of a marble slab, blowing into it gently until its size was increased and its shape somewhat similar to the mould for which it was intended. From the slab he conveyed it to the mould, still blowing gently and keeping the tube in constant motion. The mould was in two sections, united by a hinge, and a boy sitting at the blower's feet in front of it shut it together with a snap. Then those toy balloons were inflated until I thought the poor old man had blown his entire existence through that iron pipe. This lasted for a few seconds, long enough to bring a pouring rain of perspiration upon the operator's forehead, when the cheeks flopped down again, the strain relaxed, and the deed was accomplished. The little boy calmly broke the bulb of frail glass between the mould and the blower's tube with an instrument for that purpose; and as it shattered with a sharp report he unclosed the mould, when, lo! a bottle was brought to light with lettering upon it—the names of the manufacturer and his customer.

But this was not the end of the process. The bottle was not yet completed. It was still red-hot, but cooling rapidly, and the boy, taking it from the mould, passed it to another boy who rolled it up and down a wooden trough with a paddle until its lurid tinge had departed; then yet another boy came along bearing an iron rod with a cup upon the end of it. This cup just fit the bottle, and he scooped it up.

It might here be well to mention as a singular thing, that, although the earthen floor of the building was strewn with pieces of broken glass, with their business ends upward, all of those boy assistants were running about in their bare feet, and it did not seem to make any difference whatever. No doubt there is a knack in doing this, or perhaps it is an exemplification of a certain In-

dian's experience, who, having condemned himself to sleep on a bed of spikes for ten years as an atonement for some evil deed, found upon the expiration of that time that he could secure no rest on the old-fashioned buffalo robes of his ancestors because he missed the spikes! Be that as it may, those boys did not seem to mind it a whit, not even wincing when they alighted upon the most enterprising piece of glass.

The boy scooped up the bottle with his cup on the end of its iron rod and conveyed it to the other side of the building to a smaller furnace. This furnace is the larger one in miniature, except that it contains no glass. It has several openings through which the fire juts forth, and these openings are called "glory holes," from the varied color of the flame (red, blue, and white) issuing from them.

At the "glory hole" the bottle received its mouth or lip. An operator took it from the boy, handle and all, and thrust the neck

into the fire. When it was sufficiently heated, he took it out again, and then, with tools for the purpose, turned down a rim of the glass sufficient

to give that appearance we usually see in a porter bottle. Druggists' bottles are treated in

like manner, except that the rim is not made so large.

From the "glory hole" it was conveyed to its final resting-place, before packing and shipment, to the oven where the bottles are tempered. It is spacious, and will hold a vast number; but they cannot fill it entirely, since the bottles nearer the door would then cool too quickly and be likely to break of themselves.

"Without this process of annealing," said Mr. Craven, "the glass is so brittle that it would crack and fly to pieces as soon as exposed to cool atmosphere. I have seen bottles explode with great violence from no apparent cause when taken from the works without being annealed. To obviate this, we put them in the oven and start a fire. The fire is fed until a certain temperature be attained, and then left to die out gradually. When perfectly cold, the ware

may be taken and packed, but if the oven has not been properly attended to it will sometimes fall to pieces even then."



A CUT CRYSTAL VASE.

"Does this often occur with you?" I asked.

"No, very seldom, though great care must be exercised to avoid it."

"But is there no way of making a glass less brittle?"

"There is; lead, for instance, tends to make glass softer, more fusible, and more lustrous, which fits it for optical and ornamental purposes,

solution of the metals in the glass. Wine is sometimes put into bottles made of glass wholly unfit for the purpose, and its taste and color are affected in a very few days by the salts produced by the corrosion. I have no doubt that serious mischief might occasionally arise from putting up domestic wines, fruit-juices, and the like, in bottles not intended for any such use."



FINE CUT GLASS.

but spoils it for bottles where a hard, infusible, glass, not readily acted upon by chemical agents, is requisite. Lime, on the other hand, renders glass refractory and less susceptible to the action of acids or alkalies. All acids act upon glass, especially if there is an excess of alkali in its composition, or if it contains lead. Wine and other acid liquids kept in bottles have often been found contaminated with salt, resulting from the

Having now seen all it was possible to see at that furnace, we passed through two others very much like it, and thence to the packing-rooms, where the number of bottles on every hand caused us to wonder where they all go, and speculate upon the journey each one would have to make from hand to hand before it would be finally deposited on an ash-heap or rubbish pile.

When we had decided upon the perambulations

necessary for one bottle to make and followed it to its final resting-place in oblivion and ashes, we bade Mr. Craven adieu, and left, with many pleasant impressions of what we had seen.

"Now that we are in the glass trade," said Frank, "let us go over to Quinton and look through the window-glass factory there. The proprietor, Mr. George Hires, is a friend of mine, and I know he will be pleased to take us through."

"All right," I returned, "I am willing. We may as well get to the bottom of this subject while we are about it; but let us get some dinner first."

Pursuing this suggestion, we returned to the hotel, partook of an excellent repast in which some fish (not of our own catching) held a prominent position, and then were ready to start.

It was our intention to secure a team and drive over; but before we could accomplish this, Frank espied a vehicle coming up the road which seemed familiar to him.

"There is Mr. Hires now!" he exclaimed. "I will hail him."

On learning our desires, Mr. Hires said, "Jump right in, I am going to the works now."

We lost no time in complying with this invitation, and were soon speeding along over a level road, past fields of growing corn and pleasant views of meadow-land.

It took but a short time to reach Quinton and the works of Messrs. Hires & Co., when, alighting from the carriage, we were ready for a tour of inspection.

The first place visited was the pot-house. Here the pots are made in which the glass is melted. It is a curious process, and by no means an uninteresting branch of the business. The material used in their construction is a particular kind of clay imported from Germany.

"There is an American clay for this purpose," said Mr. Hires, "but it will not do, being unable to stand the fire and liable to break."

The German clay is of a very light-yellow, comes in cubes, and is ground to powder along with some old pots and a modicum of the same clay which has been burned. This mixture is moistened and put in a trough, where an operator kneads it thoroughly. It is done with his bare feet. The trough is filled only at one end with the glutinous mass, much resembling soft putty, and a workman then gets in upon it and slowly works it to the other end with his feet. This is repeated until the whole substance is thoroughly mixed, and when the desired consistency is attained



GLASS TASA AND URN.

the pots may be made. They are formed in moulds, and when completed are about two and a half feet high, with a diameter of perhaps three feet.

"It requires great skill in making these," observed Mr. Hires, "and care must be taken that no foreign substances remain in the clay; for if even a hair is permitted to remain, as soon as the pot is used that hair will burn away in the furnace's intense heat, leaving a hole which would be liable to crack the pot and lose the glass."

"How many of these pots are there in each furnace?" asked Frank.

"Six in some and in others eight. I will show you the interior of one of the furnaces; there is one being rebuilt now."

We followed him to another building, where workmen were engaged upon a furnace, rebuilding

it. It was constructed of fire-clay, and the interior was sufficiently high to admit of our standing upright. The pots were arranged upon "benches," or platforms of fire-clay, on either side opposite to openings in the side of the furnace through which the glass is taken.

Having thoroughly examined everything of interest here, we then went to the factories in operation.

Scarcely any one to look upon a pane of window-glass would imagine that it had once been round, and yet such is the fact. The furnace stands in the middle of the building, and on either

form inside which revolves, and the fire is at one end only. The cylinders of glass are placed upon marble slabs in motion, and as they revolve past the fire they become sufficiently heated to allow of their being flattened out with wooden blocks, which purpose is accomplished by men standing at the oven doors and striking the glass as it passes them.

When transformed into a sheet of perhaps twelve square feet, it is conveyed to cars further away from the fire and moved slowly up and down until quite cool. Then it is ready for the final process of cutting.

In the room devoted to this, experienced hands are busily engaged trimming off all irregular edges and cutting the sheets into various sizes, and soon the crude glass comes forth to market as fine, clear window-panes.

On leaving the cutting-room, we returned to the furnace again, and watched the blowers as they swung their unwieldy burden of forty pounds to and fro, imagining them swinging it for hours in succession.

"I should think such exertion would be hard on one's muscles," suggested Frank.

"No," returned Mr. Hires; "the men get fat on it, and blowing expands the chest and lungs."

"Well," said Frank, "it is a wonderful process."

"Scarcely so wonderful as the new discovery in glass."

"You refer to glass-cloth?"

"Yes. This late departure is a near approach to the malleable glass of ancient times, though I was not greatly surprised upon hearing of its manufacture, for I can easily conceive of a very fine glass thread being spun which may become soft and pliable by annealing. I have frequently noticed, when the blowers have been drawing their irons from the fire, that a small portion of hot glass would adhere to the sides of the furnace and thus be drawn out to a considerable length, and so fine as to resemble a cobweb."

"Is there any glass-cloth factory in the United States?" I asked.



QUINTON, NEW JERSEY.

side is a deep pit bridged over by narrow wooden bridges upon which the blower stands at his work. The iron blow-pipe, weighing some fifteen pounds, is thrust into the furnace and about twenty-five pounds of molten glass collected upon the end of it. The blower then swings it below him in the pit and blows into the pipe until, by the power of gravitation and the force of his breath, the glass is elongated and expanded, forming a cylinder with elliptical ends, sometimes four feet long by one foot in diameter. This the blower continues to swing and blow into, until he considers it of a proper shape and thickness, when the ends are cut off and a hollow cylinder alone remains. The cylinder (or "roller," as it is termed) is then split through its entire length, conveyed to the flattening-room, and put into a revolving oven.

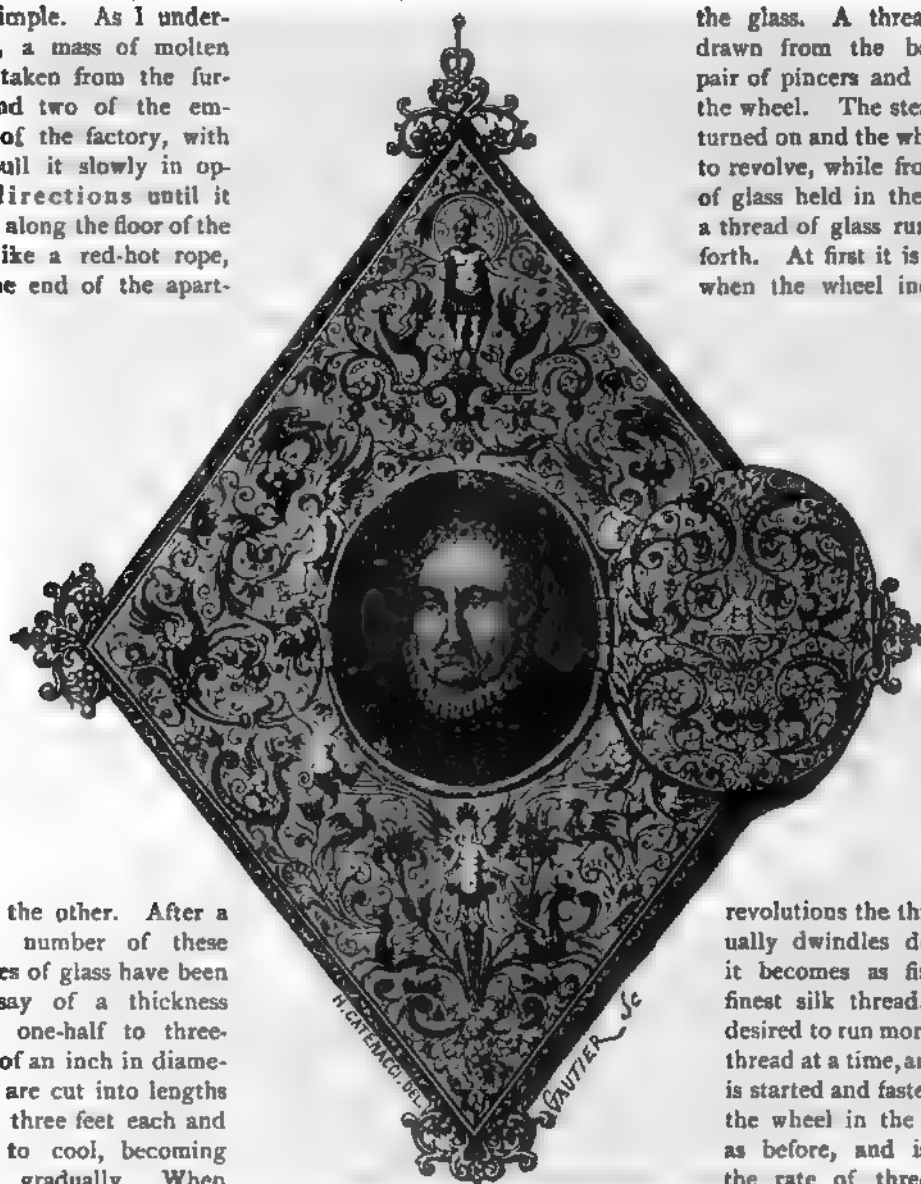
The oven is circular, with a table of the same

"There is one in Pittsburg."

"The process is no doubt very intricate," observed Frank.

"On the contrary," returned our friend, "it is very simple. As I understand it, a mass of molten glass is taken from the furnace, and two of the employees of the factory, with tongs, pull it slowly in opposite directions until it stretches along the floor of the factory like a red-hot rope, from one end of the apart-

At one side is a small stand with a hot-air blow-pipe set at right angles to the wheel. The operator takes one of these bars of glass three feet long and holds the end in this hot blast which melts the glass. A thread is then drawn from the bar with a pair of pincers and secured to the wheel. The steam is then turned on and the wheel begins to revolve, while from the bar of glass held in the hot blast a thread of glass runs steadily forth. At first it is thick, but when the wheel increases its



A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF GLASS FRAME.

ment to the other. After a sufficient number of these long ropes of glass have been drawn, say of a thickness of from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, they are cut into lengths of about three feet each and allowed to cool, becoming annealed gradually. When cold they are taken to the spinning-room. Here is a large driving-wheel of wood over eight feet in diameter, and with a smooth surface of about twelve inches in width. This driving-wheel is run by steam power, and can be revolved at the rate of three hundred revolutions per minute.

revolutions the thread gradually dwindles down until it becomes as fine as the finest silk thread. If it is desired to run more than one thread at a time, another end is started and fastened about the wheel in the same way as before, and is spun at the rate of three or four miles per minute. Strange as it may appear, the finer

the thread is spun, the more elastic and pliable it becomes."

"But does this thread possess strength? I should hardly imagine it would," Frank remarked.

"Yes, it does; in addition to pliability, it has

also great tensile strength. But to continue: After an immense coil of the glass has been spun, it is bound together in skeins, and the next step in the process of making cloth is weaving. For this purpose a weaving machine very similar to a silk-weaving machine is used. The fibres of glass are stretched across the loom and the weaver passes his spindle from side to side, uniting the warp and the woof. By regulating the machinery the fabric can be made fine or coarse as desired, and the threads, having gained strength by the degrees of fineness to which they are spun, unite together like silk threads. Not only can a fine-grained fabric be made, but even lace patterns, no matter how intricate, may be exactly reproduced."

"I should think this would be very pretty, especially if in different colors," I observed.

"That is one of its greatest beauties," returned our friend; "a roll of glass-cloth can be made of a combination of colors, such as deep-amber glass, white glass, clear glass, purple and iridescent glass, and when woven together in one fabric it would glitter under the gas-light like an immense setting of infinitesimal gems."

"Do you think this manufacture will ever come into general use?"

"That I cannot say. The price for which glass-cloth can be produced will no doubt decide whether it remains a curiosity or not; at present it is an expensive article."

During our lengthy conversation we had followed Mr. Hires through the various departments of his establishment, and having completed the survey we left him and returned to the hotel for some supper.

By this time I was thoroughly aroused to a state of lively interest in glass manufacture, and during the next few days gleaned much important information on the subject. Among other things I will mention a few processes connected with the manufacture of *flint-glass*, which is a much finer quality than the other, and of greater brilliancy.

No one would suppose that so beautifully transparent a substance could result from a mixture of sand, hard and opaque; red-lead, not less opaque; and soda or potash, very far from resembling glass in hardness or transparency; yet these are the ingredients used to make flint-glass. Formerly, instead of sand, flints were employed, ground to a very fine powder, and hence the name; but this practice has been wholly abandoned.

If a jug, a decanter, or vase, is to be blown, the operator proceeds in much the same manner as a bottle-blower, except that the article is not moulded but manipulated by the workman until it assumes the desired shape.

With an instrument something like a pair of sugar-tongs he compresses the glass at one part, expands it at another, and gives it graceful curves. While effecting this, the material often becomes cold and has to be heated from time to time at an opening in the furnace until brought into proper condition again. If the vessel is to have a foot, another workman brings a little melted glass on the end of a rod and applies it to the bottom, where the first workman quickly fashions it; if it is to have a handle, more glass is brought and speedily formed; and in this manner they continue until the piece is completed. Many articles of flint-glass are considered finished at this stage, but those which are "cut" require a further process.

The cutting or grinding is effected by means of a thin wheel; and above is a vessel containing water or sand, which trickles down on the wheel. Some of the wheels are of iron, some of stone, and some of willow-wood, according to the kind of work to be done.

The workman takes the glass article and applies it to the edge of the rapidly-revolving wheel, according to the pattern he desires to produce, and holds it in various positions till the ground portions present the ornamental appearance he desires.

There is another process of engraving glass, somewhat different from this, and without the aid of wheels. A cylindrical vessel with a cone-shaped bottom is filled with well-dried sand. At the apex of the cone is a short tube, through which the sand is allowed to flow in a continual stream. A tube conveying air or steam passes down through the centre of the vessel and ends in a nozzle. By a jet of steam the sand is thrown violently against the glass article to be engraved, and exerts an abrading action upon it. Holes may be drilled in glass and other substances much harder, by means of this apparatus; but in engraving on glass very little pressure is required, as the lines need not be deep. Those portions of the work which are to remain clear are covered with paper or an elastic varnish, these substances being sufficient to withstand the action of the sand.

VICTRIX VICTA.

BY FRED F. FOSTER.

FORMERLY, among the residents on one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of our "modern Athens," was the family of John Eveleth, banker. There were rumors that Mr. Eveleth had once been a soap-maker; that in this decidedly plebeian vocation he had acquired the basis of his substantial fortune. The brown-stone front, with its costly appointments; the grand dinners, served on massive plate; the gorgeous "turn-outs;" the elegant silks, satins, broadcloths—these were established facts. Absurd, indeed, would it have been to overweigh such claims to distinction with paltry rumors. Therefore his aristocratic neighbors made no attempt to ostracise him from their midst.

To Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth but one child was born, Blanche, the idol of her parents, and, from her infancy, never knowing a desire ungratified, if love or money rendered its gratification possible. Naturally, even when a child, she was an imperious little tyrant; naturally, too, this imperiousness "grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." Yet she possessed many excellent qualities, which gained her numerous warm friends.

She "came out" at sixteen, this early *début* being in accordance with the wishes of her mother, who was desirous that her daughter should contract an eligible marriage, and was aware that, "other things being equal," a fresh and fair young face is a powerful "card." With her mother's matrimonial schemes, Blanche, unfortunately, had no sympathy. She was, however, more than willing to render herself agreeable to the gentlemen; in fact, her aim seemed to be the subjugation of masculine hearts, and wherever she was were to be found scores of her victims. Every one knew her for an arrant coquette; nevertheless, she continued to impress each gentleman with whom she associated with the conviction that he was the favored mortal. When matters culminated in a proposal, as they frequently did, she would listen thereto with downcast eyes and modest mien, then blast the suitor's hopes with the utmost *sang froid*.

Finally, weary of an incessant round of excitement, and heartily desiring a temporary exemption therefrom, she went, one summer, to pass a few

weeks on a farm in the "Granite State," whither she was attracted by an advertisement which came to her notice, "Private board in the country," that seemed to promise exactly what she sought.

The family of which she thus became an inmate consisted of Mrs. Mason,—a woman upward of fifty years old,—one son, Henry, not far from twenty-five, and one daughter, Emma, about her own age—twenty. To Miss Eveleth, from the time of her arrival, everything connected with this family was a happy surprise. She had supposed that country people had no regard for aught save that pertaining to the "bread-and-butter" of existence. A few hours passed with the Masons served effectually to disabuse her mind of so erroneous an impression. They were people who believed in education for the masses, not for the few, and sought all means tending to intellectual advancement.

Accustomed as she was to sycophantic homage, the treatment she received at the hands of these strangers, kindly, but devoid of obsequiousness, won her respect. Their easy, unconstrained manner in her presence, proving they did not consider her as belonging to an order of beings superior to their own because she was a resident of Boston, convinced her they estimated people for what they really are; that, while with them, it would not pay to "put on airs." The courtliness manifested by each member of the family toward the others; the willingness with which one deferred to the wishes of another; the earnest, loving endeavors made by mother, brother, sister, to outdo one another in little acts of tender love, satisfied her that an exhibition of her own domineering proclivities would not only be in bad taste but excite the contempt of the family. Previously, she had neither thought nor cared what opinion people held of her; just then she was anxious to create a favorable impression.

This desire, laudable in itself, in her case, we are sorry to say, was incited by an unworthy motive: nothing other than the wish to see if she could inspire the son with the *grande passion*; to learn if he, a strong, self-possessed man, could be converted into the nervous, impetuous lover. He

seemed, in every respect, so unlike any upon whom she had heretofore practiced her wiles, it would be a novel and interesting experiment, and the result would assist to establish or refute her pet hypothesis: "All men are unconscionably weak where women are concerned."

To be sure, he was only a farmer, with hands and feet far from delicate, and a sunburnt face; one whom her acquaintances of the *beau monde* would not place in the category of "gentlemen." But his features were regular, his countenance expressive of intelligence and radiant with good humor, his brown eyes beaming with smiles; and, despite the tan, she deemed him fine-looking. He was, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman; honest, industrious, and well qualified to command the esteem of all who knew him.

With slight personal knowledge of the world outside the immediate vicinity of his home, he believed all women pure, true, sincere, judging them from his mother and sister. To find the one upon whom he had lavished the wealth of his manly affections, by whom he had every reason to believe it fully reciprocated—to find her weak, base, heartless, would be a crushing blow. The wound might not be "so deep as a well," and in time the primal, benumbing pain it caused would wear away; but his implicit confidence in her sex would be shattered forever.

Unusual as it was for her to consider the possible consequences of her acts, the above thoughts obtruded themselves upon her mind; and more than once she half resolved to renounce her purpose, so unwomanly, so absolutely cruel did it seem to trifle with the affections of such a man. But she had invariably thrust her conscience aside when dictating a course antipodal to that which the realization of her wishes necessitated, and the protests of the little monitor against any of her plans had become feeble as well as infrequent. In the present instance, her recurrent impulses, though noble and generous, were unable to withstand the mightier power opposed to them; indeed, after each appeal of the good angel, she was more desperately intent upon the enterprise than before.

Success, she felt assured, would never crown her efforts unless she first secured the favor of Mrs. Mason and Emma, in whose opinion Henry implicitly trusted, conformably to which his own was in no slight degree moulded; and to this end she made herself extremely agreeable to them.

She and the young man were much in each other's company. He rode or walked with her to various places of interest near his home; she played or sang for his entertainment. The more she saw of him, with the greater respect for him was she inspired. Whereas other gentleman had pandered to her vanity, he ever endeavored to stimulate her to faith in her capacity for little things. And the earnestness with which she often found him regarding her, the occasional tremor of his voice when he spoke to her, convinced her that the task she had undertaken was not likely to prove fruitless.

One morning at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Mason, noticing the purple rings circling her eyes, and the pallor of her countenance, said:

"You look ill, Miss Eveleth. Were you sick during the night?"

"Only restless," was the response. "I am never able to sleep when a thunder-storm is in progress."

"The shower last night was remarkably heavy," observed Emma.

"I shall be under the necessity of having Emma's assistance about my forenoon's work," continued Mrs. Mason; "but can't you drive for an hour or two with Miss Eveleth, Henry?"

"As well as not, if Miss Eveleth would like to take a ride."

"Thank you," returned Blanche; "it would give me great pleasure."

"I wish Emma could accompany us, to describe the various objects we shall see," remarked Henry. "There is scarcely a tree, shrub, or stone for miles around with which she has not some romantic tale connected."

"You can drive past the 'haunted house'," returned Emma. "You are as well acquainted with its romantic, or rather tragic, history as I am."

"Really a haunted house?" asked Blanche.

"Yes," answered Emma; "a place to which one might fitly apply Hood's words:

'O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.'"

"I have always wished to see something about which there was a 'sense of mystery,' and my wishes are now in a fair way to be gratified.

Thank you for suggesting this one object of interest."

The ride among the low-lying hills that cloudless, cool, exhilarating morning, bringing within the range of her vision grand and varying scenery, restored the color to Blanche's cheeks, and caused the rings circling her eyes to disappear. All at once her companion said:

"There is the haunted house."

Looking in the direction indicated with his finger, she got a glimpse of a building situated several rods from the highway, and so nearly hidden from view by the trees surrounding it that but for his words it would have escaped her notice.

"I will tie my horse to this post," he continued, jumping from the carriage, "and we will go where you can examine the place all you choose. There is no dew, and the rain of last night seems to have soaked into the ground, so the surface is not at all moist," assisting her to alight. Then they took a path which from long disuse had become overgrown with weeds and knot-grass, and presently reached a spot whence she distinctly saw the house.

It was a cottage, to which time and storm had imparted a hue not unlike that of the granitic boulders dotting the neighboring hill-sides. About the door, where once, no doubt, the sunflower and hollyhock had bloomed,—even if rarer flowers were not to be found,—only a few dried thistles and stunted shrubs appeared. Of the fence enclosing the homestead all that remained was an occasional worm-eaten post.

"Would you like to go inside?" asked Henry.

"If you please," was the reply.

A push on the door caused it to swing on its rusty hinges with a harsh, grating sound, and they entered. The odor of the building was musty and extremely disagreeable, and Blanche was satisfied with a brief stay in-doors. When once again outside, she said:

"Your sister suggested a 'tragic history' as connected with this house."

"It is soon told. Something more than a score of years since, a widow—Mrs. Williams—resided here with her only child, a young man, twenty-two years of age. He became deeply enamored of a young lady whose home was in a neighboring town; and, though no engagement between them existed, she knew and encouraged his love, and

gave him every reason to believe it was reciprocated. From this happy dream he was rudely awakened by the receipt of a letter from her, in which she informed him that their 'pleasant flirtation' must end, as she was shortly to wed a gentleman to whom she had, for a long time, been secretly affianced; followed, ere many weeks, by the knowledge that she had married.

"The poor fellow was completely unmanned, and, in a moment of desperation, took his own life. His mother was prostrated with grief, and in less than three months was laid in a grave beside her son. Since then strange sounds have been reported to proceed from this house, accompanied by weird lights flashing at the windows. Probably these sounds and sights, if not wholly imaginary, are referable to natural causes; but no one has ever attempted to 'lay' the ghost supposed to 'haunt' these premises."

"What became of her?"

"She died in an asylum for the insane, after suffering untold agony; her insanity caused by her remorse."

"Most likely you consider her suffering a just retribution for her sin?"

"I believe that every deviation from the path of right is punished."

"What should you do, if subjected to such treatment as young Williams received?" Blanche could not help asking; but she put the question with a tremulous voice, and looked down as she spoke.

"One can hardly foretell what he will do under particular circumstances."

"You would not commit suicide?"

"That has always seemed to me an unsatisfactory method of extricating one's self from trouble."

"Perhaps you would prefer to assist in avenging your wrongs?"

"I see no reason why the fact that I had been wronged should lead me to dishonor my manhood sufficiently to seek a petty revenge."

"Shouldn't you hate a woman who trifled with your affections?"

Henry, surprised at the singularity of her questions, remarked:

"I think I should despise her most supremely."

"I think you would," returned Blanche, and a silence fell between them that continued till they re-entered the carriage; nor during the remainder

of the ride was their conversation so animated as before. Upon one thing she resolved: to renounce her purpose. His hatred she could endure; his contempt, never.

Toward the close of an afternoon in September, the following bit of conversation accidentally came to her ear:

"Don't you see whither you are drifting, Henry?" in Emma's voice.

"What do you mean?" was Henry's reply.

"You are allowing yourself to become completely infatuated with Miss Eveleth."

"I do love her, I confess."

"You must know she will never love you in return."

"I presume she never will. At any rate, I shall never be so unwise as to acquaint her with my feelings."

Blanche heard no more than this, but she decided to return to her home within a few days, and spare Henry the unhappiness she was confident would grow to be his if she remained.

In the evening, she announced her purposed return to Boston in a couple of days. Learning this, Mrs. Mason and Emma made no comment; Henry, in a husky voice, asked:

"Why this sudden departure?"

"It can hardly be called sudden, as I have already overstayed the time I anticipated being with you, on my arrival here," returned Blanche. "I must go home and prepare for the winter's campaign of frivolity."

"That is not the reason you go away," he said nervously.

"Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason rebukingly.

"I did not intend to be impertinent, and I crave Miss Eveleth's pardon, if so I seemed."

"Will you please sing?" asked Emma, anxious to prevent any further conversation of this kind.

"Certainly." And Blanche seated herself at the piano.

During the ensuing two days, Henry addressed scarcely a word to Blanche, save when she spoke to him, and then his tone and manner were quite unnatural. With each succeeding hour that brought the time for her intended departure nearer, she shrank from it more and more. Why, she did not clearly comprehend.

But, as ever, whether of joy or sorrow, the moments wore away. The last evening of her purposed stay finally arrived, and it happened that

she and Henry were left alone on the piazza, a thing that both had earnestly striven to avoid.

"Miss Eveleth—Blanche—I wish to ask you a question," he said abruptly, "and I trust it will not offend you. Did you hear any of my conversation with Emma, day before yesterday?"

She remained silent.

"I am confident you did, and that it was the cause of your determination to leave us. What I then said is true; I do love you as I never have loved, never shall love, another woman. If my loving you seems to you the veriest folly, I have the satisfaction of knowing I but add one to the by no means small number of imbeciles in the world," bitterly.

"Have I said it did?" she returned archly.

"What!" he cried, going nearer her. "Do you mean my love does not displease you?"

"No woman can be displeased with the love of an honorable man."

"And do you, can you, give me love for love?" taking her face in his hands and looking directly into her eyes. "For God's sake do not trifle with me!"

"No, Henry,"—it was the first time she had ever addressed him by his given name,—"*I will not trifle with you. During the earlier portion of my residence in your family, it was my constant aim to win your love, as I had won that of other gentlemen, merely for the sake of a conquest. The respect for you your manliness forced from me caused the renunciation of my despicable purpose, as the remembrance of it induced the strange questions I asked you while we were at the 'haunted house.' A moment ago you asked me if I heard any of your conversation with Emma, day before yesterday. I did—a little of it. Till then, I was not aware that you cared for me, other than as a friend, as I had learned to care for you. Since I decided to go away, I have gradually come to realize how essential to my future happiness you are; that to me you are more than a friend.*" And her fingers clasped his hands.

"And will you become my wife?"

"After this confession of my wickedness, do you still dare to trust me, still wish me to become your wife?"

"I do."

"Then I am yours, 'till death do us part.'"

Thus she, who had heretofore conquered, was vanquished.

DECORATION OF COTTAGE HOMES.

By H. Cox.

HAVING treated in a former paper, entitled "Artistic Homes," of the embellishment of high-class houses, and considered generally the subject of decoration, we now propose to show how small houses and cottages may be improved and raised above the ordinary level of dull commonplace, and how art can beautify and refine even the smallest and plainest of tenements. A truer insight, a clearer understanding, in all matters pertaining to art, is daily becoming more noticeable; individuals are beginning to think for themselves; decorators and upholsterers no longer have all their own way, but have to strive hard to meet the taste of the people. The rage for architecture and furniture in Queen Anne style, though overdone, and consequently wearisome, shows a turn in the right direction. Englishmen will have no more of the untrue stucco imitation of stone houses, no more shams, and truth and art are winners in the race for popular favor; so, with interior decoration, graining and marbling are giving place to plain paint or polished wood, that make no pretense to be other than what they are in reality. The one objection to decorating is the expense that is of necessity incurred by employing skilled workmen, and the only alternative is, that the owner must put his shoulder to the wheel and ornament his own cottage, or at least be competent to superintend the workmen he employs. But it is by no means sufficient that he should think to himself that he knows what he likes, and will have his home decorated entirely after his own taste; unless he has some knowledge of the principles that have been followed by our greatest artists—unless he comprehends the motives that have guided them, the rules that they have carried out—confusion and failure will be the certain result of his attempt. "Order is Heaven's first law, and the way to order is by rules that art hath found." With our exhibitions and museums, and the many practical works that have been written bearing on the subject, few who have the desire for knowledge can plead the excuse of ignorance.

We will suppose our cottage to consist of six rooms, and then consider how we may decorate it to the best advantage inexpensively and yet artistically. Vol. XVII.—17.

cally. There will be but one sitting-room, and that, if we are to have any comfort in it, must not come under the category of "best parlors" or "drawing-rooms." It must be a room with space for work, music, books, and flowers. A "best parlor" recalls memories of cold, unaired rooms, cheerless, dull, and fireless in winter; close and hot in summer, with closed windows and drawn blinds, that the sun may not fade the carpet or the dust soil the curtains. Such a sanctum, generally considered too good for daily use, is shunned by all who love comfort. Children dare not carry their toys into it; no girl's fancy-work makes the table bright with many-colored crewels; flowers will not bloom in it; no open books tell of a few leisure moments spared from the day's toil, when the tired worker rests with a feeling of infinite relief, and culls a thought from a favorite author that will carry him cheerily through his remaining duties.

The first consideration will be the wall spaces. Paint, silk, tapestry, embossed leather, are all available, but all too elaborate for our purpose. Silk is too fragile; embossed leather and tapestry hold the dust; paint is expensive if workmen's time is to be paid for; so our choice must needs fall on paper-hangings. But so many good patterns may now be obtained that we need not despair of making our rooms presentable, even with the most economical of wall coverings. Artists have given their attention and brought their knowledge and skill to bear on the subject, the result being exquisitely designed patterns, to which the most fastidious can take no exception; the difficulty that lies in our way is the selection of the most suitable. Wall-surface decoration must never be of such a decided character as to draw attention from those objects which it is intended to enhance, and to which it should act simply as a background; if we have many pictures to adorn our walls, we must select a paper that will not detract from their beauty, but rather bring out their hues to the best advantage; small patterns carried out in subdued, retiring tones are obviously most desirable. On the other hand, should we have no pictures to rely on for ornamentation, the design

of the paper may be somewhat more strongly marked. The prevailing tint, whether quiet negative hues are employed, or positive colors so balanced as to give a "neutralized bloom," must also be in accordance with the general scheme of coloring. No paper that gives representations of birds or animals will be found satisfactory, though they are constantly to be seen, especially in dado hangings; unsuitable at any time when treated in a naturalistic manner, they become most objectionable when they are repeated at stated intervals a few inches apart, as in a dado we have lately seen, where parrots perched on twigs inclosed in small square panels, the intervening panels being filled with branches of trees. A paper may be safely rejected as inartistic if the design is shaded, or if an attempt is made to suggest that the ornament is raised from the surface on which it is drawn. Two or three quotations from Mr. Colling's "Suggestions in Design," may enable us more fully to understand the nature of true ornament, and thereby more easily to choose a wall-paper that will prove a constant source of pleasure to all who look upon it. "All ornament should be founded on a geometrical basis." "Natural growth should be the law in ornament, and branches or scrolls made always to flow in their growing direction. Never make foliage grow two ways." "Flat surfaces should have a sufficient amount of flatness in their ornamentation as not to destroy their quality of flatness." From the design we may glance briefly at the coloring. If we require a paper to harmonize easily with furniture coverings, etc., it will be best to find one that is composed entirely of various shades of one color, or one containing but two tints of differing colors; there will then be but little fear that it will clash with its surroundings. If the pattern is darker than the ground, it will need outlining with a still darker shade. If much lighter, no outline is requisite; but if the pattern is only a shade or two lighter than the ground, it will need an outline of a still paler tint of its own color. A decorator who has had but little experience in the art is undoubtedly wise in choosing, both for the sake of economy and for the small amount of trouble he will have in making his colors agree, some such simple combination as we have mentioned; but at the same time we acknowledge that he loses one of his greatest chances of showing his skill in bringing together a successful combination of hues. Positive pig-

ments, applied by one who possesses a knowledge of chromatics and experience in decorating, will produce a far richer, more gorgeous effect than the monotony produced by self tints; but he needs an artist's eye, and to work according to the rules of art, if he desires to achieve a master-piece of decoration; complexity and intricacy of design, colors that contrast and harmonize, even though on the verge of disagreement, will but urge him on to greater effort in overcoming the difficulties that lie in his way. Much gilding on paper is to be avoided for many reasons. It gives a vulgar appearance if too lavishly employed; it does not wear well unless of the best quality, and even that is soon affected by damp air or by damp walls; it considerably heightens the price of the paper when the metal is good; and for a room in a small cottage that is to act as a general sitting-room, it would be decidedly out of place. All papers containing gilding can, therefore, be at once passed over. For the use of those who intend to assist in their own home-decorations, we give the following directions for paper-hanging. The worker has but few preparations to make before commencing—a deal table placed in the centre of the room, a large pair of scissors for edging the paper, a pail containing paste, a duster or roller placed ready at hand, and he may at once begin operations. And, first, as to the paste. Good flour and boiling water are the only requisites for its manufacture; alum may be added in the proportion of two ounces of alum to four pounds of flour; it is not essential to paste-making, but Dr. Richardson recommends its use in his articles on "Health at Home." The most important point is to make sure that the water boils thoroughly. Take some flour, and see that it is free from all lumps; now add cold water sufficient to moisten it so that it runs thickly from the spoon. When the water is boiling hard and fast, pour it over the flour, never ceasing to stir until the paste turns; when it loses its white appearance, and partially clears, it is proof that sufficient water had been added. The paste is then to be brought to the right consistency by thinning it with cold water, when it will work easily with the brush. He will now edge the paper, cutting close to the pattern on one side, on the other leaving about the eighth of an inch beyond, which serves for the underlap. After measuring one length, the paper is laid on the table, the piece unrolled, and the pattern matched for the second length;

when a number are thus ready, the first may be pasted. It is brought close to the edge of the table, so that no paste can reach the table itself, or it will soil the next breadth that is placed upon it. When the bottom of the length is pasted, it is folded over and the top is finished. Commence hanging from the side of a window or door, so that there may be no more joins than are absolutely necessary. Each length as it is hung requires to be rolled or smoothed close to the wall with a duster, that no air bubbles may remain. A border or frieze will hide defects if there should be any, and add greatly to the appearance of the room. Whitewashed or colored walls will have to be sized and scraped.

To return to the consideration of the sitting-room. We would suggest that the prevailing tint of the paper is citrine; it is a shade that harmonizes easily with many furniture coverings, is cool and pleasant to look upon, and does not assert itself too strongly. As the room will probably not be of large dimensions, we would not recommend a dado; but a border at the bottom and a frieze at the top of the wall will give a good effect, and break the monotony. The wood-work shall be olive-green of two shades, the styles and mouldings of the door dark, the panels light, the lower part of the wainscot dark, the upper part light. And here we would advise the workman's aid to be called in. Painting is not only arduous, but the smell of the oils is strong and often disagreeable. Then, too, so much preparation is indispensable, if it is to present a satisfactory appearance when completed. New wood requires priming, that it should not absorb the paint. The knots have to be "killed," any cracks filled up with putty, and inequalities rubbed down with glass-paper. Then the coats of paint have to be laid on and allowed their proper time to dry, so that, however assiduously the wood-work of a room is worked at, it is, at the best of times, both a long and trying performance. The ceiling is colored a pale blue-green. A painted ceiling, beautiful as it may be in itself, is unsuitable for a cottage home, even though the owner should be inclined to decorate it himself, for the good reason that when there is only one sitting-room it is constantly in use, and the ceiling needs renovating every year. We can imagine the despair of the artist at seeing his work becoming rapidly soiled day by day, knowing that cleanliness, and as a consequence health,

requires a renewal, and yet dreading to efface with a clean coat of whitewash that which was a labor of love and took so long to execute. But although the ceiling is simply colored, there is no occasion that it should lack ornamentation. A stenciled pattern at the corners will amply repay the decorator for the time bestowed on it and the trouble incurred. It is easy work, and quickly done, so that there is not the same objection to it as to painted decorations. If the carpet is russet, a harmony will be established between the several portions of the room; it is a color that wears well, and being sombre in tone, gives the solidity that is desirable in a floor covering; the design must give the same impression of stability, and should be equally balanced over the entire surface, no shadows being introduced, or the flatness essential to a good carpet-pattern will be endangered.

The furniture comes, perhaps, scarcely within the limits of this paper; but we cannot refrain from remarking that, whatever the style chosen, it should be good of its kind, strong and yet tasteful. A sitting-room that must meet the requirements of both dining and drawing-rooms must perforce contain some diversity of form and material; lounging-chairs cannot be excluded, while dining-chairs are indispensable; but though we must not forget that unity is one of the first laws of decoration, yet "Unity without variety produces uniformity and insipidity, variety without unity results in confusion or absence of design." A design for book-shelves we saw lately pleased us much, and might be employed with success in many small rooms; taking up but little space, it was both novel and useful. It would, however, be only practicable where the doorway is constructed near the centre of the wall, as the shelves are ranged on either side of it. First, there is a small cupboard at the bottom, with ornamental doors; above this the shelves, filled with books, reach as high as the door, which is surmounted by an architrave, holding an Oriental jar, while on a narrow shelf above a china plaque rests against the wall; the shelves and cupboards are repeated on the other side of the doorway, and the whole presents a unique, picturesque effect. It might be carried out in ebonized deal, light oak, polished pine, or painted in conformity with the wood-work of the room, the panels of the cupboard-doors being decorated after the same fashion as the door and shutter panels. For the entrance-

hall we can choose between paint, tempera color, and varnished paper. The paint, if varnished, will wash and wear well, but the expense incurred will deter many from employing this mode of hall decoration. Flatted paint also admits of washing, if carefully performed, but no soap or soda may be used in the cleansing process. To the use of tempera color there can be no objection on the score of extravagance, but then it will require constant renewal. One thing to be said greatly in its favor is, that the decorator has it in his power to color his walls any hue or shade that he prefers. Now this is not always the case with wall-papers. A book of patterns—it may be even two or three books—are sent on approval, and yet no color that exactly suits is found among them. This will be found to be commonly the case when a dado and filling are both required. Unless they are made specially to suit each other, it is very difficult to find two papers that will blend harmoniously together; and of those that are thus made to use in combination, sometimes the pattern is not pleasing—it is too large, too small, or too formal; so that to obtain a thoroughly satisfactory wall-paper is not an easy matter. Tempera or distemper color obviates all trouble of this kind. The decorator can mix his colors until he gets the exact shade to suit his taste, and he also can change the appearance of his house as often as he chooses, at a small outlay, by simply recoloring his walls. "Distemper is a term applied at the present time to all colors diluted with water, and rendered firm and adhesive by thin glue or parchment size. The ordinary process of whitewashing and other coloring with size is distemper work." It is decidedly a more economical plan, if a paper is used, to varnish it; marks are not so easily made on it, it cannot be readily torn off, and may be washed down without injury. After the paper is hung, it requires sizing twice before the varnish is applied, the first coat being allowed to dry before the second is laid on. Size is composed of glue dissolved in water; the allowance is four ounces of the best glue to a quart of water. The glue is soaked in cold water for some hours. Then hot water is added until it is dissolved, or it can be more quickly made if melted over the fire, more water being mixed with it afterward to bring it to the right strength. In repairing halls and staircases the old varnished paper is often left on, in which case it must be sized. This is allowed to

dry, and it is then rubbed down before the fresh paper is hung. If there are any indentations or crevices in the wall, they are filled up with plaster of Paris, or pasted over with strong brown paper. In selecting a paper it must not be forgotten that the color will appear two or three shades darker after varnishing, or some disappointment may be experienced when the walls are completed. Seen through the coating of varnish that is slightly yellowish, the color is often materially altered, as well as darkened; if there is any doubt as to its suitability, it is as well to try a piece before deciding finally. We will settle, then, on a distemper wall for our cottage, as being the cheapest and the easiest to renew. It shall have a claret-colored dado, the upper part being a warm buff-tint. Raise the dado about three feet or so, according to the height of the ceiling, and just below the top of it stencil a rich set pattern in the same color, but of a darker shade. Then above the dado on the buff wall stencil another pattern lighter in construction, with fine lines and more delicate tracery, in the light-claret color. Now stencil a frieze, about half a foot in depth, on the buff wall close under the cornice. The ground of the frieze is to be a lighter tone of the buff, the pattern a bold tracery in claret. Tint the cornice and ceiling a warm cream, and the walls and ceiling are complete. If the hall is too low to admit of a frieze being introduced, the cornice may be colored and the frieze omitted. The lowest row that meets the wall can be of terra cotta color. Then a space of cream, the remaining ornament being worked out in soft blue-greens and subtle yellow tints. It need not take long to decorate the walls after this manner, even though the two borders and frieze are all desired. Stenciling is easy and quick work, that makes a show with but little cost. The pattern is cut in metal plates; zinc, tin, copper, brass, are all used. It may be even cut out in card-board, but this does not last long, and new cards are often required; while if the metal plate is procured one is sufficient for each pattern. The plate is held in position on the wall with the left hand; in the right a stencil-brush (flat at the end) is held filled with color; the plate is then brushed over with a circular movement, which leaves the color on the wall through the perforations that form the pattern. But as, for example, a circular line cannot be entirely cut round, or the centre would fall out, all such interstices so left must be filled in after-

ward with a paint-brush. Two or more colors may be employed at discretion on the same plate. Stained wood will form on many accounts the best flooring for the hall. When the boards are good and closely laid, there is very little trouble in making them look well; but if they are rough, with many irregularities, the defects must be remedied as far as possible before staining is commenced. The roughness should be planed off, or, if only slight, it may be rubbed down with glass paper; the cracks between the boards and any holes must be filled up with colored putty. When the boards are thus made level, the floor is scrubbed and allowed to dry thoroughly. The next day a layer of size is applied, to prevent the stain being absorbed by the wood. The stain is now diluted with water until the desired strength of tint is obtained, sufficient being mixed at once to cover the whole floor; it is put on with a soft brush or sponge, evenly, without going over the same part twice. When quite dry, a coat of varnish covers the stain. All that is needed to keep it in good condition is an application of beeswax and turpentine well rubbed in once a week, and a polish with a clean cloth each morning. Passing up the staircase, that is colored after the same manner as the hall, we reach the bedrooms.

There are many persons who treat the upper part of a house as though it were quite of secondary importance; the sort of feeling that animates them with regard to it is that few beyond the inmates ever go up-stairs, and therefore, so long as the rooms are clean, all requirements are met, leaving out of the question altogether the pleasure that is felt and the good that is gained by having all our surroundings beautiful and orderly. But in our model cottage the upper floor shall be considered of as great account as the lower. The walls of the staircase are decorated as carefully to the top of the house as the hall itself, the landing floor stained, and a breadth of the stair carpet laid along it to prevent the noise of footsteps disturbing the morning slumbers. The bedroom walls may be papered or colored. A dado of flatted color with distemper color above will wear better than if the entire wall were done in distemper, and more durable still is a dado of varnished paint. Paper when varnished is clean and strong; in nurseries,

where little fingers delight to smudge the walls and tear off any tempting little corners that become loose, it is invaluable, but in ordinary bedrooms the varnished surface is not desirable, at least as far as appearance is concerned, though it is certainly economical, and perfect as regards the ease with which it can be cleaned. One of its most noticeable disadvantages is, that on a bright day the several objects in the room are reflected in the shining surface. A bedroom should impress the observer with the idea of a dainty cleanliness reigning supreme in every part of it, while the prevalence of cool, soothing tones of color suggest repose and rest. The paint might be delicate chocolate, the walls soft pea-green; no color equals green for giving rest to the eyes, and in its paler tints it offers a pleasant sense of coolness during the most sultry days of summer, while they are free from the suspicion of coldness seen in many of the gray shades commonly used. Light colors make a room appear larger than the dark shades. Wood-work, painted chocolate, and cream walls look well with bright-blue furniture coverings and curtains, or maroon paint and citrine wall with deep-blue. A wall of a pale tone of blue and sage-green wood-work will harmonize with furniture coverings bearing a design of autumn-tinted leaves. Stained boards are without doubt best for bedrooms; a square of carpet covers the centre, leaving three feet free all round the room. Dust invariably collects under furniture and chairs; dresses and draughts of air sweep it up into the corners; but the boards being without covering allow of its being easily taken up with a duster. Then, too, the carpet being simply laid down, there is no difficulty in the way of its being often shaken; no tacks have to be taken out or heavy wardrobes moved, so that there is no possible excuse for its being left down until the dust accumulates thickly. If by any of the foregoing remarks our readers are in some small degree assisted in making their homes beautiful, we shall feel abundantly satisfied. Who among us does not feel, in the words of the old song that will live on through the ages, "There is no place like home;" and whatever we can do to make it the centre of all that is lovely, attractive, and worthy of admiration, is work put to one of its higher uses.

THE CROSSGRAINS AND THE STRAIGHTGRAINS.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

TRUEVILLE is the home of two families. Of course, it is also the home of others; else, it would not be the average village that it is. But two are representative of many of the others. One is the Crossgrain family; the other the Straightgrain. Both have comfortable incomes, and their heads are esteemed fairly educated, as education is scaled in the average village of the West. And, so far as the carpenter, mason, and painter have gone, their residences indicate social equality. The two families attend one church. There are children, grown and growing, in each. Only a single block of village earth keeps asunder their front gates, and their garden fences eye each other across a narrow alley. So similar, indeed, are the conventional surroundings of the C——'s and S——'s, that strangers in Trueville often ask if their homes are not those of brothers.

But, in spite of these overcoats of one cloth and one cut which cover these homes, the world sniffs a suspicion that their inside furnishings are very unlike. And yet it very rarely draws the latch-string to the domicile of the Crossgrains. Even when it passes on foot it hugs the outer edge of the sidewalk, and barely glances between the pickets at the flowers within—mostly snow-drops.

With what keen senses the public walks abroad! Its instinct percolates where water cannot. The bad fellow buttons his coat, pulls down his hat, and goes into the street fancying that he is not known. But does anybody spontaneously press his hand and smile upon him? His deeds may not be identified, but his nature is. Sir Churl and wife roll into their residence, bolt the doors, close the shutters, drop the curtains, muzzle the servants, and think, poor fools, that the world is blindfolded! Enough things it doesn't see, but those that are trying to hide are not of the number. It has a sleepless eye for shy folks, and homes that study most to make their walls opaque make them transparent.

So the Crossgrain front steps are little worn with visitors' shoes, and the bell-wire is known never to have been snapped with the force of one solicitous to become a guest within. The out-lying of this home looks smooth enough; in fact,

so smooth that the waters of sympathy glide around it as the rain-drops roll from the duck's back. It is cold, too; snow-banks keep on its grounds till June; its grass doesn't start till the Straightgrain lawn has enjoyed its first spring shave; and an icicle on legs is annually seen there as late as July. Of course, these title-page inscriptions tell pretty clearly the nature of the contents.

But since I reside in a town adjoining Trueville, and have business relations with Mr. Crossgrain, I may as well let you read a page or two within the family lids. I was one day detained at his store till the dinner-hour, with items of "unfinished business" still to adjust. He invited me to his home to dine. As to this act of hospitality, which he couldn't well avoid, he manifested a shade of misgiving; I felt two shades, but kept them covered with a light countenance. In truth, somehow, I felt an inward wonder if it wasn't I who, in going, would confer the hospitality. But, bent on the sacrifice of self, I went.

Mr. C—— was broad in the shoulders, short in the neck, square in the face, and stumpy in the legs. He wore a grizzly beard, five days without a cut, a sort of hair-brush without a handle. His visible linen had ceased to be a thing of beauty by several days. His finger-nails were bordered with blue. And his salt-and-pepper garments hung upon his person in uncongenial fits, and not nearer than his other habits to courting social familiarity. He talked but little, and one felt grateful when that little languished, for his voice had the grate of rusted hinges and his face no smiles.

As we neared the inlet to the Crossgrain residence, two small children at play in the yard, strangers to pocket-handkerchiefs, first pressed their crimson faces between the fence pickets to assure themselves what I was, then ran around to a side-door, screaming, "Ma! there's another man come home with pa!"

I naturally guessed that the *other* man hadn't proved a source of pleasure to "ma," and took soundings for snags in my own path.

We ascended the front steps, and found the

door locked. My host rang, but no answer came. Then I sat down on the porch-rail, and waited while my host went around and let me in. In his absence I was amused, if not comforted, by hearing a woman's voice bitterly demanding, "Sam, didn't you know better'n to bring another fellow home to dinner?"

"Sam" didn't confess to any knowledge of that kind, but appeared to enter a mental mem. of the question for domestic debate by lamplight, probably.

I followed my host into the hallway, laid aside my hat and great-coat, and entered a well-furnished, but not well-used, parlor. But it gave only cold greeting. There was no fire in its grate, and a finger on its marble mantel-shelf was a chill along the spine. We passed on into the sitting-room, or "library," as Mr. Crossgrain took evident pride in calling it, though I discerned nothing more bookish than an almanac, a hymn-book, and a trash story paper. This room, too, was cold. It had in one corner a handsome heating-stove, but it gave no sign of having comforted any soul through the sense of feeling for a week or more. The room, from carpet to ceiling, in fact, looked as though domestic stagnation had struck it. A sewing-machine stood at one side, but the dust upon its case seemed to invite my autograph from a finger's tip.

I heard high notes in an adjoining room, and concluded that it contained the fire of an untamed temper, if not of anthracite.

"We don't often have company," said my host presently, "and the women folks let the fire go out in here. Let's go where there is some, if the room *isn't* so fine."

It didn't become me to object to anything at that time and place, and I meekly took the trail behind my guide; that trail led into the dining-room.

"Sophi!" shouted Mr. Crossgrain, as we passed the threshold, "this is Mr. Smith, of Jonesburg!"

I bowed, smiled, and spoke my blindest. The woman addressed looked up and grunted—a terror to visitors. I inferred that "Sophi" was a familiar synonym for Mrs. Crossgrain.

Again my host spoke: "Nell, Mr. Smith." A young woman of about eighteen looked up, smiled, with a blush of shame for "the very looks o' things," as Smith saluted her, and hurried out of

sight. Interpreted by inference, "Nell" meant daughter.

My host presented me a chair by the stove, and took one himself. I sought to engage him in conversation upon points in the news and thoughts of the day, but could get only an assenting monosyllable to each of my observations. And, having nothing to read, I became the student of my surroundings.

The pair of Crossgrain splinters who had first heralded my coming to "ma" now climbed upon the paternal knees and stared at me, in further proof that "we don't often have company." I was not sad to see them shy of me. I love children, and realize that they must be largely made after they are born; but I do not like them made large by neglected secretions. They ought to begin to cut character almost as soon as they do teeth.

It was 12.30, his usual hour of dining, my host said, though I began to doubt if anything in his family had a "usual" time to happen. There was not even the odor of dinner crowding through the keyhole from the kitchen. The mother and daughter, both in tattered, soiled calico, hair uncombed, but loosely caught up with a twist and a hairpin, had just begun "picking up" the dining-room as we entered it. Hastily a pair of soiled stockings, a boy's pair of ragged pants, the shadow of a set of corsets, and other undress *débris* were whisked through a door of escape; two chairs were lifted from their backs and made to stand upon their crippled legs; Tommy's scalloped slice of bread-and-butter was removed from a third chair; then the stub of a broom was brought in and made to do "duty"—raise a dust.

About this room for family gathering three times a day, there was not a fruit-piece, a gaming-piece, other picture or symbol of family cheer and table pleasure.

But there was bustling within the kitchen, rattling of tins and kettles, and poking of the stove, and the frequent audible "fret" in rude female tones.

After an hour's waiting, the meal was served, a good meal; evidently, by the tease of the children, better than usual. But I found I had outlived my appetite, for my time had been wasted; and the mother and daughter sat at table in their old gowns, looking worried in the creation of culinary extras on my account. The meal was hastily

eaten, and with scarcely any conversation beyond requests for food.

There was no taste, or delicacy of manners, in man or woman, at home or away, in dress, in speech, in eating, in housekeeping. My adieu to the Crossgrains was unmingled with wonder that "we don't often have company."

A month later I was again in Trueville, and sat in the office of Mr. Straightgrain when his clock struck twelve. Business was over, and I arose to withdraw.

"Don't go, Mr. Smith," said he; "in a few moments I shall go to dinner, and I'll be very glad of your company."

"But," said I, "I find that 'company' sometimes occasions extra effort and anxiety on the part of the housewife."

"Not so with us. Mrs. S—— will greet you cheerily, I assure you, and serve you with the same quality she will give me. Isn't that fair fare?"

"That's exactly what I like," said I. "I like to feel at home away from home."

"Then, too," said my friend, "we always like to introduce to the family-circle people we don't see every day. I think that worthy guests are good to take home to the children. Company is not an oddity at our house."

"All right," said I. "Make them a present of me, if you like."

He did so, for an hour; and each relished the other's presence at table. For the children were clean and coaxable, and had seen strangers before, and I tried not to skip them in the conversation. A little fellow met us at the gate, and was taken in his father's arms with a kiss and a smile. The

daughter, becomingly attired, sat at the parlor window watching for her father's coming. She opened the door for us, met her father's friend with a pleasant word, then relieved her mother in the room where work is to be done just before meals. For neither of my Trueville acquaintances practiced the luxury and perplexity of maid-servants.

Mrs. Straightgrain entered the parlor with such a sunny atmosphere about her, and such a grace in her voice, that I was at once truly relieved from embarrassment and all fear of being an embarrassment to her kitchen economy.

A few moments later the daughter announced dinner, and we passed out to an abundant, but plain, repast. But there was generous dessert in the surroundings—in the decorations on the walls; in the whiteness of the table-linen; in the brightness and sense of rest for all who ate; in the genial flow of intelligent conversation.

With pleasant thoughts I parted from the Straightgrains, feeling that they were ~~right~~ in making "company no oddity in our house," and that one visit was the seed of desire to go again. Making her house and herself the delight of her husband at all times, Mrs. S—— found it always a delight to welcome a friend from the outside world, without extra labor or loss of temper.

And what I find true in Trueville may cast its shadow on other communities—that, in spite of a likeness in opportunities, people hold to antipodal modes of living; some to traits and habits which render their household a home, their neighbors to traits and habits which show you their household as a collection of half-wild animals, a sort of mimic caravan on carpets.

LATE.

By B. A. GOODRIDGE.

Too late, too late, the laurel-blooms are dead !
About thy feet the withered blossoms lie,
The wan, white petals, lusterless and dry ;
Their glow departed and their fragrance shed.
Why came you not when rosy June had spread
Her mantle to the sun ?

Return, return, the laurel blooms no more,
Until a twelvemonth's cycle rounds again !
Your sighs and tears are all, are all in vain.
They ne'er come back, the days that went before ;
But days to come may have sweet joys in store,
And triumphs to be won.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

By MARIAN FORD.

THE cooler days of September bring fresh energy, and after summer leisure neglected pursuits are eagerly resumed. While fancy-work can scarcely be classed among the latter, it is nevertheless true that more elaborate pieces of embroidery are apt to be deferred until the autumn, when thoughts of the approaching holidays make deft fingers fly still more nimbly.

EMBROIDERED SOFA-PILLOW.

A very pretty design for a sofa pillow is that represented in Fig. 1, worked on coarse canvas

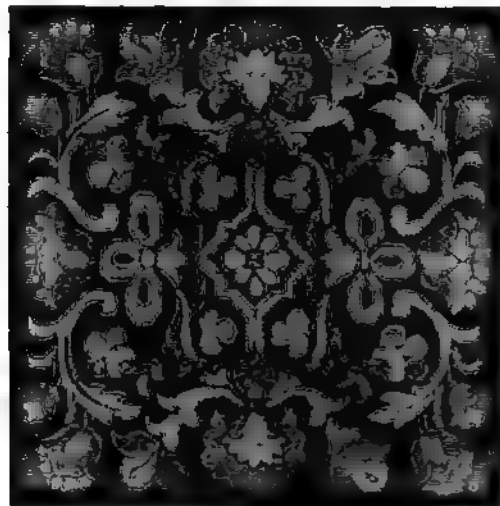


FIG. 1.—EMBROIDERY FOR A SOFA-PILLOW.

(*canevas d'Espagne*). Cross-stitch embroidery is used only for the outlines of the figures and the general groundwork. The filling out of the different figures is done in the so-called "Gobelin-stitch," which is worked partly in horizontal and partly in vertical lines. The former is illustrated in Fig. 2, and the latter in Fig. 3. Overcast them with long running-stitches of crewel wool, transposed, as shown by the illustration.

The pattern is worked with crewel wool. Pale-blue, salmon color, olive-green, and pale-green are used alternately for the arabesques. Employ black wool for the grounding. Fig. 4 gives an enlarged quarter-section of the pattern, from which the design may be easily followed.

CROCHET SQUARE SHAWL.

A beautiful square shawl, which may be coquet-

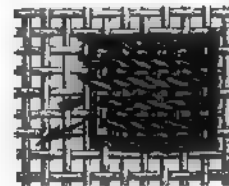


FIG. 2.—CROSS-STITCH.

tishly arranged to form a cape and hood, by throwing one-half around the head, can be made by the following directions:

The materials are pink and white double mohair wool and a coarse wooden needle. The shawl is bordered with crocheted lace shaped in scallops, and between every two scallops tassels formed of white wool and pink chenille are fastened with a most graceful and becoming effect. Begin the shawl at the centre with white wool on a foundation of four c. h. (chain-stitch), closed to form a loop with one s. l. (slip-stitch), and work on it as follows:

1st row. Four times alternately three c. h. and one s. c. (single crochet) on the next foundation st. (stitch).

2d row. * three c. h., then for one corner, widening two pattern st. separated by three c. h. on the middle one of the next three c. h. in the preceding row; each pattern-stitch is worked in this manner: Four times alternately wind the thread about the needle and take up a st. from the st. designated, inserting the needle into the st. and drawing the thread through it to do so, then work

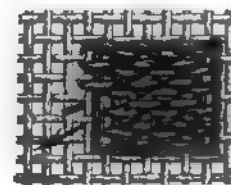


FIG. 3.—GOBELIN-STITCH.

off together all stitches and threads on the needle, and crochet one s. c. around the coils of the st.;

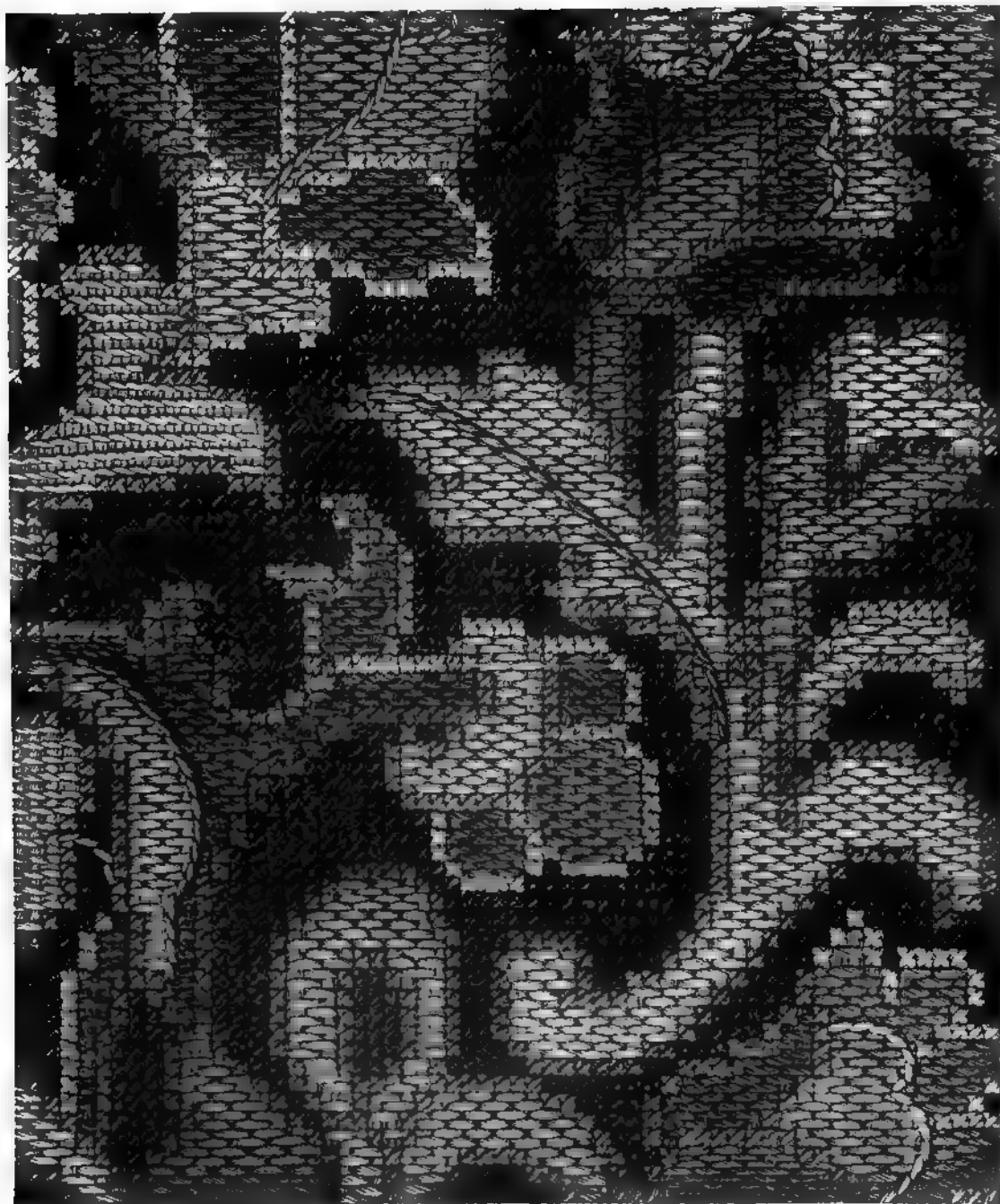


FIG. 4.—ENLARGED QUARTER SECTION OF FIG. 1.

after the second pattern stitch of the widening, work three c. h., one pattern stitch on the next s. c., and repeat three times from *.

3d row. Three c. h., one pattern st. on the middle one of the next three c. h. in the preceding round, three c. h., then for widening at the next

corner two pattern st. separated by three c. h. on the middle one of the three c. h. in the next

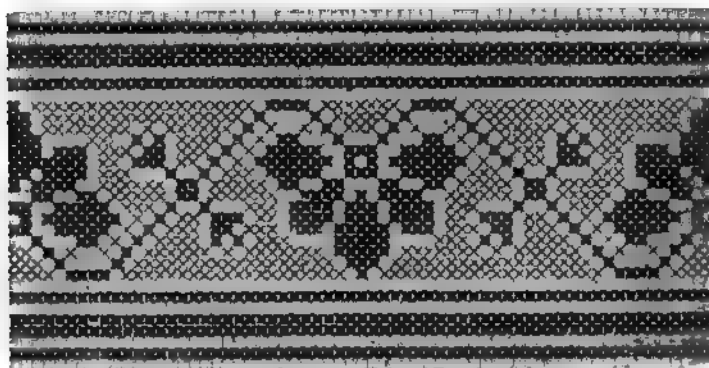


FIG. 5.—BORDER FOR FIG. 6.

widening, three c. h. One pattern st. on the middle one of the following three c. h.; repeat three times from *.

4th to 29th rows. Work as in the preceding round, increasing the number of pattern st. in each row, and working the eighteenth and twentieth rows in pink wool. Work the lace border for the shawl with white wool in the following manner:

1st row. Alternately one s. c. on the middle one of the next three c. h. in the preceding row, and five c. h.; at the end one s. l. on the first s. c. of the row.

2d row. Two s. l. on the next two st. in the preceding row, * two s. c. separated by four c. h. on the next st., three c. h., six d. c. (double crochet) on the middle one of the next five c. h., three c. h. pass over five st., repeat from *; finally one s. l. on the first s. c. in the row.

TABLE-COVER WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

A superb table-cover, which will well repay the labor of any one who may have leisure to devote to the task, is illustrated in Figs. 5 and 6.

It is sufficiently large to handsomely cover an ordinary (closed) extension-table, being seventy-

two inches square, and self fringed all around. The material is fine *écru* canvas linen, and the embroidery is executed in cross-stitch in light-blue, dark-blue, and red. The design is very beautiful, and lays claim to great antiquity.

BURLAPS RUG.

The rage for rugs continues with such undiminished eagerness, that new designs are continually invented to supply the demand. A very useful style, because it can be cut to fit any space, is made in the following manner:

Cut a piece of burlaps of any size and shape desired. Then select various shades of alpaca braids, scald and dry them to prevent shrinking, and arrange them tastefully. The following order produces an excellent effect: Black, yellow, brown, scarlet, blue, orange, slate, and green. Baste neatly, running each stripe out to the edge, thus making a square of crossed lines at the corners. Do not put the braids on with sewing-machine, which gives a drawn appearance, but whip each edge.

The black braid should be three inches from the edge and the others one inch apart. With heavy wool or yarn, of colors that harmonize well,

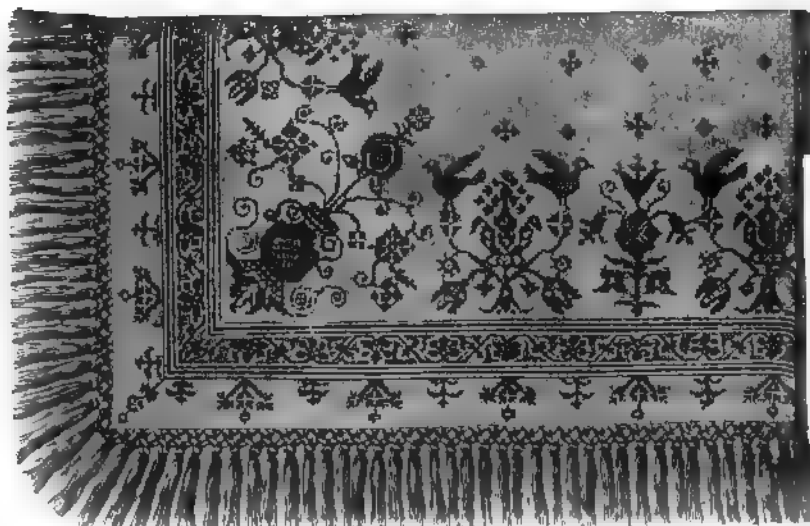


FIG. 6.—TABLE-COVER WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

make rows of feather-stitching between the rows of braid.

If further ornamentation is desirable, a star may be traced in the centre and the outlines followed with braid.



FIG. 7.—WASTE-PAPER BASKET TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY.

WASTE-PAPER BASKET TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY.

The pretty basket for waste-paper, illustrated in Fig. 7, is composed of wicker-work and cane-rods, which are varnished black. The trimming consists of a strip of bronze-colored silk, nine and a half inches wide, furnished with a stiff lining and ornamented with a binding of olive-colored velvet. Each section of this strip is embroidered alternately with a spray of flowers and leaves and a monogram, the monogram being placed on the narrow and the spray of flowers on the long sides of the oblong basket. Two sprays of flowers are used, separated by a band of the velvet. They are worked in tent-stitch with filoselle silk in two shades of dark-red. The monogram is edged with gold cord and filled out with dark-red and blue silk. The lining is of blue silk headed with ruches of blue satin ribbon an inch and a half wide. The four corners of the basket are trimmed with bows of blue satin ribbon, and knotted tassels of dark-red and blue silk, as shown by the illustration.

The strip of olive silk may be embroidered with a vine passing entirely around the basket, if preferred, or olive felt, with a garland of poppies and corn-flowers executed in Kensington art-work, can be substituted with excellent effect.

SCRAP-COVERINGS.

A new method of utilizing the scraps of silk, satin, ribbon, and velvet constantly accumulating in every family has been devised by some clever brain, and is rapidly growing in favor.

Cut the bits of material into pieces about four inches long and one-eighth or one-quarter of an inch wide, sewing them neatly together after the manner of preparing carpet-rags, crocheting or knitting them together hap-hazard.

Pieces of cloth prepared in the same way, but cut wider and longer, make serviceable rugs for the floor, but the bits of silk and satin form charming coverings for sofa-pillows or brioches. Some very industrious people make pieces large enough for *portières*. The effect is really pretty and artistic.

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

New designs for handkerchief-cases are always in demand, and a very elegant one can be made from the following directions:

First secure a square pasteboard box and line it with white *matelasse*. Then make a cushion of the same size, cover it with pale-blue velvet, border it with a flat row of lace or insertion—if lace, the edge should be turned toward the centre

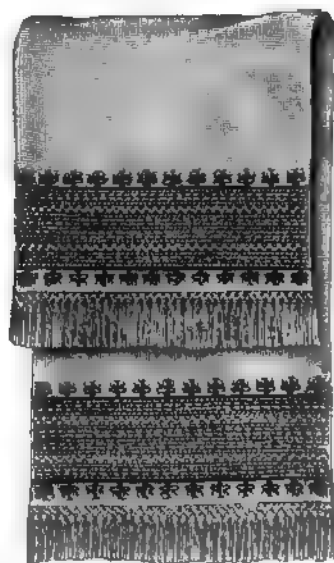


FIG. 8.—TOWEL WITH DRAWN-WORK AND CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

of the cushion—and cover the centre with a square of *appliqué* or antique lace. This cushion is fastened upon the top of the box.

Next cover the sides of the box with a puff of velvet; a bias strip about four inches wide is shirred twice along each edge and then attached to a strip of foundation wide and long enough to extend around the sides of the box; the lower edge is bound half an inch wide and finished with cord; the joining of the upper edge with the top of the box is concealed under pale-blue silk galloon, dotted with tufts of blue silk. From the lower edge of the galloon hang tassels of blue and white silk or chenille.

TOWEL WITH DRAWN-WORK AND CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

A very beautiful design for the elaborate towels now so fashionable for covering towel-racks, even if held too valuable for use, is illustrated in Fig. 8.

The design is worked on linen of medium fineness with dark-blue embroidery cotton (No. 30) and white linen thread (No. 60). Fig. 9 shows an enlarged pattern which can be readily followed. To execute it, alternately ravel six threads and leave three threads remaining. Catch every three of the former together and wind the joining thread with the same cotton.

SHIRRED BAG.

A pretty method of making the hand-bags now so fashionable is to cut a piece of satin ten inches wide and seventeen inches long, fold it lengthwise down the middle and join it at the sides. The top is turned down an inch and a quarter and run with a shirr, through which satin ribbon is drawn and tied in a bow. For the trimming a strip of satin of a darker shade is cut eighteen inches long and eight and a half wide, but sloped on the sides to a depth of six inches. The sides are then turned down to the depth of an inch, and, leaving a heading three-quarters of an inch wide, are shirred four times, twice on each side, leaving a space of half an inch between. A band of embroidery is then laid between the shirrs, and finished at the ends in points.

CROCHET WORK-BAG.

This pretty bag is worked with white crochet cotton and lined with cherry-colored satin. To make the crochet covering, begin with a foundation of sixty-nine st. (stitches) and work in rows back and forth.

1st row. Pass by three st. and work one d. c. (double crochet) on every following st.

2d row. One s. c. (single crochet) on the next st. in the preceding row, * four c. h. (chain-stitch) one t. c. (treble crochet) on the same st. with the preceding s. c., reserving the uppermost vein on the needle, one t. c. on the following sixth st., working off the uppermost vein together with that of the preceding t. c., four c. h. one s. c. on the

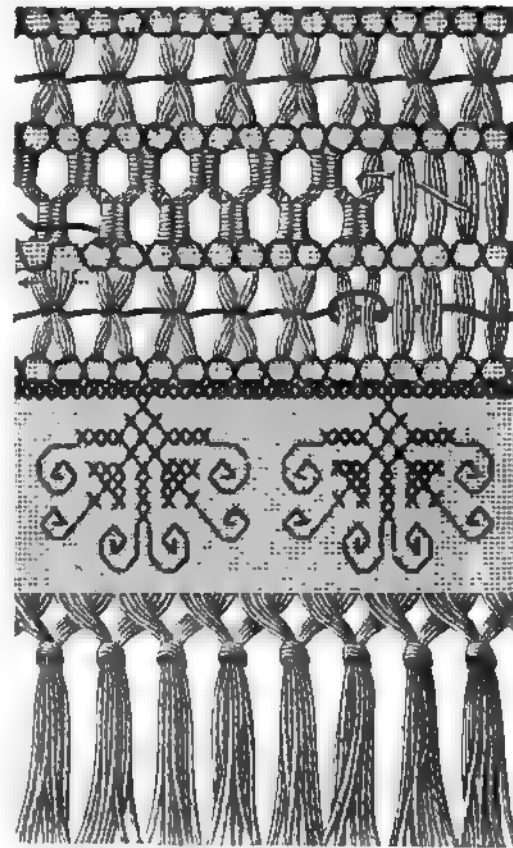


FIG. 9.—ENLARGED PATTERN OF FIG. 8.

same st. with the preceding t. c.; repeat from * ten times, but instead of the last four c. h. and one s. c. in the row, work one t. c. on the same st. with the preceding t. c.

3d row. Nine c. h., one s. c. on the st. with which the next two t. c. in the preceding row were worked off, * four c. h., one t. c. on the same stitch with the preceding s. c., reserving the uppermost vein, one t. c. on the st. with which the next two t. c. in the preceding row were worked off, working off the uppermost vein to-

gether with that of the preceding t. c. four c. h. one s. c. on the same st. with the preceding t. c.; repeat from * nine times, then four c. h. one t. c. the flap, omit one-half of a pattern figure at each end, the last row containing only six pattern figures.



FIG. 10.—EMBROIDERY ON VELVET.

on the same st. with the preceding s. c. Work thirty-one more rows in the same pattern, but in the last five of these, to form the sloping sides of

Border the bag, with the exception of the foundation st., on which work a row in s. c., with edging worked as follows:

1st row. One s. c. on the first st. on the edge, then alternately five c. h. and one s. c. on the middle st. of the next scallop.

2d row. One d. c. on every st. in the preceding row.

3d row. Alternately one s. c. on the next st. in the preceding row, and five c. h. passing by three st.

4th row. Alternately one s. c. on the middle c. h. of the next five in the preceding row, and five c. h.

5th row. One s. c. on the next s. c. in the preceding row, five c. h. one s. c. on the middle c. h. of the next five, * three c. h. one s. c. on the middle c. h. of the next five; five c. h., connect to the first of the preceding three c. h., five c. h. one s. c. in the middle one of the five c. h. worked last; repeat from *.

The bag is lined with cherry satin, after which the sides are joined. Two buttons are furnished for closing it, and the corners are ornamented with cherry satin bows.

EMBROIDERY ON VELVET.

The pattern for embroidery, furnished in Fig. 10, is supplied by the school of art-needlework in South Kensington. It is extremely pretty, very easy, and especially adapted for covering articles of furniture. It would also be extremely handsome for a sofa-pillow. The foundation is dark-brown velvet. The large flower figures are worked alternately in two shades of old-gold and pink. The leaves have two shades of green. The woolen threads are bronze-colored, over stitched with olive filoselle silk.

INFANT'S BOOT.

The very pretty pattern for an infant's sock, given below, is executed partly in knitting and partly in crochet. The material is white zephyr worsted, and the border at the top is crocheted with white worsted and filling-silk. The front of the boot is trimmed with crochet figures, each filled with a worsted ball. Through the row of holes at the ankle is passed a white silk ribbon, which is tied in a bow in front.

Begin the sock at the top with a foundation of sixty-four stitches; close these in a ring and work as follows:

1st row. *. Three times alternately k. two together (knit two stitches together) t. t. o.; then one k., three times alternately t. t. o., k. two to-

gether; then one p. (seam), one k., one p., and repeat from *.

2d row. *. Thirteen k., one p., one k., one p.

3d row. Like the preceding row. Repeat twice the first and third rows.

10th row. All knit plain.

11th row. All seamed.

12th and 13th rows. Like tenth and eleventh rows.

14th row. All knit plain.

15th and 16th rows. Always alternately one k., one p.

Repeat three times the fifteenth and sixteenth rows, transposing the design.

Next follow four rows all knit plain, then for the holes, one row in which alternately t. t. o. and knit two together.

Knit one more row plain, then going back and forth on the first and last sixteen stitches, work the heel sixteen rows high, so that the stitches appear all knit plain on the right side.

Next follow three rows in which the stitches of the first and last rows appear seamed.

Close the heel with eighteen rows all knit plain, going back and forth on the middle fourteen stitches, and at the end of each row add the next st. of the heel, drawing the last st. over the same. Take up the edge st. of the heel on needles and work, going forward on all the st. Thirty-five rows entirely knit plain, but in every second following row for a seam; seam the first st. and in the twentieth, twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth, and thirty second rows, after the tenth stitch, at the beginning, and before the tenth stitch from the end narrow one st. each.

Next follow twelve rows in the design of the fifteenth and twenty-first rows, narrowing once in every fourth following row above the preceding narrowing. Cast off the st. of the last row, lay those which meet the sole on those of the front, and overhand them together from the wrong side.

The edging at the top is worked as follows:

1st row. (With worsted) *. Five d. c. separated each by one c. h. on the st., knit plain between two p. in the first row, one c. h. one s. c. on the k. between the middle two of the next six holes in the first row, one c. h., and repeat from *; finally, one s. c. on the first d. c. in this row.

2nd row. (With white silk) *. Five times alternately one s. c. on the next c. h. between two d. c. in the preceding row, three c. h.; then one

s. c. on the next s. c., three c. h. and repeat from *.

Finally, one s. c. on the first s. c. in the row.
For each of three figures set on the front,
crochet three times alternately seven c. h. one s. c.

on the first of these, then one s. c. on the first st. in the figure, two c. h. and repeat from *; finally, one s. c. on the first s. c. Set a worsted ball in the middle of each figure.

THROUGH THE CLOVER.

By J. RUSSELL FISHER.

THE air was glad with a sweet perfume
In the stilly twilight shadow;
And the nodding clover was all abloom,
And the blue grass swayed like a waving plume,
In the heart of the fragrant meadow.



And my soul was glad with a wordless song
That it whispered o'er and over;
And the light grew dim and the shadows long,
And my heart leaped high with its passion strong,
As my eager feet strayed the blooms among
To meet my own true lover.

And the moments sped, and the stars looked down
From the deep blue sky above me;
And the earth was bright, with ne'er a frown,
For my fancy wove for my life a crown,
With a brave, true heart to love me.

And my lover came through the stilly night—
Came down through the dew-wet clover;
And my heart stood still with a strange affright,
And the world grew warm and glad and bright;
For he kissed me there in the dim starlight—
My naughty, naughty lover.

Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I could not pass
Through the nodding, dew-wet clover;
And the path ran narrow among the grass,
And I was only a foolish lass,
And he a persistent lover.
Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I could not move,
As he whispered o'er and over
A tale that was sweet with the notes of love,
In a voice that was soft as a cooing dove;
And my face grew hot, but I could not move
From the arms of my saucy lover.

Perhaps 'twas wrong, but the clover smiled,
And the blue grass nodded over;
And the stars peeped out with a glimmer mild,
And I was a thoughtless, foolish child,
And he such a handsome lover.
Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I could not know,
As I met him there in the clover,
That my heart would swell, and my cheeks would glow,
And the tell-tale blood would ebb and flow;
Perhaps 'twas wrong, but I loved him so—
This reckless, brave young lover.

Long years have passed, and the wintry snow
Lies deep o'er the nodding clover;
And the stream of Time, in its onward flow,
Has classed with the thoughts of long ago
That night with my handsome lover.
But the waves are crooning soft and low
That story o'er and over;
For my love was true, and I loved him so,
In the nodding bloom and the shrouding snow;
And I'm resting still in the afterglow,
In the arms of my own true lover.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Common-School System.—In some quarters—and the opinion is entitled to respectful consideration—it is held that the common-school system has not realized what at its institution it promised to accomplish; and as it is to be judged as the rest of schemes are judged, it must unconditionally be called a failure. We are prepared neither to endorse such sweeping condemnation of the system, nor do we feel called upon to apologize for its apparent and, it must be confessed, often real deficiencies. To us it seems to have achieved at least a moderate success, and in our judgment its partial failure is to be attributed not to the system as such, but rather to the inharmonious and imperfect adaptation thereof to the wants of the rising generation.

Those who are inclined to condemn the system *in toto* give as their motive two fundamentally distinct reasons. One party says: The common schools ought to be abolished because they do not teach to “read, write, and cipher,” as they were originally and principally intended. It is noteworthy here that the trio of branches referred to are by these opponents recognized as exhausting the scope of the common-school curriculum.

It must be granted, we think, that instruction in these branches, and these only, was primarily the aim of the common schools. Beyond these the system contemplated nothing; its purpose was thought to be attained when pupils could read tolerably, write legibly, and perform as the highest accomplishment the single rule of three. It is to be regretted, too, that these elementary acquirements are to a large extent only superficially attained in the extended course of study in our schools to-day. However much our facilities and our methods of instruction are increased and improved, we can scarcely be required to maintain seriously that the native capacity of our children has kept pace with the progress of methods. Boys and girls of to-day possess, to say the least, no more innate brightness or aptitude to learn than their fathers did twenty years ago. Judging from the degeneration consequent upon the absorbing interest in merely material pursuits, we should not be surprised but should rather expect to find less susceptibility on the part of our youth for purely disciplinary exercises at this time than formerly, when introversion, reflection, and thinking engrossed to a large degree the time and attention of the people.

Under these circumstances, would it not be worth the while for these opponents of the system to consider soberly whether they have not made a mistake in trying to develop a boy at fourteen into what would do credit in a youth of eighteen or twenty, and whether the failure of the system is not, perhaps, after all, due merely to the enlarged course of study instead of being chargeable to the system as a system? It seems at least but reasonable and just that a return to the original scope and aim of the system, and a thorough trial of it thus should precede a final verdict of condemnation.

On the other hand, it is urged the system is defective, because the young people of to-day are not, after having com-

pleted a course of study, given the opportunity to acquire a trade or other pursuit in the industrial world. The point is made, and we cannot but admit that it is well taken, that as there is no other avenue to the skilled trades, provision should be made by the State. It is suggested, that as the State furnishes an opportunity for further study at the public expense to those who desire to enter a professional career, the same privilege should be extended to those also whose choice may lie among lower walks of life.

There is force in this position, if it is meant to imply that a technic education should follow a common-school course as a supplementary training. The same principle that supports high schools, normal schools, agricultural schools, at the public expense, will also authorize technic schools as a department of the common-school system. We may go farther and say that a consistent adherence to this principle *demand*s the establishment of such schools for our children. It is a well-known fact, that the higher schools established by State authority are patronized mainly by such as could, and no doubt would, pursue their studies beyond the common-school curriculum; and the demand for technic schools, seeing it is made in the interest of those for whom the common schools were primarily and chiefly intended, becomes all the stronger by the contrast. It becomes imperative.

If the system be defective in having too extended a course, it is much more defective in that it allows this extended course to be used as a cloak to hide its real unadaptedness to the wants of the rising generation. The one is an injury; the other is remissness of the most culpable kind. The one, by its “cramming,” stunts and dwarfs the mental powers; the other, by its non-existence, fills our streets with those modern specimens of manhood, young men standing stork-like at street corners, with hands in their pockets; idle hands, because, though work is plenty and the laborers few, no man has hired them, since they do not know how to work.

To remedy the first defect is easy, because it involves but a reformation in methods; to fill the crying want that has never been met, on account of the penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of the past, means work, and a casting about for methods and material. But no necessary expenditures, no exercise of mind to produce methods, no fancied lack of teaching-force, nor all these together, are sufficient to close our ears to the great pressing want that cries for relief.

Chinese Emigration.—Whether or not the Chinaman shall be encouraged to emigrate to this country, is a serious question for our workingman, and one which involves his very existence. So long as they confine themselves to washing soiled linen it is not so bad; but once let them secure a foothold in mechanics, and the American laboring man is undone; he will starve, unless his family can subsist on two rolls and a peanut per diem.

In respect to diet, it has been averred by many that these curious people are fond of rats, mice, and the like, and even

would not wink at a well-conditioned cat, if it came handy. This may or may not be true; but one thing is certain, they fare very meagerly, and in whatever section they locate, that section is soon the abode of filth and squalor.

In his own country the Chinaman is scarcely to be termed *semi-civilized*, and is given to all kinds of barbarous customs which the brutal instincts of a degenerate intellect can devise; and it is a question whether creatures born and reared under such training and in such a vitiating atmosphere will prove a moral blessing to our country or make worthy citizens.

John comes, nevertheless, and on landing in America looks about him. Seeing that nobody else wears a pig-tail, he curls his own up under his hat (there is nothing like being even with the times) and is then ready to be naturalized. He rents a house somewhere, and immediately this house assumes the appearance of having been devastated by a conflagration. As if ashamed of such an occupant, it goes in deep mourning, settles into a state of early decay, and, metaphorically speaking, tears may soon be seen in its eyes in the form of huge wads of filthy rags stuffed through various holes in the broken window-panes.

Having thus nationalized his abode—impregnated it with his being, as it were—he hangs up some red curtains (decorated with impossible female figures in impossible attitudes) and hangs a sign out at the front door, bearing the inscription, “Left Lung, California Laundry.” “Right Lung” has a shop further up the street; and thus dismembered, the two “Lungs” carry on a business for which every Chinaman has a *penchant*, *i. e.* washing—other peoples’ clothes, not his own!

Here John labors, and living upon nothing but what he can catch in the nightly trap, and wearing his shirt outside his pants to avoid the expense of a coat, he soon becomes wealthy, and returns to his native land to run for mandarin. Of course he takes all his money along; and it is reasonable to infer that if a million or so of his countrymen would come and do likewise we should have to start a new mint to keep up the supply of currency.

Nor is this all. As it requires but little to feed and clothe a Celestial, he will work for almost nothing, and if employed at mechanical labor the American workman would soon be supplanted by a competition against which he would find it impossible to hold his own.

That wages are now none too large for the expense of living is painfully felt by many, since the majority of those who employ help, with a discreet respect for their own interests and utterly regardless of others’ welfare, generally secure that help where they can get it cheapest, without a thought of good labor receiving adequate compensation. That this is the case no one will question; then what would ensue if Chinese were permitted to enter our workshops at half the present rate of wages?

No, it will not do; in self-preservation, that first law of nature, it will not do. And yet, to exclude them from enjoying the privileges of citizenship, or to refuse them a landing on United States soil, is to violate every principle of our republic.

How to work this matter satisfactorily is a question for our statesmen to ponder over, and to reach a satisfactory termination will require full play of all their mighty resources of intellect.

Lunatics and Criminals.—In his “Short History of the English Colonies in America,” Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, in portraying the condition of Delaware and Pennsylvania, as contrasted with the Southern colonies especially, observes that although crime was not more prevalent here, pauperism was; and adds that nowhere in America were these subjects better understood or more thoroughly dealt with. He yet further says that in the treatment of lunatics and prisoners Pennsylvania was more advanced than Europe.

From the ancient Grecian practice of slaying the aged and infirm, or even the sickly among children, in order to build up a state of sound, healthy, and able men and women, to the modern sentimental humanitarian schemes, encouraging a certain degree of mawkish, whining sympathy for the weak-minded, there have been many grades of humane as well as of inhuman treatment of those who through misfortune or whatever causes were bereft of reason. Even in this country, from the opinion that an insane man has lost all that is human and is therefore fit for nothing but exposure until death releases him from his misery, or at best deserves a cell beyond whose blank walls, returning the idiotic stare of its hopeless inmate, he may never again pass, to the latest theory that a man really does not possess a claim on public sympathy until he becomes an object of universal commiseration, there are still prevailing as many different and varying methods of treatment as there are individuals entrusted with the care of these wards of the Commonwealth.

Many of our county poor-houses have a hospital for the insane, where demented persons are kept with public safety, and begrudged the food they receive at public expense. They are watched with infinite concern lest they flee their dungeon, and, eluding their keepers, raise a question in the public mind as to the relative fitness of the two for a permanent home within the hospital walls. Should one venture to expostulate with the official overseer, he will usually adopt the leer of his pupils, and taunt him with the heartless inquiry, “Do you expect better quarters when you come?”

Then we have on the other hand the State institutions presided over commonly by men of great charity, who are devoting the best energies of their life to wooing back the frown reason of their fellow-men and restoring them to their friends, clothed in their right minds. But here enthusiasm is liable, and even apt, to become too fervid, and, leaping the bounds of a well-balanced discretion, bring up in fanaticism. Then we get the visionary theorist who would, by placing a patient in the midst of a gorgeously-upholstered apartment and furnishing him a confusing number of attendants, the meaning of which he cannot understand, hopelessly bewilder a mind accustomed to simple and modest surroundings—pursuing a course best adapted to frustrate altogether its original design.

If in respect to the treatment and care of the insane we have progressed beyond the status of colonial times, and if Mr. Lodge is correct in his estimate of Pennsylvania’s pre-eminence, what must have been the condition of the miserable imbeciles of Europe a century and a half ago!

In the treatment of prisoners Pennsylvania holds a high rank. Its theory of solitary confinement for the more aban-

doned criminals, or the more heinous crimes, has proved to be a correct one, as subserving all the ends of punishment in a more eminent degree than any other treatment. The manhood of the prisoner is not outraged by becoming the butt of an unthinking remark; nor is he exhibited to the rudeness and unsympathetic gaze of the unfeeling visitor as a caged demon. Opportunity for mischief in idle moments is cut off, and the humiliation of his unenviable position is measurably relieved by the uniform garb of the prison and the numerical designation given every inmate on his entrance. This answers the demands of humanity as well as the vindication of right—the end of punishment.

It may, indeed, be questioned whether the attempt to make crime profitable to the State by requiring each convict to earn

his own living in prison, while he is deprived that liberty outside, is either wise or just. Has not, perhaps, the condemned felon forfeited that gratification which a man derives from toil? Under the ban of the law, can he rightfully be allowed to compete with those of his own craft who are following their calling at such a disadvantage? It is a mistake, at least, to consider this question from a mere economic point of view. With his liberty, the criminal undoubtedly forfeits his rights also; and it is but a mockery of justice to enforce the penalty of the one and connive at the default of enforcing that of the other. And the crime-stained man, more than any one else, because he is made to feel the strength of a just judgment, feels the hollowness and pretension of the one-sided execution of a merited sentence.

TABLE-TALK.

Post-Offices.—"Blessed be the man that invented sleep!" exclaimed Sancho Panza, when, utterly fatigued, he wooed "kind Nature's sweet restorer." With as strong emphasis as Don Quixote's doughty esquire probably used, we say, "Blessed be the man that invented post-offices!" than which there is nothing among public organizations more generally beneficial; nothing which more forcibly gives evidence of the rapid strides of civilization. Indeed, we consider the post-office the most potent factor of civilization, next to literature, of which it is the faithful coadjutor.

Antecedent to the invention of writing, there was, of course, no demand for postal facilities; immediately that chirography came into vogue, some means for the transmission of the written documents became necessary. The Persian and Assyrian governments at an early day established a system whereby to acquaint the governors of different provinces with their edicts as soon as possible after their issue; and the messages of the Roman government were transmitted by means of horsemen mounted on fleet steeds. This method of conveyance was, however, restricted to the use of the government.

Charlemagne, somewhere about the year 800, established a means for the transmission of letters and parcels throughout his dominion, the first of which there is any record that bore any similitude to the postal system of to-day. He was able to maintain it only by exerting his extremest authority, and at his decease it came to an end. Under Louis XI., France had "posts," separated from one another by a distance of four miles, especially intended for governmental use; prior to which time students in the University of Paris were accustomed to receive letters and money from their homes through messengers employed by them especially for that purpose. Not till 1524 did the French post carry plebeian missives.

In England, in the thirteenth century, "posts," similar to those established by Louis XI., were in use. Of how little value they were to the public at large may be known from the fact that the masses depended for the conveyance of their letters upon the butchers and drovers, who went from the

rural districts to the cities in order to dispose of their stock. A post between London and Edinburgh—three days were allowed for the trip each way—was a project of the first James, which he contrived to carry into effect; and a little more than a hundred years later, a weekly post, centering at London, was organized to all parts of England. When, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the English mails were carried at the rate of ten miles an hour by "swift mail-coaches," it was considered an almost marvelous thing. Rowland Hill was the first to suggest to the English Parliament a "system of postage which will be cheap and invariable." The suggestion was looked upon by the lords with disfavor; but Hill, nothing daunted by the rebuffs with which he was met, continued to urge his scheme upon their attention, and his efforts finally proved successful. In 1840 his plan was put into operation.

In our own country the first mail-route was established in 1710. While colonial postmaster-general, Benjamin Franklin caused the people to open their eyes by his proposition to have a weekly mail between Philadelphia and Boston; a result that was to be attained by having a coach start from each place for the other at the same time. When the colonial was supplanted by the constitutional form of government, the management of the mails passed into the hands of Congress, and very properly.

In 1776 there were not far from fifty-four post-offices in the United States. In 1790 the number had increased to seventy-five. At that time the miles of post-routes aggregated less than two thousand, and the annual expenses of the Department were about thirty-two thousand dollars. To-day there are in the United States nearly 27,000 post-offices, and the post-roads have a total length of about 250,000 miles; while the expenditures of the Department reach the snug little sum of \$30,000,000 in round numbers.

The postal rates, in 1790, were according to the distance letters were carried. Up to forty miles the charge was eight cents; between forty and ninety, ten cents; above ninety and less than one hundred, twelve and a half cents. In 1816 the rates were: under thirty miles, six and one-

quarter cents; over thirty and less than eighty, ten cents; if more than four hundred, twenty-five cents. The rates were again changed in 1845, when they became five cents for any distance less than (ten cents for distance in excess of) three hundred miles. Five cents upon prepaid, and ten cents upon unpaid letters, for a less distance than three thousand miles, were the rates in 1852, during which year stamps and stamped envelopes were placed on sale. The present rate, three cents for each half ounce and under, was adopted in 1855.

Many people have an absolute contempt for postal cards, and will use them under no circumstances—"they look so cheap." There are others—their name is legion—to whom the "postal" recommends itself simply by reason of its cheapness, who are thereby afforded a medium for communication with absent friends which otherwise, on account of their penury, they could not enjoy. The prime object of the Department in giving them to the public undoubtedly was economy of time as well as of money in business, and they serve this purpose excellently. How extensively they are used one can realize when he knows that the sale of writing-paper in the United States has decreased annually \$12,000,000 since they came into use.

The especial prerogative of the "mail" is, of course, the transmission of letters, papers, and the like; and to such use it was for a long time restricted. A few years since, the Department thought it advisable to allow the public to send parcels by mail—provided they were not above four pounds in weight, and their contents were not of the class scheduled "unmailable." Thus an inexpensive system for the transportation of goods was afforded the people, which they have so fully appreciated that, in the majority of cases, they have not abused the privilege granted them. We think a person's interpretation of "mailable matter" must be very broad to allow him to send by mail some of the things which are thus sent; in proof of this we specify a few of the "articles" gathered from the mail-bags by the searcher department of the New York post-office in the space of one month; viz., Rattlesnakes, "copperheads," alligators, hornets, mice, squirrels, torpedoes, loaded cartridges, pudding, custard, cheese, and, last, but by no means least, cases of dynamite.

If one is expecting a letter, and it fails to "put in an appearance," he inclines to blame the post officials for its non-arrival, whereas in extremely rare instances are they at fault. The carelessness of those who send letters by mail is as common as it is stupid, and that, too, when their contents are valuable. A well-known banker in New York recently posted unregistered and negotiable bonds to the amount of \$1,500,000 in an envelope so weak it came to pieces before leaving the stamper's table. In the superscription of letters and papers an incomprehensible heedlessness is frequently manifested, as is evident from the fact that between three and four million letters are annually sent to the "Dead-Letter" Office, the destination of all "mail matter" which, for any reason, cannot be delivered to the parties for whom it was intended.

Once when riding on a postal car, by courtesy of the "agent," we were shown a letter addressed, "Albrecht Schaufman, Randolph Street, Skaug," which last, the agent told us, was probably written for "Chicago." Who but an

expert would imagine "Squeil" identical with "Schuylkill Pa."? "Manchaisidor" is readily interpreted "Manchester;" and Canadians often write "Nachaisonancher" for "Nashua, N. H." Presumably every reader of this article subscribes a letter as he ought, to secure it against a liability to go astray; he certainly will, if he considers that those connected with the Postal Department cannot be expected to "know everything," and are not employed to guess "conundrums."

F. F. F.

Fate.—In a late number of the MONTHLY is a short article upon this subject. In reply to it, I desire to quote the following passage from the "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne:

"God hath not made a Creature that can comprehend him; 'tis a privilege of his own nature: *I am that I am* was his own definition unto Moses; and 'twas a short one to confound mortality, that durst question God, or ask him what he was; indeed he only is; and others have and shall be: but in Eternity there is no distinction of Tenses; and therefore that terrible term *Predestination*, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no pre-scient determination of our Estates to come, but a definite blast of his Will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to his Eternity which is indivisible, and all together, the last Trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame and the blessed in Abrahams bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, a thousand years to God are but as one day: for to speak like a Plyosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come, to his Eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point, without Succession, Parts, Flux or Division."

W. D.

Gossiping.—The following passage is from a very lively volume recently published in Boston, entitled "Browsing among Books, and other Essays," by Abba Goold Woolson.

"Among uneducated people conversation has a tendency to degenerate into gossip; since they feel no interest in matters that do not concern their actual daily life, whatever transpires beyond their own village and their own set of acquaintances seems remote and unimportant. The trifling acts of their neighbors are scanned and considered with as much attention as the world gives to the formal address of a powerful sovereign. In such communities the inhabitants resolve themselves into a secret council, before which the actions of every one must be brought. It does not give a favorable view of human nature, and yet it is true that every person on trial before them is supposed to be guilty till he is proved to be innocent. This proof, moreover, must always be adduced in his absence; the court sits only when his back is turned; and, far from adopting the French method of allowing him to testify in his own defense, it never informs him when his case is to come up, or, indeed, that any case has been preferred against him. If witnesses appear in his behalf, they must come without summoning and of their own free-will. The final decision is made known to all except to the one most interested, for care is taken to render

the verdict when he is out of court. This system of procedure justly makes gossip appear, to honest minds, mean, cowardly, and uncharitable; and yet, such is the keen attention it excites, the edge and flavor of its personalities, the relish for its wild surmises, that all save the best are tempted to indulge in it.

"Perhaps the minister's wife is the greatest sufferer from these secret tribunals, these Star Chambers that are set up in all small villages; for, in the opinion of her sex, she can never succeed in performing a proper or praiseworthy act. And yet the current notion that women are particularly addicted to gossip is a slander that has too long been received. Were any painter given this subject for his canvas, he would, without doubt, portray three old crones bending over the tea-table, with heads in close conjunction, and fingers lifted to enforce emphasis and enjoin silence. But this is only one-half the picture. A companion-piece should represent the interior of a country grocery store, where, among barrels of flour and piles of salt fish, more gossip is talked in one evening by the assembled crowd of customers, than is heard in all the farm-houses of the town. Their neighbor's crops, his hired men, the weight of his hogs, the vegetables he sends to market, the tax he pays the minister, the state of his fences—all are commented on in his absence with eager interest. In large cities the sight and the mind are occupied by so many objects that gossip declines, and one cares not even to read the door-plate on the adjoining house. But wherever people are curious, idle, and ignorant, whether in town or country, gossip will always engross a large share of their speech."

Sleep.—Many persons experience much difficulty in propitiating Morpheus, the god of slumber, and, after vainly seeking repose, find it impossible to do aught but roll and beat about. To correct this, there exist certain homely rules of vague reputation, such as counting one hundred or gazing with monotonous earnestness through the darkness at some indiscernible object about the room until sleep steals quietly on.

Anything that has a calming influence upon the nerves will accomplish this object, as the fault lies principally with the nerves; and it is therefore particularly requisite that the worriments and toils of our daily life be totally banished upon going to bed.

Dr. J. M. Granville, who has written a work upon the subject of sleep and sleeplessness, says:

"Habit greatly helps the performance of the initial act, and to cultivate the habit of going to sleep in a particular way, at a particular time, will do more to procure regular and healthy sleep than any other artifice. To form a habit is, in fact, to create or develop a special centre or combination in the nervous system which will henceforward produce sleep as a natural process."

If this was more generally recognized, persons who suffer from sleeplessness would set themselves resolutely to form such a habit; to do which it is necessary that the training be explicit and include attention to details. It is not very important *what* a person does to induce sleep, but the same thing should be done precisely in the same way, at the same time, and under as nearly as possible the same conditions

for many consecutive nights,—say three or four weeks at least,—when the process, whatever it may be, will become sufficiently a habit.

A Funeral of Ants.—The ant has long been an object of special interest with naturalists and others, who say many wonderful things about him, and who back him up strongly for possessing a remarkable degree of intelligence.

One of these gentlemen, an acute observer of the insect, furnishes a very interesting incident of a funeral procession.

Having accidentally killed a number of straying soldier ants, he noted a commotion among the adjacent surviving relations, and determined to watch their proceedings closely, following four or five that started from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest.

This they entered, and in about five minutes reappeared, followed by others, and all fell into rank, walking regularly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where the dead bodies of the soldier ants lay. In a few moments two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of a comrade; then two others, and so on until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on until all the defunct insects were elevated. Then the procession moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants.

Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and, laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus they arrived at a sandy spot which seemed to suit. Here the body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, and then they labored on until the graves were refilled.

This did not quite finish the remarkable proceeding.

Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the digging; these were caught, brought back, and promptly killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.

To believe that all this happened will require a great stretch of the imagination; but it is to be hoped that no one will doubt the words of a naturalist, but will try to receive all such ant-stories with becoming confidence, and without reference to his own judgment in the matter.

Pins.—It is a singular thing about pins. There are seven billions manufactured annually in the United States; and yet, if a man's shirt-collar is bumping up against the back of his neck in frantic efforts to rasp some skin off, that man might walk a mile with his eyes bent upon the ground and never find one—not one.

Or if a youth, possessing tendencies for traffic, with an apple cut into sixty-four pieces, and some lemonade in a broken tumbler, opens a bazaar in the back yard and charges two pins admission, there is invariably great distress among the neighboring children to secure the requisite entrance fee.

Now where do they all go?

Even admitting that the rising generation is constantly swallowing them, and that a million or so are used by the small but wicked boy as traps for his unsuspecting relations

to sit upon, there are still enough remaining to excite wonder at their total disappearance.

Daily and hourly fourteen factories in this country alone, continue their manufacture, constantly adding to the vast number, until one would think that a sufficient quantity had been made to bury us all in pins; but they do not appear to increase a whit, and the question still remains, Where do they all go?

Rag Sugar.—Many persons will scarcely give credit to the fact that sugar can be made from rags; and yet it is so. Singular as it may seem, the process is simple enough, as all vegetable fibre such as cotton, flax, etc., if submitted to the action of sulphuric acid, may be readily converted into a soluble starch and thence into sugar. This is but the rule of nature, artificially worked out.

The incautious youth, who has his pockets filled with green apples and is about to tempt the fiend of morbid cholera, will tell you that the fruit is "woody," as well as sour. By "woody" he will mean that it is filled with fibrous substance; and upon this substance the pungent acid of the unripe fruit acts—in much the same manner as sulphuric acid acts upon the rags—when, in the course of nature, it is changed to a delicious, sweet, juicy pulp.

It is upon these processes of nature that chemists have based their experiments; but the natural chemistry has here a great advantage over the artificial, since the natural acid either becomes converted into sugar itself, or combines with other substances in the fruit, while the sulphuric acid of the chemist remains in his rag sugar to its detriment and must in some way be destroyed.

Here lies the difficulty of this singular process.

In removing the deleterious acid by the use of lime or

other absorbents, so much of the sugar is lost, that its manufacture would not pay; therefore there is little risk of the sugar trade being disturbed or the paper-maker being deprived of his rags by this discovery, and any one who may feel nervous about introducing metamorphosed bed-ticking into his breakfast cocoa can calm his fears, as the only place where in all probability it will ever be seen is in the window of an apothecary shop.

Baldness.—The man with a bald head is an unhappy man. He keenly feels the want of hairy excrescence, and eyes, with jealous rage, every other man who possesses more hair than he does.

If he has just become bald, he will try tonics, and that scalps him. Then he approaches a druggist who sells a hair-renewer.

This gentleman examines his head with great care through the glaring eye of a three-legged microscope, and gravely tells him that the follicles are all there—all they want is development, and that his hair-renewer is just the thing, in fact the *only* thing, for developing follicles.

It is tried; but the follicles will not develop.

As a last resort, this bald-headed man will then take to wigs. When a bald man takes to wearing a wig, it is a bad sign—a token of resignation. He feels that the case is hopeless; but it is not.

The new remedy proposed is to remove the scalp piece-meal, and substitute, by skin-grafting, pieces of healthy scalp taken from the heads of young persons.

The success which has attended experiments of this nature give promise that the day is not far distant when the polished pates of our venerable fathers will bloom with the flowing locks of youth.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The Dictionary of Education and Instruction. *A Reference Book and Manual on the Theory and Practice of Teaching, for the use of Parents, Teachers, and others; based upon the "Cyclopædia of Education."* By HENRY KIDDLE and A. J. SCHEM. New York: E. Steiger & Co.

The "Cyclopædia of Education," published by this enterprising firm several years ago, won golden opinions on account of its freshness, originality, and indisputable merit. One of the departments of that extensive work is now reproduced in a different form, under the above title, comprising articles mainly relating to the theory and practice of teaching. While it may be regretted that the work is not brought down to date, but merely a compilation of the larger work, yet even this cannot disparage the book. Under the extensive range of subjects treated, the practical suggestions made are not affected by years. Methods are not—ought not be—subject to prevailing fashions; and the wide-awake teacher who would be fully up with the times need not hesitate on this account to lay out his little store and add to his stock an almost invaluable volume. One is indeed surprised that under every subject such valuable and extensive information

can be given in so small a space. The work is really more than a dictionary, if that term is restricted merely to a definer of words. It is a hand-book, a cyclopædia, one book embodying all the most valuable conclusions of specialists, and cannot be passed by without censurable indifference and an open disregard of what is best for the practical teacher. But its sphere is wider than that of the teaching profession; no parent interested in the well-being of his children should be without a careful perusal of this work, and intelligent application of its recommendations in the training of their young minds. Altogether, the work, like its predecessor, is unique.

The Exiles. *A Russian Story.* By VICTOR TISSOT and CONSTANT AMERO. Translated from the French by GEORGE D. COX. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

"The Exiles" is a Russian love story of great power and originality. The scene is laid in Siberia, just now a point of unusual interest because of the hosts of Nihilists who will undoubtedly be sent into exile there by the new czar. The leading characters are Yegor Semenov, a political convict;

Nadege Davidoff, his betrothed; Ladislav, a Polish boy; M. Lafleur, a liberty-loving French dancing-master; and Yermac, chief of police of Yakoutsck. Yegor, Nadege, and Ladislav, aided by M. Lafleur, undertake to escape across Siberia. They are followed by Yermac, but reach the polar regions, meeting with all kinds of exciting and perilous adventures. These points give but a slight idea of this truly wonderful and intensely interesting story; to fully appreciate it, it must be read. The plot is developed in the most skillful manner, and it is impossible to fathom the mysteries until, in the proper place, they are explained. The tale will be relished by old and young alike, its "Robinson Crusoe" features rendering it unusually attractive to children, and its entire purity fitting it for general perusal. The description of the hurricane, the aurora borealis, the polar night, the mirage, and the breaking-up of the ice, are marvelously vivid, realistic, and beautiful, and the characters are so strongly drawn that they are photographed on the memory, while the immense amount of reliable information concerning Siberia given renders the book especially valuable.

Mildred's Cadet; or, Hearts and Bell-Buttons. *An Idyl of West Point.* By ALICE KING HAMILTON, wife of United States Army Officer. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A really fascinating love story, in which the reader is given a very vivid and faithful picture of society life at West Point. The style of the story is light; the plot is full of telling points, and the incidents are both romantic and novel. Cadet life is its special feature, and the authoress has most capably portrayed the slaughter wrought by Cupid's unerring weapon upon the heart of at least one of the youthful warriors.

The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. *Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the Possession of his Family.* By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. *New College, Edinburgh. With Portrait.* Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

We are in receipt of advance sheets of this work, which is destined to meet a long-felt want. Volumes on the travels and adventures of the intrepid explorer have appeared by the score. We are made acquainted with the geography of Central Africa, the perils from disease and from hostile natives, the social condition, the climate, and capabilities of the African continent both by the missionary's own writings and by those who followed in his footsteps or who have drawn from sources supplied by him. It remains yet for the biographer to satisfy the public interest by portraying the personal character of the distinguished philanthropist.

This noble work fell to the lot of Dr. Livingstone's eminent countryman, Rev. Dr. Blaikie, who, with admiring pen, offers this tribute to the memory of the greatest missionary traveler of modern times. If Boswell's "Life of Johnson" be the standard of reliable biographies, certainly this work deserves a like confidence, for it is mainly based on Livingstone's own journals.

On every page almost are the very words of the man who, beset with difficulties, surrounded by perplexities, enduring

trials and subject to the most discouraging disappointments, still kept up heart, his eye fixed on the goal before him, and breathed forth blessings on his enemies, showing in act, word of mouth and of pen, a consistent model of the religion he came to establish. It is evidently the desire of Dr. Blaikie to allow his hero to tell the story of his life in his own words; but when a word of his is needed he speaks it forth manfully, appreciatingly, lovingly. He never falters. He feels that his confidence is worthily placed, and that his subject compels admiration. Himself can add nothing; it is all task enough to set him forth in proper perspective. And as head and heart bend to the task, the achievement cannot fail of success.

Interesting as may be the tale of suffering, of toil, of successful exploration, to the narrative of personal life attaches a still greater interest. "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I think foreign to myself," is the confession, acknowledged or tacit, of every member of the race. A well-written biography of a noble character therefore possesses paramount interest, and the volume before us is faithfully and honestly written.

We are in receipt of a "Report to the Board of Education on the Teaching of Chemistry and Physics in the United States," by Frank Wigglesworth Clarke, S.B., Professor of Chemistry and Physics in the University of Cincinnati.

This thorough and exhaustive report is made up from information obtained in response to circulars, relative to the teaching of chemistry and physics, sent out by the Commissioner of Education. The pamphlet is therefore valuable as an official document based upon the most reliable sources, and is interesting not only to those more particularly concerned in the work of education, but to every one having the welfare of our schools at heart.

From an ancient book compiled after the manner of our modern encyclopædias, and shown to have been made more than two thousand years B.C., what has long been a supposition is ascertained to be a certainty, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy, for it is found from this work and from inscriptions upon bricks that the Babylonians catalogued the stars and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac, to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months, and years; and they divided the week as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which the word "Sabbath" is derived, and they observed this day by resting from every species of labor as rigorously as the Jew or Puritan.

The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down and a connection traced between the weather and the moon's changes. They invented the sun-dial and the water-clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun, a fact which could only have been known through the use of telescopes, and that they possessed such instruments is supposed from observations they have noted down of Venus, and from the fact that Layard found the crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh.

The bricks contain an account of the deluge substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased, and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that market-gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares."

Truly, "there is nothing new under the sun."

Some years ago, Cardinal Mai, the eminent Italian scholar, noticed in perusing a number of mediæval manuscripts that there appeared traces of former letters behind the writing, but so faint as to be undistinguishable by the naked eye. This excited his curiosity. It occurred to him that parchment was by no means abundant in the middle ages, and it was just possible that the monks may have possessed themselves of pagan manuscripts, deliberately erased the writings upon them, and appropriated the parchments for their own uses. These suspicions were soon confirmed. By the aid of a microscope he was enabled to discern more clearly the existence of previous writing, and in some cases he succeeded in deciphering words. Thus began some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern times. Behind the history of the Council of Chalcedon he discovered the epistles of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the letters of a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms he made the glorious discovery of at least one-third of the long-lost work of Cicero, the *De Republica*, a work which, up to the time of Mai's discovery, was only known to us by one long fragment of two or three isolated scraps.

In the year 1626, a German gentleman, Casbarus van Sparr, was engaged in building a new house. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small, square parcel wrapped in strong, linen cloth, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel a volume was discovered, and this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence, supposed to have been buried when to possess such a work was to merit death.

Whittier's First Poem.—

THE DELUVY

The Prophet stood
On the high mount and saw the tempest-cloud
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its reservoir
Of congregated gloom. The mountain-oak,
Torn from the earth, heaved high its roots where once
Its branches waved. The fir-tree's shapely form,
Smote by the tempest, lashed the mountain's side.
Yet, calm in conscious purity, the seer
Beheld the awful devastation, for
The Eternal Spirit moved not in the storm.

The tempest ceased. The caverned earthquake burst
Forth from its prison, and the mountain rocked
Even to its base. The topmost crags were thrown
With fearful crashing down its shuddering slopes.
Unawed the Prophet saw and heard. He felt
Not in the earthquake moved the God of Heaven.

The murmur died away, and from the height,
Torn by the storm and shattered by the shock,
Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame,
Mighty and vast! The startled mountain deer
Shrank from its glare and cowered beneath the shade;
The wild fowl shrieked; yet even then the seer

Untrembling stood and marked the fearful glow,
For Israel's God came not within the flame.

The fiery beacon sank. A still small voice
Now caught the Prophet's ear. It's awful tone,
Unlike to human sound, at once conveyed
Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart
Then bowed the holy man; his face he veiled
Within his mantle, and in meekness owned
The presence of his God, discovered not in
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame,
But in the small, still whisper to his soul.

The above lines were written in 1826 by Whittier, who was then in his nineteenth year, and constitute the first poem of his that was ever published. At that time the youthful author was engaged upon his father's rocky farm in Haverhill, and, like Robert Burns, was but an humble toiler at the plough. Having but little confidence in his abilities, and fearful lest the verses should be refused, he left them under the office-door of the *Free Press*, a weekly paper then published by William Lloyd Garrison, in Newburyport. Garrison himself was a young man, having just attained his majority, and this paper was his first venture in journalism, to which young Whittier's father had lent his patronage. The paper was, therefore, received regularly at the farm; and as week after week passed without bringing tidings of the poem to its author, no one can conceive of his varied emotions of disappointment and wavering hope unless he himself has thus anxiously awaited the success or failure of a maiden attempt in literature. And so the time passed tediously on, until one day while Whittier was at work with his uncle Moses, repairing the stone fence by the highway, going along on the outside and replacing the stones knocked from the wall by sheep that had scrambled over it, the postman came along on horseback, and to save going to the house with the paper he tossed it to the one who, above all others, most desired to scan its pages. With trembling fingers he opened it.

Joy! His poem was published. And not only published, but was at the "head of the corner." He was so bewildered and dazed by this success, so much above his expectations, that for a long time he stood looking at it and yet was unable to read a word. At length his uncle brought his mind back to things of earth by bidding him keep at his work. It may well be believed no success in future years ever produced so many pleasing and bewildering effects.

Garrison was so impressed with his new contributor's work, that he sought him out, going to Haverhill on horseback to interview him. When Garrison called, young Whittier was at work in the field. He was told a gentleman wanted to see him at the house. Nobody had ever called on him before, and he felt more like running away than seeing this visitor; but he got into the house by the back door, "slicked up," and soon stood in the presence of the young editor, who encouraged him to make good use of the talent he displayed.

Whittier's father entered during the interview, and begged Garrison not to fill his son's mind with such notions of future fame that could never be realized, but it was too late; the damage was done! This was the first meeting of these two men, ever afterward so intimately associated in anti-slavery work.

A Word to Literary Aspirants.—The conditions of literary effort are in these days very different from what they formerly were. Within the present century, journalism has risen from something like a pastime into the dignity of a profession. Out of the unregulated amorphism of its incipient stages it has developed into a highly organized existence. From an incongruous horde of literary nomads, whose movements tended nowhere and everywhere, it has been concentrated into the drilled and disciplined order of an army, with companies and regiments each under its own colors, and trained to the use of its own particular weapons. And the individual has changed with the organization. Every man does not now set up for a captain, though any private with the necessary ability may hope to be one. As was said of the proverbial French soldier, so may every private in the regiments of literature carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack. In this army, also, there can in the nature of things be no promotion by purchase; nothing is to be hoped for under any system of exchange; promotion by merit is here the only admissible tenet of law and practice. Literary labor is now more than ever in the position of earning its money's worth; and although the reward may not always be proportioned to the effort, that is a contingency which is not incidental to this department of labor only, but holds equally of all branches of human industry and application.

To one, therefore, who possesses any fair degree of literary skill, there are in our day many avenues open, if not to distinction and affluence, at least to a respectable competency. But, like all other attainments, it can only be acquired by hard work and persistent effort. Byron's story about his waking one morning and finding himself famous is apt to take unprofitable possession of too many young heads, of whom it is no more likely to be true than it was of Byron himself. With all his undoubted genius, united to the advantages of his birth and station, he did not burst like a meteor at once into distinction, but worked on long with no more encouragement than Brougham awarded him for his "Hours of Idleness." And even after he had risen to the summit of poetical fame in his day any one who compares his drafts with his finished productions will see what a patient, plodding craftsman he was, scrupulously fastidious as to his phraseology, in the amending and correcting of which he spared no pains. In these corrections, moreover, he exhibited what is always a distinct proof of literary skill and cultured taste, in so far as he seldom made a change which was not also an improvement. To the young literary aspirant, therefore, we would say: Write carefully, and at leisure; do not fall into the stupid conceit of "dashing things off;" have no aversion to your faults being pointed out, but beware, on the other hand, of the exuberant praise bestowed upon your manuscript by interested relatives; and once your work is honestly done, and neatly written out, do your best to find a likely channel of publication for it. If not at first successful, you may be in the long run; and if not with one piece, lay it aside and try another.

An editor is frequently blamed if he does not immediately return an unavailable paper, and is regarded as unkind or even harsh if he fails to point out the faults of the unfortu-

nate manuscript; but a little reflection will show how unreasonable it is to expect that that hard-worked personage can have time to criticise, for the benefit of any tyro who may ask, the imperfections of that tyro's work. Nor can an editor possibly peruse and judge of the merits or otherwise of a multiplicity of manuscripts immediately upon their reception. Days, even a week or two, may elapse before he can give them the necessary attention.

Contributors would be more patient regarding their papers, if they only knew how earnestly a conscientious editor labors to throw into shape an imperfectly written article or tale; nor would they wonder at their offerings being so frequently abridged, if they knew how many papers were constantly struggling for a place. "Deal small and serve all," is one of the editor's necessary maxims.

There are various minor, but nevertheless important, points which it would be well for literary aspirants to observe, but which we regret to say are too often neglected. The caligraphy should be clear, and the page should not be crowded with lines; otherwise, a manuscript which may contain really meritorious matter runs the risk of being returned unread. Manuscripts should be written on one side of the leaf only, and at the end or at the beginning the author's full Christian name, surname, and address should be given. The neglect of this latter precaution, as well as the omitting to include stamps for postage on ineligible material, occasions the loss, or necessitates the consignment to the waste-basket, of many a manuscript.

Letters of recommendation from the tyro's friends, or even from men of eminence in the literary world, are of no use whatever if the matter offered fails to commend itself to the editor. His duty is to cater for a public who must be satisfied that what is periodically offered to it suits its taste. Nor can the editor who would hold together his *clientele* of readers admit the offerings of even the widow or orphan, unless they pass the tribunal of his judgment—a cruel duty, doubtless, but one which the stern exigencies of his position necessitates.

One notable source of failure to the literary aspirant is his inability or unwillingness to accommodate the style of his contribution to that of the magazine or journal to which he proposes to send it. Many declinations are traceable, not so much to defective composition or literary poverty, as to the inappropriateness of the subject, or the objectionable manner in which it is treated. It is a hopeful indication of success when a contributor can grasp the spirit and purpose of the publication in which he is emulous of appearing, and at once writes up to it. Without the necessary literary insight to discriminate in this matter, it would be impossible for those who make a profession of journalism, or who earn a livelihood by miscellaneous contributions to magazines, to frame their productions in conformity with this, the first and foremost of editorial requirements. It is clear that when an editor opens a manuscript and finds that the heading of it indicates a subject obviously inappropriate for his purposes he will go no further into it. On the other hand, if the subject be such as comes within the scope or design of his publication, the young writer has at least made one step in his progress good, for his paper, unless the editor has previously accepted a similar article from another hand, will then be

considered on its merits. Of course, when a writer has been sufficiently tested and approved, and has reached the honor of a place on the staff of contributors which most magazines in course of time gather round them, this difficulty is less felt, as then he has his work frequently allocated to him by the editor, subject and all. But young writers cannot get into this position in a day or a year, if ever; and meantime, therefore, they must set down this question of fitness as among the considerations that are necessary on their part if they would hope to appear in print in the quarter toward which their ambition points.

The *Art Interchange*, in an editorial of a recent date, endeavors to correct some prevalent errors in speech and manner, errors due usually to carelessness, and which have only to be pointed out to be abandoned. As the article is in very good taste and quite *apropos*, we quote:

"Rumor has it that the day of 'Thanks' is almost over, and that it will again be good form to use 'Thank you' in acknowledging civilities. It is not in the spirit of 'The king is dead! Long live the king!' that many will welcome the return to a more courteous form of expression. There are those whose sense of the fitness of things has been outraged by the popularity of this curt monosyllable, and not even the sanction of the best society has reconciled them to

its use. Why it should ever have displaced 'Thank you' is not clear; but certain it is that whoever invented it, as an expression of recognition for services rendered, deserves to be set down as an ill-conditioned boor, lacking in true politeness, whatever his station. Possibly it was evolved by some supercilious snob who, fearful of compromising his dignity,—which not being of the 'sure-footed kind,' was liable to fall if he bent,—was chary of confessing to being very much obliged, and so endeavored to compromise between politeness and dignity with 'Thanks' as the result of his effort.

"The word pervades all classes of society; the belle rewarding the services of attentive cavaliers with 'Thanks,' and the same word being made to do duty by the beggar at the gate, on receiving alms. Whether of high or low degree, it matters not at all; one and all assail your ears with the rude monosyllable in return for any civilities offered. It is quite impossible to infuse into it any grace, sweetness, or courtesy. It is both supercilious and brusque, and the high favor in which it has been held for so long a time reflects little credit on the good taste of our people.

"Some few cling to the old-fashioned 'Thank you,' and this expression is to its modern substitute what the stately minuet is to some of the undignified, hoydenish dances which have commended themselves to gentle ladies in these later days."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Ill-assorted Marriages.—It is certainly very sad that so many marriages contracted under favorable circumstances and giving promise of happy returns should prove but miserable failures, with which both husband and wife become speedily disgusted.

The principal causes leading to such *mesalliances*, so fatal to the happiness and usefulness of both parties, are clearly obvious, yet no one seems to pause or think while the terrible evil continues its relentless march; and the number is daily increasing of young hearts that are hurrying on to dash themselves in pieces on this rocky and desolate shore.

Years ago much thought was given to contemplated matrimony, and it was considered a subject of serious import; but the young people of the present day are hasty and impulsive, and blunder into Hymen's arms to live and repent their youthful folly through many weary years of hopeless misery.

The young man, upon reaching his majority, with no adequate resources for livelihood save a meagre weekly pittance which is scarce enough to support himself respectably, immediately looks about him for a wife, unless he has already secured one (which is too often the case), and then these two start out upon the troublous waters of Life's ocean, perhaps to struggle through hand in hand, and arise from their afflictions with a purer love for one another; but oftener—aye, much oftener—to be overwhelmed and sink in the vortex.

Others again, entirely without means of subsistence, and

with scarcely sufficient money in bank to compensate the minister for his services, commit the foolish act, then go to live with "papa"; and very unlike Barkis, "papa" is not always "willin'."

In either case, trial and tribulation is necessarily the sequel, and fancied love wanes rapidly under the influence of these afflictions, estrangement begins, and soon there is discord between these two souls that should ever mingle in perfect harmony.

The young folks of late years do not seem to realize the sacredness of marriage; and instead of being a holy union of two natures blended and softened into one, with acceding tastes and sympathies, it is made a farcial play too frequently ending in tragedy. A girl of twenty-one or two, with that foolish though characteristic horror of becoming an old maid, will accept the attention of a man who is in no way calculated to make her a suitable partner, simply because these attentions give promise of speedy matrimony, and she feels that not to marry will prove a disgrace which nothing can ever wipe out. Better far to die an old maid than live to shed bitter, heart-rending tears over such a false step—a step that will be followed with certain misery; for marriage without the pure and ennobling feature of a perfect love is but a bauble, empty of all that makes it, in perfection, worth seeking.

Under the existing state of society, it is greatly to be feared that the evil will never cease, since, in overtures to matrimony, no amount of care can penetrate the breastwork

of deceit which both parties build up to hide their real selves from the other's view.

It is a human weakness the world over to turn the best side outward for inspection; but this is particularly the case when a young man pays his attentions to a young lady. He is then sure to bring forward in prominent array every good point in his character or temper, and keep all the bad ones in a very shady background. He will admire everything she admires, and in every way endeavor to convince her that he is above the level of humanity, and utterly free from faults. If she is poetically inclined, he will read to her from Tennyson or Longfellow by the hour with apparent gusto, though in his heart he hates Tennyson and abominates Longfellow.

The lady upon her part acts in a similar manner, and the result is, they get married without understanding each other in the least, and under a mutual deception. Soon—ah, so soon!—this lying cloak is thrown aside, the scales drop from their eyes, and, like Paul, they see, beholding each other in a true light.

Such an alliance cannot terminate happily, for if the seeds of sorrow are sown, naught but sorrow can be reaped therefrom. When love finds its way into the heart, the object on which that love depends seems perfect; and if glaring faults are discovered,—too glaring for love's charity to hide,—then love receives a shock from which it will never recover, if indeed it be not utterly destroyed.

It is therefore necessary, if we would secure happiness, to look well to the partner of our choice, and see that our tastes agree in all important respects, as true marriage is a loving communion of the higher and nobler natures, which will continue throughout life, bringing peace and happiness in its train, and smoothing the rough road of existence with a gentle hand.

T. T.

The Fine Art of Nursing.—It would be a bootless task to attempt to make the associations of a sick-room positively pleasant; but it is by no means impossible, nor even difficult, to imbue them with a negative charm. Happily for the comfort of the much-abused invalid, there has of late years been considerable progress in sick-room æsthetics. He is no longer at the mercy of a generation of Sairey Gamps, but is championed by a legion of medical myrmidons of the best intention, though, perhaps, of still blunted sensibilities.

It is something to rejoice over, this step toward sick-room-service reform, even though the coveted consummation be yet a long way off. The trouble lies not in a lack of disposition or ability to serve the invalid, but rather in an over-anxiety to discharge one's duties with distinction. The emphasis we frequently place upon our service, the pressing assiduity of our attentions, the air of gracious magnanimity with which we tolerate the whims of our patient, offend his morbid sensibilities; for, strange to say, nothing is more calculated to irritate an invalid than such silent intimations that you are aware of his unfortunate condition, and can make due allowance for his idiosyncrasies.

It requires the greatest *finesse* to encounter successfully the abnormal prejudices which are constantly springing up in the infected brain. It requires even a nicer talent to create that placid exterior which is so desirable in a sick-

room, and which conveys to the patient not the slightest intimation that you comprehend his utter helplessness, but rather suggests a commendable desire on your part to lavish on him such attentions as a person of his distinguished merits has a right to receive.

The *apparent* efforts to soothe an invalid, to alleviate his suffering, to "make him comfortable," are naturally futile. It is policy of the worst kind to betray your purpose to a mind whose preconceived ideas are bound to defeat it, if it be presented openly. It is only by strategic manoeuvres that one can circumvent the settled conviction so deeply rooted in the brain of a sick man, that his condition is for the time being one of irrevocable misery. He usually has his mind pretty definitely made up as to what would be a correct diagnosis of his case, and he lapses into a fatalist belief that his disease must have its course. He accepts his seasons of pain as a succession of wretched but unavoidable sequence. He knows beforehand that nothing you can do will mitigate his suffering, and the strength of this conviction operates against your praiseworthy efforts to add to his comfort. Obviously, then, what offices you have to perform for him should be fulfilled in the most covert manner possible, in order that he may not detect you in their performance, but may be left undisturbed to enjoy the sensation of self-derived benefit. The consciousness of increased comfort which is apparently independent of all agency of yours is the entering-wedge for a conviction of improved health, which is the first stage on the highway of convalescence.

Yet I have known persons to be addicted to the habit of *asking* an invalid whether he did not want this or that, whether he would not feel better in some other position and in different circumstances. Forgetful that the first instinct of a sick man is a strong antipathy towards being disturbed, either by sound or sense, they urge upon him the necessity of mental action by requiring him to state his preferences. Nine times out of ten their inquiry is answered negatively; and why? Not because the patient does not often really want a change of position or circumstances, but because, being called upon to decide for himself, he overestimates the effort that would be necessary to effect the desired end, and concludes that, rather than make it, he will put up with the negative comfort of his present position. Whereas, if taken unawares, he would submit cheerfully to a moment's disturbance for the sake of several hours' ease. If you take hold of his pillow before he knows it and deftly whisk it away, you can turn it over quickly, shake it up and put it back again before he has time to think whether he wants it changed or not; and it is an exceptional thing if he be not gratified by the result of your expedition.

These are, however, words for the wise. It would be injudicious to commend such strategy to a novice. The condition of the invalid upon whom the best-intentioned *ingénue* was experimenting would indeed be deplorable. This is a field for the operation of womanly tact.

First of all, there must be a clear perception and sound judgment brought to bear upon the case at issue. An observant nurse can tell at a glance whether her *protégé* is comfortable. If there is room for a doubt, the law should be, "Do not disturb him." On the other hand, the external evidences of discomfort being sufficient, proceed without

delay to remove the aggravating cause. A matter-of-course air will usually help one to bring about this desired end. You are to assume that you know just what the patient wants; but you are not to withhold the subtle flattery which your manner may convey, that your knowledge is due to his own timely declaration. Charles Lamb says, "To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives;" and, we may add, especially that of being flattered and courted in a delicate way, which shall have in it no vestige either of offensive fawning or of grandiloquent patronage.

The foregoing contains what I consider the spiritual essence of good nursing. But of what use is a jewel if it have not an appropriate setting?

The principles of this fine art are often spoiled in the application; the loftiest purpose may be defeated by sheer lack of æsthetic refinement.

The prettiest and the sunniest room belongs to the invalid by divine right—a room which, while it fulfills all sanitary conditions, is at once the embodiment of beauty and comfort. It must be a room, too, which will admit of frequent revolutions in its arrangement, for nothing is so fatiguing to an invalid as the long-continued contemplation of the same effects. Even the occasional occupant of a room wearies of seeing the chairs forever in the same place, the pictures in the same relative positions, the same folds to a curtain and the same books on the table. Routine and Monotony are the attendant fiends of every sick-room, and the invalid will gratefully recognize any device that will weaken their power. It is a pleasant surprise to him in the morning, for instance, to wake up and find a pretty new coverlid over his bed, or a fresh bouquet on the table beside him. His mind is switched off on a siding; he takes a new lease of comfort, and he has a sharper relish for his breakfast. But, oh, beware how you play with his fickle appetite! A single offense against his superfine taste will condemn the meal you have so carefully prepared to a petulant rejection.

A lady, in writing to one of our leading journals, has complained that the average nurse is culpably destitute of common sense in one particular: it is an every-day crime with her to crush all suggestion of appetite out of the invalid palate by freighting his tray with too generous portions. This is an index to one of the cardinal principles of sick-room cuisine: *All food must be served in the sparest moderation.* Daintiness is a concomitant of illness. The fiful appetite of an invalid will often allow you to replenish his tray repeatedly by slight installments, when it would revolt from the same amount of food if presented all at once.

It is not within our scope to enter upon a discussion of dietetics; but the question of table appointment and service is too important to be passed by in silence. It should never be forgotten that an invalid is the next thing to a child, and that he requires to be as constantly amused. It does not take much to amuse him, however. His new counterpane and morning nosegay are a certain source of delight, and he is pleased by such a trifling thing as a change in his nurse's apparel or general appearance.

First of all, he must have scrupulous cleanliness everywhere about him. None but the most immaculate hands

should be allowed to touch him; none but the neatest persons should approach his bedside. His napkins and towels should be above reproach both in beauty and spotlessness. I have known some of the best-intentioned persons to be guilty of the sin of bringing all their old threadbare damask into requisition in the sick-room, because it was so easy to wash. This is simply treason. The pride of the linen-closet is the appanage of the invalid. First and last, now and always, in this as in everything, he should have the best. But the best in this case does not signify always the same thing. The best is the fittest for the occasion, and the occasion is governed by the invalid's mood. His tray was spread yesterday with a red-bordered doily; to-day let the border be blue, and to-morrow there shall be no border at all. Yesterday he drank out of a tall tumbler and a Chinese cup; to-day let him have a slender-stemmed goblet and a Haviland bowl. To-day he enjoyed an egg on a slice of brown toast temptingly served on a delicate plate; to-morrow he will like it in a wine-glass. It is demoralizing even to a vigorous appetite to be able to conjecture just what you will have for breakfast, and just how it will look. Think, then! The appetite of an invalid is easily affronted. It is not "of the earth earthy;" it is evanescent and ethereal. It must be coaxed and cajoled. Every house should have its pieces of especially dainty china and fine glassware sacred to the sick-room. I remember a certain weakness I had when I was a child for a pretty *à-la-à-la* set that was used only in case of sickness. Many a trivial malady did I magnify for the sake of being allowed to lie abed and take my breakfast off of that lacquered tray and those delicate plates. Believe me, an invalid is susceptible to some childish pleasure.

It is almost an insult to one's understanding to suggest the necessity of quiet in a sick-room; but how many persons know what is meant by quiet—absolute repose? I fancy that, if I were an invalid, I would rather hear a dynamite explosion than the slinking, tip-toe tread of a heavy, perhaps a squeaking, shoe. A pair of soft, pliable, heelless slippers is therefore an indispensable adjunct to the skillful nurse's wardrobe, not to mention such simple dresses as will not brush against the bed with an ostentatious swish, or rustle stiffly over the floor. But these requirements must be felt. Like lessons in ethics, they cannot be inculcated into an unappreciative mind. The best nurses are nurses by instinct. Any one, however, may render acceptable service who brings to its performance a sound judgment, enduring patience, a cheerful face, and willing hands. These are the prerequisites of sick-room attendance. Without them no one can ever hope to fathom the principles of the fine art of nursing.

ELEANOR MOORE HIESTAND.

Hats and Churches.—In England, as in America, "Sunday clothes" are quite an institution; but in the former country the hat is a portion of man's attire which receives from him the greatest attention. It is, perhaps, seen at its best on a bright, sunshiny Sabbath morning; and, as the sanctuary has always proved an effective place to exhibit the latest millinery, frock-coats, and all the various etceteras which go to make the two sexes dressed and ready for church, the hat-

wearer takes it there—but, *unfortunately for the hat*, it cannot be worn during service. I am led to think, by personal observation, that if some one who is, about to organize a society for the advancement of mental culture among the far-away Dyaks would only change his mind, and instead start a Keep-on-your hat-in-church Society, he would prove himself a benefactor to English male humanity, and his name would go down to posterity glowing in fame.

Who has not been deeply interested before service commenced in church by seeing tall and short gentlemen walk sedately up the aisle to their pews, and before taking their seats solemnly read their hatters' names for the twentieth time. Never is the lining of a hat so carefully examined as during this critical moment; and it might be a good idea—and one calculated to put the worshiper in a proper frame of mind—if the ten commandments or the creed were substituted for the hatter's name. The wearer would then have a little more to read and the thing would not be so monotonous.

The English are a church-going people, and the male portion of the population who lay any claim to respectability would hardly think of entering church or chapel-door in a felt hat, except in bad weather. The silk hat is the Sunday hat. Tabooed on other days, it is the hat for Sunday.

A hatter who could recognize some of his own goods would obtain no small amount of satisfaction from standing at the door of a fashionable church and taking mental notes such as this: "Ah! here comes Mr. B——. Got one of my hats on—paid me one pound ten for it—nice looking top-piece—jewed me down ten shillings," and so on.

To all wearers of silk hats, however, when once they get inside the church, the hat becomes a serious difficulty. Of all the various expedients by which ingenious church-goers have endeavored to safely dispose of their hats, there is not one that has proved efficient. To hold a hat continually in one's lap is only practicable in Quaker meeting; and no man could successfully balance a hat in one hand and find the Epistle for the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity with the other hand; while to stand up to sing with a silk hat under your arm would be absurd. The hat must, therefore, be laid aside—but where? The churches are all constructed with exclusive reference to souls, and afford no accommodation for hats whatever.

The extreme danger of placing a hat in the aisle immediately outside of the pew can be readily seen. The first lady who sweeps up the aisle carries with her a confused train of defenseless hats, depositing them in front of her own pew, and then their owners have to rise and rush after their abused property. Of course, the hats which have been subjected to this process, however interesting they may prove to the geologist or antiquarian, are of no further use as hats.

In the days when expansive crinolines were in fashion the fate of such a hat was even more appalling. When a well-dressed lady passed by its vicinity, it was *gone* totally from human sight. There are cases on record where one fashionable woman engulfed thirteen hats during her passage from the church-door to her pew near the pulpit, and they were never seen more! Whether they were absorbed or resolved themselves into air was never ascertained, and the boldest man shrank from investigating their fate, preferring to bear the loss in sad and dignified silence.

Next to the aisle, the pew-seat is the most dangerous position which can be found for a hat. Reliable statistics show that of every one hundred hats thus placed sixty are sat upon by their owners, thirty-four are sat upon by other people, and only five escape! Just think of it! It is also a curious fact that a hat thus exposed exerts an irresistible attraction over fat persons. A man may enter a remote pew in a strange church and place his hat where no fat person could possibly perceive it on entering, yet in nine cases out of ten the sexton will show a fat man into that precise pew within ten minutes after the hat is in position; while numerous other fat people will hover about the place with a view to swooping down upon it if the first man did not smash it properly. There is a sort of magnetism at work here—a frightful, undefined power—and it might be well for scientists to take the matter in hand.

As to putting one's hat under the seat, no man who follows this course can expect anything but disastrous consequences to ensue. If there is a small boy around, he will be sure to kick it, and if a lady is in the pew it will require a complex surgical operation after service to remove her foot from the hat; while even if one's property escapes these evils, it will for a certainty absorb all the dirt and dust within a radius of eight or ten feet, and become temporarily affixed to the floor by the aid of a forgotten Sunday-school gumdrop.

Neither under the seat, on the seat, nor in the aisle can the much-abused hat find a secure resting-place; and if the churches were to set up hat-pounds in the vestibules, where hats could be kept during service, it would soon resolve into a hat exchange, where the lost souls would secure all the best hats and the saints would be compelled to content themselves with old and worn-out ones.

Happening in London over Sunday, I attended church, as a matter of course, and, as it would have been bad taste to do otherwise, I wore a high silk hat. This I placed in the aisle near my pew, and, greatly to my surprise, it escaped all the designs that must have been formed against its well-being. The service was extremely long, and, growing very tired of it, I decided to go out, and, during a lengthy prayer, without opening my eyes, I reached quietly for my hat, but was hindered in the purpose by a hand from behind, which grasped my own. Thinking some custodian of the church wished me to remain to the end of the service, I waited; but my stock of patience becoming exhausted, I reached again for the hat and was again prevented from going in the same manner as before. I was now thoroughly convinced that the service must be a really important one, and that some one desired me to stay, so I delayed my departure a little; but, after waiting another five minutes, I determined to go in spite of etiquette, and repeated the former manœuvre in the direction of my head-covering. A third time the same hand detained me; but I determinedly resisted its grasp, when a voice from behind me exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but that is *my* hat you are taking!"

Such was the fact! I had been detained all this while because every time I was reaching for some other man's hat.

Now if it was customary to furnish churches with convenient hat receptacles I should have been spared this most embarrassing predicament.

POT-POURRI.

Governor Cornell, of New York, some time ago referred to General Grant as "one who even more than Washington was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'" Mr. Fowler, of the New York Legislature, lately made a good point when, in moving an adjournment of the legislature for Washington's birthday, he said he made the motion on behalf of those who might desire to pay some honor to the memory of one "who is now second in war, second in peace, and somewhere in the hearts of his countrymen."

According to the ancient custom of novelists and comedy writers, all fathers of lovely young girls were brutes, and never did the decent thing except on the sly.

If the much-abused heroines of Fielding and Smollet could read of this St. Louis parent, how they would rejoice for their sisters of the present day.

"Do you love him?" asked her father.

Geraldine laughed in spite of herself. "I have a strong impression that he would scarcely ask me to marry him unless he thought pretty well of me."

"Of course—of course; but do you love him?"

"With my whole heart and soul."

"Well, if that's the case," said Colonel Spencer, throwing away his cigar, "all I've got to say is you are both confounded simpletons if you don't get married—there!"

There are many troubles in the life of an opera singer's wife, and these are graphically described by the following letter:

"MY DEAR JENNY: It is as you say, we have a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year; the praises of my husband are sounded every day in the newspapers; he is applauded every night he sings, and is a very king in his art. But you don't know what it is to be the wife of a tenor. Those who flatter my husband, and they are numerous, are incessantly telling him, 'Monsieur Michael, you have a mine of diamonds in your throat.' That may be true, I don't say it is not; but if you could understand what consequences it entails—a mine of diamonds in a man's throat! Michael is always as cross as a bear because of the state of the temperature. A barometer is less variable. He is continually opening and shutting the windows. When they are open he wants them shut, and when they are shut he says he stifles. You have no idea of the trouble we have at hotels, to prevent his taking cold. Even the style of carpet becomes a study. And the cart-load of furs we carry about with us! And the difficulty we have with the fires! There is also a long chapter as to what he may and may not eat; this is too strong, and that is too weak. And the night he sings there is a syrup which he must drink five times during an act, and a wash of brandy and camphor with which to rub his throat. From morning till night a tenor thinks of nothing but himself; he listens to himself sing; he studies poses before a

looking-glass; he calls after the servants: 'Jean, muffle the door-bell, its noise affects my nerves. Brigitte, don't pass before me again; you make a draught.' He interrogates his throat every ten minutes, la, la, la. Never a sensible word, always la, la, la. At table he does not talk for fear of destroying his la, la, la. If I ask him to take me out on a fine day, he runs to the piano and exercises his la, la, la. And so I remain your friend in sorrow,

"MARGUERITE."

It is seldom that prayers are amusing. Yet now and then petitions are made that are strikingly humorous, though the suppliant may be quite unconscious of the fact. A good friend of the magazine sends us the following remarkable instances.

Many years since, in a town in Massachusetts, there dwelt a man by the name of Bedell,—accented on the first syllable,—who had neighbors named Heath; between the two parties, for some reason, the keenest hatred existed. Mr. Bedell was a praying man, and as he was one day in his field, on bended knee, a passer-by overheard the following petition from his lips:

"O Lord, kill the Heaths! If I should do it, I should have to be hung; but thou, Lord, canst kill them and not be mistrusted."

He was, withal, "born tired," and, on another occasion, he prayed:

"O Lord! in our great need, send us corn, and, while you're about it, send it shelled."

Some one has said, "The whole subject of funerals is in as barbaric darkness as if the world hadn't been burying and being buried for six thousand years at the lowest calculation." I never was so struck with the truth of this remark as I was at a funeral I once attended. Viewing the remains has always been repugnant to me, but on this occasion the manner in which the invitation was given lent additional horror to the custom. The undertaker, who happened to be a German, after directing those who wished to look upon the face of the dead how to approach the casket, and by what door to leave the room, added, "so that everybody can get a fair look at him, and no crowding to be done." Ugh! It made my blood run cold.

H. S. F.

It is well to be prudent; but even prudence may be carried too far, as in the case of Mr. Elijah Hitchcock, a Connecticut constable. His character was under scrutiny, and Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.

"Deacon Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is an honest man?"

Very promptly—"Oh, no, sir! Not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he

is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keeful—a prudent man."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution of four dollars against the old Widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house and levied on a flock of ducks. He chased them ducks one at a time round the house pooty much all day, and every time he caught a duck he'd set right down and wring his neck and charge mileage; and his mileage 'mounted to more than the debt. Nothing mean about it as I know, but I always thought after that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

The late Prince Peter Von Oldenburg was an eccentric creature, and as full of superstitions as a Christmas horn is of goodies. He caused his daughter's wedding to be postponed, after all the guests had been summoned and the festivities prepared, because he had not discovered till then that the date of the ceremony fell on Monday, an unlucky day, according to Russian tradition. But the best story told of him was when he filled the place of general superintendent of the imperial college for girls. He was diligent to a degree in the performance of his duties. Hearing that complaints had been made at the Smoling Convent of the poor quality of food provided, he resolved to test the matter for himself. So, suddenly pouncing down upon the institution one day just at the dinner-hour, he walked directly toward the kitchen. At the door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming cauldron.

"Halt!" he cried; "put that kettle down."

The soldiers obeyed instantly.

"Bring me a spoon," was his next order.

One of the soldiers brought a spoon, but, in offering it, ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance.

"Hold your tongue!" commanded the prince. "Take off the lid; I insist on tasting it."

The next moment the spoon had conveyed a large portion to his mouth.

"You call this soup?" he exclaimed indignantly, as soon as he had swallowed the dose; "why, it is simply dirty water!"

"It is, your Highness," responded the soldier who had tried to explain; "we have just been cleaning out the laundry!"

A great many people say what they do not mean in their prayers. A Scotchman went behind a fence to pray, and declared to the Lord that if the fence should fall on him it would be no more than he deserved. At that moment a high wind blew the fence over on the petitioner. He rose hastily from his knees, and cried out in a frightened voice: "Hech, Lord, it's an awful world, this! A body canna say a thing in joke but it's ta'en in earnest."

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the English press.

Having to appear for the plaintiff in a case at Clonmel, he attacked the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to

Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man, named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel.

He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the reins of his smoking horse over the railings of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street door, beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No."

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him."

The valet went up-stairs, and told his master, who was in bed, the purpose of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in, for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bedroom, when a rough, wet coat pushed by him, and a thick voice said:

"By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington. "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillalah before the chevel-glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed?"

"No," replied the other; "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other; "I pledge you my word not to touch you until you are out of bed."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor."

"That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Hallea!" said Mr. Foley; "ain't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines; "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I shall never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning-paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal." And he affected to go to sleep.

The Irishman had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel.

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I haven't the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was that in less than an hour afterward Foley and his intended victim were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the former only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

The Chinese are a peculiar people, therefore their literature is peculiar, and none of it more so than the following anecdote, which would, without doubt, sink deep into the heart of a Celestial:

In the Chow dynasty (about three thousand years ago) there was a man named Laou Lai-tsze. When he was seventy years of age, he used to put on bright and many-colored clothes, and then he would play about like a child. Sometimes he would carry water into the hall, and pretend to stumble, and fall flat on the ground; and then he would cry, and run up to his parents' side to please the old people, and all to make them forget, for a time at least, their own great age.

Another is even more touching than the first:

There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy, he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said, "I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?"

"Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to hurt me when you flogged me; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

"It makes one weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read this story." Who does not long to have the dear, vanished hand back again, and the still voice speaking again, if, even to punish and reprove?

Rather Premature.—A newspaper was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent signed, "A Constant Reader."

An exchange tells the story of the Hon. Demshame Horner's troubles in graphic style. He had a very unpleasant experience lately. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency, the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Horner to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting the celebrated innocent. Nobody in the town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, but they had got the notion that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Horner from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a *nom de plume*, and supposed his real name was Horner. The *dénouement* is thus told: Mr. Horner first remarked, "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman in a whisper if he was all right, and got "yes" for an answer. Then he said, "Rum slays

more than disease!" A louder laugh. He couldn't understand it, but went on, "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men to death!" A perfect roar and applause. Mr. Horner began to get excited. He thought they were guying him, but he proceeded:

"We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Horner couldn't stand it. "What I'm saying is gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Horner turned to a man on the stage and said, "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha—it's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Horner, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of "Go on, Twain!" And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose up and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly quit laughing and blushed very red, and the folks in the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and they quit laughing too. And then Mr. Horner being thoroughly mad told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by asses and idiots, and, having said that, he left the hall. And the assemblage then voted to censure Twain and the chairman, and dispersed amid deep gloom.

Budding Genius Recognized.—I read not long since that one of the great men in the world of letters has recently been playing a practical joke upon the gentlemen of the press by sending an anonymous contribution to several leading monthlies, and enjoying the fun of having each of them politely but firmly decline it. The fact that any one of them would gladly have paid the weight of the MS. in gold for it, had they known the author's name, must have given additional zest to his enjoyment. But what I am coming to is that the experience of a friend of mine offsets the great man's little story. This friend is a lady, and one of the lesser lights in literature. She writes an occasional story or sketch for a magazine, but has little confidence in her own power. One of her early efforts was forwarded to a literary paper of Indianapolis with the request—what young writer has not made such request?—that the editor would give his candid opinion of it. He returned it with the comment, "I think you ought to do better." She then made a bold dash and sent it to the "Atlantic," and to her great astonishment it was accepted! It may be supposed that the editor of that august periodical did not know the opinion of the Indiana editor, or he also would have declined it; but here comes in the strangest part of the story. The incipient writer—unsophisticated little simpleton that she was!—had actually written the editor of the "Atlantic" that she had offered her sketch to an Indiana paper; that it had been declined with the above comment, and that it seemed—rather sarcastic this last, I fear—very crude and poor to her after that!

There are two theories prevalent in her circle of friends explanatory of this phenomenon; one is that her article was really meritorious, and the other that those Boston "literary fellers" do such things occasionally to show how impartial they are.

H. G. F.

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AMONG THE AZORES.

By MRS. S. E. DAWES.



AT SEA.

FAR away in the Atlantic Ocean there is a group of green islands, of which we know comparatively little, as they are somewhat out of the way of ordinary travel. More than four hundred years ago they were accidentally visited by a merchant vessel which was driven into their vicinity by a storm. The vessel was bound to Lisbon, on reaching which port her commander made known his discovery to the Portuguese Government, which sent out an expedition to take possession and settle upon the islands. These pioneers left an indelible impress upon their descendants, as the old quaint customs which they brought with them still remain, and the primitive tools of those days are still in use.

Having decided on a summer cruise among these islands, I sailed out of Boston harbor one pleasant July morning, and as our vessel proved to be a fast one, and we had favoring winds all the way, the voyage out was delightful.

These island gems, toward which we were sail-

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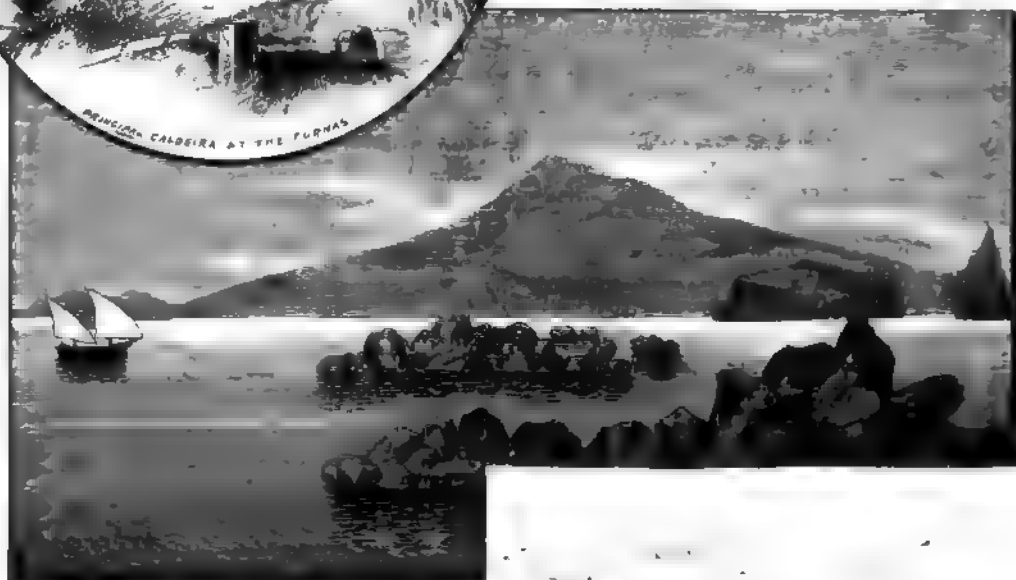
ing, are nine in number, and are somewhat widely separated, forming three distinct groups. Flores and Corvo are the first we approach, and a hundred and twenty miles distant we reach the second group, consisting of Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, and Terceira. St. Miguel and San Maria form the third group, and lie some seventy miles further to the southeast.

An ocean voyage, however pleasant, becomes in time monotonous, and it was with great delight that we heard one morning, our fourteenth at sea, that land was in sight. I looked anxiously in the direction pointed out, and was told that what appeared only a blue cloud on the horizon was the island of Flores. A few hours later, Corvo, its nearest neighbor, was faintly outlined, and before sunset they had grown upon our vision until they looked like two green mountains rising out of the sea, and capped with fleecy clouds.

Next morning we found ourselves near the western end of the island, and as we had a light breeze and could only move slowly along we had ample time to enjoy the lovely views which it presented. The island is in reality a mountain in the sea, and is cultivated with the greatest care almost to its summit. We passed a succession of villages as we sailed along, and they were all built of stone



A FLORES CART DRAWN BY COWS.



ISLAND OF FAYAL FROM PICO.

and neatly whitewashed. They formed the prettiest pictures imaginable, nestled in the green valleys, or crowning some bold headland.

As we neared Santa Cruz, the port of entry of the island, the American flag was displayed from our mast-head, and was the signal for the custom-house boat to visit us. It soon came alongside, and we found a number of dignitaries had come out to meet us, among them the governor of the island. Having given us permission to land, I returned with these officials and some of our own party for a few hours' visit to Flores.

There was no wharf, and so the boat was rowed into a rocky little cove, and after being pushed as

far on to the beach as possible the boatmen took us in their stout arms and carried us to land. As our vessel had probably been seen a long distance off, the news of our arrival had spread rapidly over the island, and there was a large crowd at the landing to greet us. It is very seldom that an American lady visits that island, and I was so much of a curiosity that all the women gathered round me, asking me, in Portuguese, who I was, and where I came from.

They were a strange looking crowd, bare-footed and bare-headed, with the exception of a gay-colored handkerchief, which most of



VILLA FRANCA.

them wore tied tightly under the chin. They wore full-gathered skirts and little short coats, and for an outside garment the prevailing fashion seemed to be one of these dress skirts turned wrong side

out and pinned about the neck. As I walked up from the landing toward the little quaint-looking custom-house perched on a rock, the crowd on the beach followed me till I was glad to take refuge within, if only for a few moments.

The town is built mostly on the level land near the shore, but some of the houses stretch back upon the mountain in the rear, and look very pleasant nestling among the orange-groves. There is a large cathedral in Santa Cruz, with two towers, each surmounted with a small dome, and every village on the island has its stone church. The streets are very narrow and are paved with tiny stones, which form a very durable though not a very easy walk to tread upon. As I was passing up the principal street, I heard a strange creaking sound, and pretty soon a queer-looking vehicle came rattling over the stones, which was a clumsy affair indeed. The body was made of hardwood, very thick, and the sides of the cart were formed of basket-work. The wheels were a solid piece of wood, without spokes, of course, and they creaked fearfully. I think those carts are considered the best that make the most noise, and if there were many in the place the din would be fearful. This cart was drawn by two patient-looking cows yoked together, and their horns were also tied. They were dragging a load of stones, but they were not as heavy as they looked, for the stones here are all light and porous. The island is of volcanic origin, and nearly all of the rocks show the action of fire upon them.

The consul of the port had gone to Layens, a town a few miles away, to attend a wedding, so the business was entrusted to a gentleman who invited us from the custom-house to his own residence. His business office where we first entered was on the ground floor, and looked out into a pretty garden, which was tastefully laid out. After our business was transacted, he invited us up-stairs into the living apartments of the family. We were first ushered into the drawing-room, which was large and quite gorgeous in gilding and stone-work. There were mats upon the polished floor, and the furniture was of cane and bamboo. No woollen carpets or upholstered furniture is used upon any of the islands, for the climate is so moist they would gather dampness and mould very quickly. We were introduced to the ladies of the family, and one of the daughters, a little

girl with bright black eyes and pleasing face, came into the room to be presented to us. We had a pleasant chat, considering that it was all carried on at second-hand, for the family did not understand English and we could speak very little Portuguese, so we were obliged to speak through an interpreter. We were just thinking it was time to take leave of our new friends, when a door was thrown open at the side of the room and we were



THE OLD FRUIT WOMAN.

invited out into a pleasant dining-room to lunch. A handsome bouquet of flowers stood in the centre of the table, and ranged about it were plates of dried figs and raisins, different kinds of preserves, and some sweet-cakes as thin as a wafer and unlike anything I had ever seen or tasted. Some lemon-colored drink was served in tiny glasses, and I afterward learned it was called *liquor*, and was made from the juice of various fruits. While we were eating, servants stood by with green boughs to keep off the flies, which we found were as plenty in that far-away island as at home. On leaving this hospitable mansion, which proved to be the finest on the island, I was presented with a beau-

tiful bouquet of flowers and the cards of our hosts.

We spent an hour or two longer on the island, and then went on board our vessel again, and soon were on our way to Fayal, a hundred and



WOMEN IN CLOAKS IN THE STREETS OF PONTA DELGADA.

twenty miles distant. It has much the appearance of Flores as we approach it from a distance; but a nearer view shows it to be under a greater state of cultivation, and it does not rise so abruptly from the sea. The villages are larger than those of Flores, and are laid out with greater regularity. The high lands are covered with orange-groves, and the many-colored fields of grain make a rich mosaic as they glow in the sunshine. I was told at length that a rocky headland just before us was Castle Blanco, and that as soon as we had passed it, the harbor of Horta, the principal city of Fayal, would be visible.

I watched with eager eyes for the first glimpse; and when the scene actually burst upon my view half of its beauty had not been told me, for it shone like a beautiful gem in an emerald setting. The houses are all of stone, plastered on the outside, and most of them whitewashed. Now and then I saw one with a yellow tinge, and some of them were in the rough state in which they were built. There are stone landing-steps here, so it is not so difficult getting on shore as at some of the other islands. An old fort mounting fifteen guns stands near the landing, but I am afraid it would not be much protection if an ironclad

should sail into the harbor and open fire upon the place.

The streets are narrow, and some of them leading to the mountains in the rear of the city are very steep. They are kept almost spotlessly clean, however, and paved nicely with small stones. None of the houses are occupied on the lower story except those of the poorer class. Stores are either kept there or it is neatly paved for a courtyard. One quite nice-looking house in the Rua San Francisco had a donkey stable underneath, and was occupied by a family above. There were wooden balconies to nearly all the windows, and they seemed to be a favorite resort for the ladies and children of the household. On all except the business streets the houses of the better class had spacious gardens connected with them, but they were all surrounded with such high walls that nothing could be seen of their beauty except as one peeped through a half-open gate now and then. I passed one house that had what its owner probably called a statue at the entrance to the grounds, but it was nothing more than an overgrown doll, dressed in bright colors and holding a stiff bouquet of earthenware flowers at her bosom.

The houses are seldom more than two stories high and are covered with a roofing of red earthen tiles. There are very few chimneys there such as we use; in fact, the smaller houses have none at all, and the smoke, while cooking, has to escape the best way it can. The climate is so mild that fires are not needed, except for cooking, and fuel is so scarce that the poorer classes seldom build a fire more than once a week, when they bake enough to last them that length of time.

Frequently, in passing through the streets in the older part of the city, I saw through the open door the interior of some of the poorer huts. The floors were of clay, and the furniture rude and very ancient, consisting of clumsy, high-backed chairs, rickety-looking benches, and nondescript bedsteads. One or two cheap, gayly-colored pictures generally adorned the walls, and either were meant to represent the Virgin Mary or some of the saints.

The women in Fayal wear a strange kind of garment which they call a capote. It is usually made of dark-blue woollen cloth, cut like a large circular, with an immense hood shaped like a monk's cowl and stiffened with whalebone, so

that it stands about two feet and a half from the shoulders. A more unbecoming garment, it seems to me, could not have been invented, and I believe it is worn in no other part of the world.

The women here deal largely in fruit, some of them purchasing whole orchards of oranges and selling them by the basket at the street corners, or to other venders of the fruit. One old woman I always saw sitting near an archway at the head of the street leading from the landing-steps. In summer she sells figs, plums, apples, and pears, and in winter oranges and nespars. The latter is a rich fruit about the size of a plum and makes a delicious preserve. It is such a convenient place for trade, that the old woman takes a great many dumps in the course of the day. These are a large copper coin, very thick and heavy, and worth about five of our cents. The Portuguese money is all so large that shopping here is attended with considerable labor, and I did not wonder that people carried good-sized bags to hold their coin. These bags are a curiosity in their way. They are made of patchwork, some tastefully put together and some with ugly combinations of color, and nearly all ornamented at the corners with cotton tassels.

Almost all burdens are carried on the head, and it is a novel sight for strangers to see the women coming from the old well in the public square, carrying their wooden water-jars on their heads. This ancient well is a large, square one, and quite deep, and they draw the water up in buckets. I could not help thinking how much easier they could get the water if there was only a windlass or a churn-pump, or even an old-fashioned well-sweep. But these people look with great disfavor upon any new invention, and prefer to draw water in the same hard way their ancestors did hundreds of years ago.

The milkmen here have a singular outfit, consisting of two wooden jars fastened to a pole, which they sling across their shoulders. The dish with which they measure their milk is also hung to the same pole. They walk eight or ten miles from their farms in the country to sell their daily supply of milk, and then trudge patiently back again.

As I was strolling down the Rua San Francisco one day, I saw an unusual crowd, and soon learned that it was market day. The peasants were bringing in the produce of their little plots of ground,

and buyers were there with pretty market-baskets, getting their family supplies. The market-place is a large court-yard enclosed with a high wall, and and neatly paved, except here and there where a patch of soil is left, from which thrifty trees are growing. There are quaint little stalls arranged around the sides, and these are mostly tended by women. They were offering for sale queer little cheeses no larger than a saucer. I should have bought one, but unfortunately I had neither basket nor bag to put it in, and as they never have wrapping-paper here I had to leave it. I bought some delicious white plums, however, and those which I could not eat I found room for in my pocket. There were all kinds of vegetables for sale, besides figs, lemons, plums, apples, and pears. The latter fruit was not nearly as good as we have in America, but the figs were delicious.

The food of the poorer people is very coarse and plain, consisting mostly of corn bread, without butter, and perhaps once a week a little meat



WATER-CARRIERS OF PICO.

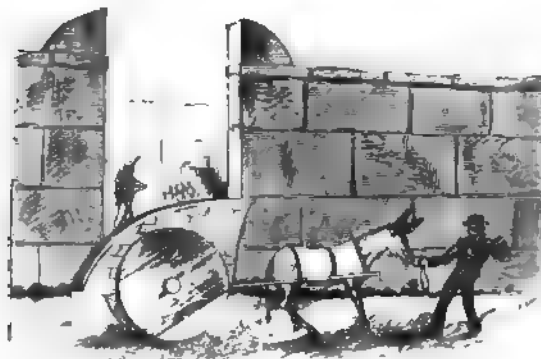
and what fish they can catch. I saw a woman carry along the street one day what at first sight appeared to be a huge snake nearly four feet long. I was told this was a species of eel, which was considered a great delicacy. The shape and color

of the creature was so suggestive of a serpent, that I can never think of it without disgust.

There are only about three or four horses in all Fayal, and these are owned by private persons. There are several stables in the place, but donkeys and mules are the only animals they have to let. There are, perhaps, half a dozen old lumbering barouches, and these are drawn by a pair of mules.

The donkey saddle is a curious arrangement, something like an arm-chair, and both gentlemen and ladies sit sideway upon it. Though a clumsy-looking affair, it is quite comfortable to ride upon, as I found by experience. Donkeys are let by the day or hour, as one chooses, for a small sum, including the services of a boy. A small party of us hired some of these sure footed but ungainly-looking steeds for an afternoon ride, and they behaved so well that we shall always speak with favor of these animals, so often berated and much abused by travelers.

The climate of the island is very fine, and the air, laden with the perfume of flowers, always soft and mild. Many resort here to spend the winter, and thus escape the rigor of other climes. The accommodations for travelers are excellent, especially at the Fayal Hotel, the principal one in the place. It stands on the Rua San Francisco, looking directly upon the water, and thus commanding a fine view of the harbor, and is admirably kept by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. They set a



A DONKEY CART.

bountiful and excellent table, plentifully supplying their guests with all the delicious fruits of the islands, and the charge is only a dollar a day of American money.

The Peak of Pico, a beautiful cone-shaped

mountain on the island of Pico, opposite Fayal, is a most striking object, whether seen from a distance or viewed from its base.

The Peak has evidently been an eruptive volcano in ages gone by, but from its long silence the peaceful dwellers at its base seem to have no fears of its again breaking forth. The mountain towers over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and rises in a symmetrical cone to a point at the summit. It is covered with snow in winter, which sometimes lingers in small patches far into the summer. It is often covered with dense clouds for days at a time, and is an unfailing indication of the sort of weather that may be expected in the vicinity. I was favored with a view of a magnificent sunset on the mountain, and it was fully an hour, after the sun had left its base, before the shadow had reached the peak, and the changing colors of blue, purple, and crimson with which the sun painted the summit were beautiful in the extreme. Scarcely had the twilight faded ere the full moon arose over the southern base of the mountain, and bathed the whole scene in a flood of golden light. The white houses of Horta glistened in its rays, and the view was one of enchantment as beautiful as it was rare.

There are pretty villages all along the shore of the island, and these invariably built of stone, most of them plastered and neatly whitewashed. At two or three places a small custom-house is located, but Fayal is really the seaport for its trade.

The soil is very fertile, producing an abundance of vegetables and the most delicious of fruits. It has a great many vineyards, and Pico wine is made in large quantities. The residents of Fayal go over there as we go into the country here, for recreation, and some of the wealthy people have summer residences there.

The island of St. George is just opposite and is long and narrow, with high bluffs, especially on its northern side. It was curious, as we sailed along, to see the little patches of cultivated land on the steep sides of the island. It would seem as though a man could hardly get a footing there, much less to make anything grow. But they have thrifty vineyards, and patches of yams and potatoes growing on every available space, and when the crops are ripe they carry them on their backs over the bluffs to the villages.

We saw a great many little mountain-streams

pouring down the ravines into the sea. These brooks, which at some seasons swell into small rivers, are a great convenience to the islanders, for they do their washing in them. I often saw the *lavadeiras*, as the washer-women are called in Portuguese, trooping down to the brook-side with a huge basket of clothes poised on the head. They rub them on the rocks for a wash-board, and spread them on a stone wall to dry, putting small stones on them to keep them from blowing away.

Valons is the port of entry, and custom-house boats are kept here for the officials to cruise about in the discharge of their duty. The town is a sleepy-looking place, nestled in a little green nook at the foot of a mountain, and has only a limited share of the commerce of the islands.

St. George was visited by a volcanic eruption in 1808 which lasted a number of days, and the remains of the destructive lava streams which poured down its sides are plainly visible. The course of the fiery flood can be distinctly traced, and the beauty of the southern side of the island is greatly marred by the acres of blackened soil, which seem like a gloomy desert contrasted with the adjacent fertility. The inhabitants still remember the great fire as seen by themselves, or its story told by eye-witnesses, and it is to be hoped they may never experience another such disaster.

One morning the captain called me early, and said we were nearing the island of Graciosa, and that the view was too fine to lose. I hastened on deck, and exclaimed with delight, as my eye rested on the beautiful scene. The island is of a different shape from any of the rest, more graceful in outline, and I suppose this is what gave it its name. It is not near as high as its neighbors, but has two or three beautifully-rounded hills upon it, on one of which stands a church, with a winding road leading to it, fenced with a white-washed stone wall. The island appeared to us like a little Paradise, and as some of our party had occasion to land here we waited eagerly for their report.

They were disappointed, however, with what they saw, and found by experience the truth of the quotation, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." The houses are much inferior to those on the other islands, and the inhabitants seem to be miserably poor. The island is something of a farming region, and they make butter

and cheese; but a great deal of their living comes from the sea, and the men go fishing whenever the weather is suitable. They build little stone walls of the black lava rock which abounds here, and over these they train their grapevines, and



WATER-CARRIER AND MILKMAN IN FAYAL.

the square-shaped enclosures look odd enough from a distance.

A mill for grinding corn, which one of our party saw, was a strange affair. In a sort of underground hut was a huge hopper and crank, fastened to which was an old cow, blindfolded, that went round the apartment at a clumsy walk, and thus turned the mill, which a small boy tended. On all the other islands the corn and wheat are ground by windmills, and they look very picturesque, crowning the highest land with their sails spread to the breeze. Strangers are a rarity on the island, and whenever they visit here are followed about by a curious crowd. They have an eye to business, too, and eagerly offer their wares. A gentleman of our party met a woman on one of the streets with a goose in her arms, which she wanted very much to sell; but he concluded he did not care to purchase. The numerous round hills upon the island which they so carefully cultivate are nearly all flat upon the top, and often have a sunken basin, which looks as though it might have been the crater of a volcano at some remote period. It is an isolated



AZOREAN CHARACTERS.

the third discovered in the central group, is somewhat larger than Fayal, and fully as attractive in its general appearance. Like most of its sisters, it has its sentinel mountain, Monte Brazil, which is joined at the mainland by a narrow strip of soil. Its chief city, Angra, is finely built, and has more pretension to elegance than any other of the island cities of the Atlantic. It is charmingly situated on the southern shore of the island, and has a good landing but not a very safe harbor. Being an open roadstead, with not always secure

anchorage, it is found, at some seasons of the year, to be difficult of access. It has some pretensions to literary culture, and a college, or advanced school, is located here.

The streets of Angra are wide, and the sidewalks commodious, which cannot be said of the other island cities. In most of them the sidewalks are reduced to the narrowest possible limits, and one often is

obliged to step into the street in order to pass a more than ordinary-sized person.

The country scenery in Terceira is lovely, and flourishing orange-groves abound. This fruit forms the only export of the island, and vast quantities of it are shipped to England.

St. Miguel, over seventy miles distant, is the largest island in the Azores, and in some respects the most lovely. The scenery is enchanting, and the soil is all under a fine state of cultivation. It is about fifty miles long, and perhaps twelve miles broad, and has the usual diversity of mountain and valley. It formerly had no secure anchorage, and vessels were obliged to lay off in the roadstead, and in case a gale of wind arose suddenly, slip their anchors and put out to sea. But a breakwater has been built at great labor and expense, and now affords a

spot in the ocean, and its inhabitants dwell in undisturbed solitude for the greater part of the year.

The island of Terceira, so named because it was

safe anchorage for the large fleet of whalers and merchant vessels that frequently seek the port of Ponta Delgada, the principal city of the island. This is really one of the finest cities under Portu-

guess rule, and its inhabitants, numbering between forty and fifty thousand, seem more wide awake and enterprising than their island neighbors.



THE ST. MICHAEL'S CARAPUÇA.

There are some excellent hotels here, and on the business streets are stores well stocked with goods, mostly imported from Lisbon, with which city regular communication is had by steamers twice a month.

One of the nobility, with the title of baron, has a magnificent residence at Ponta Delgada, surrounded with extensive grounds. Landscape gardening would seem to have reached perfection here, for nothing can be more lovely than the grottoes, cascades, artificial caverns, and parterres of the most rare and gorgeous flowers that meet the visitor at every turn of this island paradise.

This charming spot, however, is not without its shadows, for it is sometimes visited by earthquakes, though none have occurred recently. It has some famous sulphur springs called the Furnas, which issue boiling hot from the earth, and are said to be efficacious in the cure of rheumatism and kindred chronic diseases. They are much resorted to by the inhabitants, but the fame of their healing properties has not extended far enough to attract many foreign visitors as yet.

San Maria is the smallest and most insignificant of the group, and is seldom visited, except by native vessels, which go there for the fine clay with which the island abounds. This is shipped on board their vessels in the form of round balls and exported to the different islands, a large share of

it being carried to Fayal, where it is used in making the quaint-shaped pottery so much admired at the present time.

On our homeward trip we visited Corvo, the smallest island of the first group, and about twenty miles from Flores. It is almost out of the world, as it were, and is a barren, forsaken-looking place. Only six miles long and three miles broad, its poor inhabitants have but a limited territory from which to gather their subsistence. There is but one village upon the island, and this was apparently built in the only available spot for such a purpose. The streets are very narrow, some of them scarcely more than lanes, and seem to lead nowhere in particular. The houses are of the rudest description, and the people nearly all utilize their front yards for pig-pens and hen-coops. No horses are found upon the island, but they have a small breed of cattle, and a few sheep browse upon the patches of verdure that are found here and there. They raise corn and wheat in small quantities, and a few yams and potatoes. They have a circular threshing-floor near the village centre, made of clay, where five oxen tied together were threshing out a small quantity of wheat upon it. They will patiently work in this way for half a day, when one of our modern flails or machines for such work would have done it in an hour's time. Their farming tools are the rudest



A TYPE OF THE ISLANDERS.

imaginable, and so ancient in construction that they would be considered a valuable addition to an antiquarian museum.

The Portuguese Government does not care to have any improvements reach these islands; so with all their beauty and wealth of fruits they are far behind other civilized countries in regard to the comforts and conveniences of life. These gems of the sea are delightful places to visit, especially for invalids, and many resort here to spend the winter months. Snow is never seen except on the Peak of Pico, and then only during the winter

months. Sometimes there is a slight frost, and occasionally a little frozen rain, but this seldom occurs, and the islands are green all the year round.

The hotel accommodations of the island are good, especially at Fayal and St. Michael's, and tourists who desire a sea voyage and the sight of a quaint bit of Old World civilization cannot do better than to take passage in some vessel bound to these island gems of the Atlantic.

THE MORMONS AND THE PRESIDENT.

BY HON. E. A. THOMAS.

ABOUT fifty millions of people inhabit the United States. Among them are found men of every sect and every nationality. But one class, however, is infamous enough to rejoice over the attempt upon the life of President Garfield, and to applaud the atrocity of Guiteau. That the class referred to should do so is not surprising, for assassination has ever been inseparably connected with the polity of the Mormon Church. It was the favorite method of Brigham Young for the maintenance of his terrible power. It is by no means discountenanced under the present hierarchy. Because at his inauguration the President spoke a few noble words by which he evinced his purpose of enforcing the laws in Utah as well as in Washington, the "saints" of these latter days pretend to see the hand of Providence in the present national affliction. They assert that the sufferings of President Garfield are a just judgment upon him for even promising to do his duty toward that insubordinate and stubborn people. They possess an impudence truly sublime. Composing an oligarchy with foreign tendencies within the limits of this mighty Republic, they assume to sit in judgment on all temporal powers. The President and the Supreme Court of the United States are especially subject to their censure; the former for the simple reason that he has pledged himself to do his duty; the latter, because it has held to be valid certain laws which seriously interfere with the favorite measures of the priesthood. Had anything been needed to fill the Mormon cup of iniquity to the brim and to convince the American nation that there is good cause to find that people guilty on the various charges against them, the

comments of the Salt Lake press and the expressed satisfaction of the Mormon people furnish all that was wanting.

The blighting influences of their doctrines are spreading over some of the fairest portions of the Pacific Slope. Already has the shadow fallen upon Arizona and Idaho, Colorado and Wyoming. Victorious in war, successful in negotiations, the founder of the highest national credit, the emancipator of millions, honored abroad, peacefully established at home, our Republic can no longer permit this foul blot to remain on its escutcheon. No one asks for persecution. A strict enforcement of the laws against all evil-doers, equally and unwaveringly, is alone sought for. When the public sentiment of this nation is aroused, the doom of polygamy and of the other evil dogmas of the Mormon faith will be enforced. The laws cannot interfere with a person's religious belief; but they may prohibit criminal acts, the result of that belief, and the moment that the unlawful deeds of the Mormon hierarchy are entirely suppressed, no bonds of union will hold the priesthood together, the Church will crumble to pieces, and but little religion will be left to quarrel over. What then might remain of Mormonism would prove no more obnoxious than the tenets of many other sects.

The subject now is not a difficult one to dispose of. The rights of fifty millions as against those of a quarter of a million can be readily adjusted. But the same ratio will not exist for any great length of time. Soon the problem will prove a far more difficult one to solve than was that of slavery, but a few years since. Great Britain and

Scandinavia are being effectually canvassed by Mormon missionaries. Thousands of the most ignorant and depraved are annually drawn from these countries and poured into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The teachings of these emissaries appeal to the baser portion of human nature. Animal comforts, beastly gratification, are promised as inducements to become converts. "New stakes" in Zion are being set throughout the Pacific Slope, and bishoprics established in all of the adjoining States and Territories. The Mormon polity, however vicious, is based on shrewd common sense. Its object is the greatest good for the smallest number, and it has proved a perfect success. The institution is a close corporation, from which the President of the Church, his Counsellors, the Twelve Apostles, and a few others derive unlimited authority. They also acquire great riches from the tithings paid in by the poor and superstitious masses of the church members.

Claiming to be the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," it is impossible to discover in their dogmas anything that savors of Christian theology. A strange compound appears, however, of doctrines drawn from the faith of the Jews and of the Buddhists, and the theory of "blood-atonement" has led practically to the offering of human sacrifices.

The supreme absurdity of the proposition that the practice of polygamy tends to promote a pure and spiritual religion need not be discussed here. Without any reference to that offense, there is nothing pure or spiritual in the faith of the Mormons. "They are of the earth, earthy." The Church has existed for half a century. Nearly a quarter of a million converts have been made. What are the results? Has even one man truly great appeared in it? Has it produced a statesman, poet, general, orator, patriot, or philanthropist? Is any man to-day happier or holier for the theology of Joseph Smith? Are we indebted to it for a single great or noble sentiment? Could any of these questions be answered in the affirmative, we might entertain some feeling of compassion, or a hope that proper treatment might recall them to the path of duty. But under the existing state of facts what can the Mormons demand but simple justice, the justice which we desire them to receive, but for which they have the greatest aversion. Their highest claim to consideration is in their own language, that they have "made the

desert to blossom as the rose." They have indeed been industrious, but in pursuit of the best interests of the hierarchy.

Were they accomplishing good, many evils could be overlooked; but in all things they are anti-Christian as well as anti-American. Their arrogant bearing in Utah, where they are so greatly in the majority, their threats of vengeance against the American people and all others whom they deem their enemies, their advocacy of blood atonement, and the comfort which they derive from the belief that eventually all inimical to them will be destroyed with fire unquenchable, does not well accord with the theology of Christ. Neither does the fact that Utah and all the Mormons are ruled by a small oligarchy composed of their President and Twelve Apostles, that freedom of thought and of speech is not permitted there (except in Salt Lake City, under the guns of Fort Douglas), that polygamous wives, irrespective of age and nationality, without any process of naturalization, are permitted to vote and to enjoy all the other rights of citizenship, that hostility to republican institutions is thoroughly instilled into the heart of each new convert, and of every Mormon child, and that all are taught that it is a meritorious act to disobey the laws of the United States, correspond well with the principles of the American Government. They boast that they will yet be strong enough in their mountain fastnesses to cope with the national power, and so great is the superstition of the masses that they believe when the inevitable time for action arrives the leaders of the faithful will call to their aid the mighty host of heaven.

Any other Government possessed of one twentieth part of the power of the United States would long ago have wiped this stain from the face of the earth. But America, young, generous, mighty, apathetic, careless of the future, nurtures in her bosom the reptile that will yet endeavor to sting her to the heart.

The founder of the Mormon Church, ambitious of power, desirous of the means to gratify his animal instincts, without a spark of genius, but guided by low cunning, chose religion and superstition as the instruments with which to attain his end. He palmed off upon his credulous followers the dreamy productions of a valetudinarian for the inspirations of Jehovah. Avowing the dogma of plural marriage, persecuted for what he did,

not for what he believed, becoming as much of a martyr as John of Leyden, or Kniperdoling, his mantle fell to Brigham Young. That leader was far superior in talents to Joseph Smith. His intellectual powers were coarse, strong, practical. He led the exodus from the States to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Burning with hatred for the land of his birth, suffering with his followers in the hour of their most fearful trials, leading them successfully to their promised land, he gained over them an ascendancy such as has rarely been acquired by any of the sons of men over their fellows. Arriving in Utah, he was undisturbed for a long time either by the Mexican or American Government. He became absolute dictator. Even after the establishment of other authority, he received from most of his followers implicit obedience until the time of his death. He combined, as he termed it, the order of Melchisedec with the plan of organization of the early Christian Church, found a place in the priesthood for every enthusiastic spirit, and by his choice of presidents, apostles, bishops, counsellors, high-priests, and members of seventies, gave offices to many and cemented the bonds of the Church. He also formed a complete system of gradation and promotion, as well as of espionage, and placed himself firmly in the highest seat of power.

According to the law which he enunciated, the lands of Utah in the first instance belonged exclusively to the Church, and in its distribution he was not forgetful of his own interests, nor of those of his immediate followers. He subsequently formed and carried out the plan of erecting in each town or county of importance a "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institute," which, managed by his favorites, monopolized nearly all the business of Utah, excluded the Gentiles from participation therein, and greatly increased the revenue which he had perniciously derived from the payment of tithings to the Church. The payment of this tithing is strictly enforced, and no stronger cause exists to-day for the excommunication of a brother than the fact that he has been remiss in making these payments to the officers of the treasury.

After the organization of Utah into a Territory, Brigham Young was appointed governor. Thus he was at the same time at the head of the Church and of the political and mercantile interests of the Territory. Though soon superseded in the

office of governor, he maintained his political supremacy, and by means of his "Band of Danites" enforced speedily, secretly, mercilessly, in despite of Federal powers, his own fatal decrees.

Then was organized a most effectual plan for proselyting. The first Mormons, renegades to their religion and to their country, were nearly all Americans. The high officers of the Church are, with few exceptions, filled by them to-day. Yet the institution is emphatically foreign, and it was soon apparent to the astute mind of Brigham Young, that if his Church was to flourish, its strength must be derived from other countries. Zealous emissaries, under his direction, were sent abroad. The offscourings of Protestant Europe have been gathered into the valleys of the American Zion.

The gospel, as preached to these converts, abounds with promises of peace, plenty, and paradise in this world, and a glorious immortality in the one to come. But if these promises are no better fulfilled as to the future than the present, most Mormons will have a far more realizing sense of the place described by Dante than of the one pictured by Milton.

From the time that a Mormon is baptized his enforced contributions to the wealth of the priests commence. If in America, it is nominally for the exclusive use of the Church, but actually for the pockets of the "leaders in Israel." If a poor Mormon has no money, he turns wheat and potatoes, beef and poultry, hay and wool, into the insatiable maw of the Church. If the convert is baptized in foreign lands, he is persuaded as speedily as possible to sail for America. If he has money, the elders receive it in trust until he arrives in Utah. He will never see it again. He may be paid in lands and merchandise at the Saints' own valuation, but the money will never be returned. It will inure to the benefit of apostles and elders. If the convert is poor, he will be furnished with a ticket to Utah. When there, he will ascertain that he is involved in a debt to the Church which he can never pay. Instead of diminishing, he will find that it increases every year, and he will learn that he has a job on hand similar to that of filling a well which has no bottom.

When the trains, which during each month roll down the valley of the Great Salt Lake, enter the city of that name, the apostles and bishops meet

to receive the new converts, to welcome them to Zion, and especially to select from the youngest and prettiest a third, eighth, or eleventh wife, as the case may be. The higher orders of the priesthood are allowed to choose first. Many a girl scarcely eighteen is compelled to become the polygamous wife of a bishop of sixty. No pre-conceived affection or plighted troth is permitted to interfere. Younger or more fascinating lovers must be renounced. Until recently, the anathemas of the Church and the fierce wrath of the Danites were certain to descend upon the heads of all those who dared to withstand the desires of such "holy" men. Deprivation of goods, torture, and assassination have frequently been the result of such acts of disobedience.

After the farce of a marriage ceremony is performed, these young women, under age and of foreign birth, are allowed to vote, and are granted all the rights of citizenship. The men are told to have no dealings with the Gentiles, but to purchase everything they require at Z. C. M. I., or at least of some brother in the faith, and last, but not least, to promptly pay their tithing. They are then taken through the "Endowment House," the mysteries of which have been but partially explained, where, however, the performances are said to excel even those of the Mormon theatres.

No Mormon, until he reaches Salt Lake City, can pass through the Endowment House. Many baptized Mormons never come to America. Consequently they are deprived of this inestimable privilege, and of attaining the highest round in the ladder of Mormon saintliness. When he does succeed in reaching the hallowed spot, he is presented with endowment robes, which he wears through life, and in which he is finally buried. These robes resemble an ordinary woollen undershirt and pair of drawers, marked with certain hieroglyphics and cabalistic sentences. Possessed of two or more of them, each saint is permitted to change for the purpose of cleanliness; but he is not allowed to take one robe completely off without having another at least partly on. For instance, a good saint, after pulling his right arm out of the one that he has been wearing, must insert the same arm in a clean robe before he can withdraw the other arm from the robe that is soiled. Should he make a mistake and remove one garment entirely before putting on part of

another, he will, according to Mormon theology, be in imminent peril of hell-fire.

When a Mormon is married, he again passes through the Endowment House, where additional mummeries are performed. The farce is repeated every time that a new concubine is added to the harem.

The priests perform these marriages, attend to other rites, interfere with the business relations of the laymen, dictate marriages, prescribe styles of dress, settle the disputes, where such settlement is required by the interests of the Church, meddle with politics, get elected to the legislature, hold other offices, give orders generally, and pocket the plunder.

The legislation of these priestly lawgivers is somewhat striking and peculiar. Their statute books may be searched in vain for any law against incest, seduction, or bastardy, to say nothing of bigamy. The doors are literally thrown open to all those wishing to procure divorces, which may there be obtained upon the most flimsy pretexts. Licentiousness abounds, and the illegitimate children are increasing in great numbers; illegitimate according even to the very loose construction of the Mormon expounders; children whose parents never went through the slightest form of marriage. Home influences are unknown in polygamous families. The women are downtrodden and in many cases heart-broken. The children grow up ignorant, brutish, sensual.

If a man, disgusted with the pretensions and practices of the Mormon Church, withdraws from it, or if an evangelist attempts to begin his work in the towns of Utah, a system of persecution will be inaugurated which, for malicious ingenuity, is unparalleled. Protection may be found in Salt Lake City, and sometimes in a few of the larger towns; but as a rule an American citizen has no rights in Utah that a Mormon is bound to respect. Though within a territory over which floats the stars and stripes, he is not in many instances permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. No Gentile, as the non-Mormons are called, would desire to send his children to a Mormon school. Mormons and Gentiles are nevertheless taxed alike for the construction of school-houses, which, after completion, are used as Mormon temples. But we are incorrect in saying that the two classes are taxed alike, for the Mormons assess as value the property

of their Gentile neighbor at at least twice as much as that of their brother in the faith.

Thus far this people have succeeded in defying the laws and the Government of the United States. This is the result, partly of their pernicious jury system, partly of the unity and power of the Church, in some degree of their plan of intimidation of the weaker brethren, who incline to the right, and especially of the mysterious influence which they have exerted for years in the departments in Washington and in Congress. Bound together by oaths terrible to the ignorant mind, one Mormon will not convict another of a crime, except, as in the case of John D. Lee, when instructed to do so by the highest Church authorities for the promotion of Church measures.

Such is the sect, the members of which see in the act of Guiteau the fulfillment of some of their prophecies, and who congratulate each other that they have received further evidence of their being finally avenged upon all of their enemies. They

liken Utah, with her lofty mountains, rich valleys, and great dead sea, not without reason, to the land of Palestine, and give to their own chief city the name of Zion. They greatly prefer the early faith of the Hebrews to the Gospel of Christ, and in their similes, customs, and belief approach nearer to the abominations of the Orient than to the virtues which should belong to an American and a Christian people.

A little prompt legislation is required from Congress. Good juries can and should be procured in Utah the same as elsewhere. A few laws should be modified. The people of this nation should see to it that Congress does its whole duty. We advise no special legislation against the Saints; but we do desire such action as will Americanize Utah, and render her people as amenable to the laws as they are in the other Territories.

Possessed of an educated, refined, and law-abiding people, Utah might well be regarded as an earthly paradise.

WITHERED.

By J. M. E. SAXBY.

I LIFT them to my drooping face;
My heart above them grieves;
Of all their beauty, not one trace
Lies on those leaves.

And yet, with trembling lip, I kiss
Each precious withered flower;
Baptized in tears, I still do bless
Their gentle power.

For none can know what feelings wake
In passionate heart like mine,
That hoards a trifle for sweet sake
Of dreams divine;

That gives to dust and ashes Love
Which lived in Hope's own bower;
That broods, with yearning pain, above
A faded flower.

Through shower of kisses, mist of tears,
There rises from the Past
A vision that no coming years
Can overcast.

The small white hand, so soft and true,
That gave those flowers away,

Still sparkling with the bridal dew
Of yesterday.

The smiling eyes, that seemed to gaze
Beyond Earth's cloudy rim,
As if their holy power could raise
Life's curtain dim.

The tender heart, so fain to shed
Its sunshine everywhere.
Oh, blossoms fragrantless and dead,
Yet once so fair!

O flowers she loved, ye were so bright,
I took you as a sign,
For winsome words and laughter light
With flowers entwine.

And flowers and words and touch and tone
Seemed wreathed around my heart
In garland immortelle, that none
Might tear apart.

My cherished Hope! my cherished Flower!
Dear tokens that she gave,
I lay you—withered in an hour—
Upon her grave.



"THERE WAS ROAST BEEF AND MUTTON."

THE GOOD DEACON'S DREAM.

By TITUS TUTTLE.

WHAT the good Deacon Jones had for supper one eve,
It would puzzle your brains quite a while to conceive;
And e'en if I'd tell you, you'd hardly believe
The deacon could do it
And never once rue it,
Or find himself through it still able to breathe.

There was roast beef and mutton
Enough for a glutton;
And when he had finished, his clothes would not button;
While the pie and the tart,
Made with consummate art,
Were just as they should be, and quite to his heart.
Then the veal and the stew,
And the cucumbers too,
Were sights for an epicure's vision to view.

For a man of his size
He had very large eyes,
And a belly you'd find it a task to surprise;
But it must be confessed
That beneath his white vest
Lay an indolent, turbulent, quarrelsome pest,
Which stirred up his bile
In an unpleasant style
And never allowed him a moment of rest.
For the Lord, in his mercy a bountiful giver,
Had cursed Deacon Jones with a very bad liver.

So, when he retired to his couch for the night,
After "doffing" his breeches and "dowsing" the light,
Could you wonder he felt, as another man might,
That the prospects of sleeping were not very bright?

In vain did he turn with the hope of repose,
And test all the dodges that every one knows,

Such as counting one hundred or stroking his nose,
Or feeling the bedpost with two of his toes.
And never before were such things known to fail,
'Till now, with the deacon, they proved no avail.

He groaned and he grumbled,
He tossed and he tumbled;
But mutt'ring and mumbling,
Or tossing and tumbling,
Brought never a wink
Or the sign of a blink
To the eyes of the deacon, who swore some, I think.

Now this fellow Jones was a man who did right,
And was to his parish its sole "shining light;"
While every one vowed
That he prayed very loud,
And certainly *did* read the Gospel aright.
So, surely, a man of his goodness and years
Would scarcely be troubled with pagan-like fears;
But nevertheless as he lay in the gloom—
Unable to see to the end of the room—
He was prone to believe
That his eyes did deceive,
Yet he *thought* that he saw a *real spook* on a broom!
In an instant his heart
Gave a bound and a start,
While his fishy blue eyes
Opened wide in surprise,
And the hair on his head felt as if it *must* rise.

Ev'ry moment it grew
More distinct to his view
With its horrid long horns and its horrid tail too,
While a halo around it—decidedly blue—
Disclosed to the gaze (this description's not new)



"HE THOUGHT THAT HE SAW A REAL SPOOK ON A BROOM!"

A very long nose and a very long chin
Stretched ever apart in a sinister grin.
"Are you there, Deacon Jones?"
Came in sepulchral tones;
And the answer was given in side-splitting groans,
For the ague had certainly captured his bones.

Once again came the sound
Which had made his heart bound,
And the deacon, in terror, looked carefully round,
Half thinking a way of escape could be found;
But, alas for his plight!
The abominable sight
Had stationed itself by the door to his right,
Thus totally crushing all hopes of a flight.
Seeing which the good Jones,
In his humblest of tones,
Interspersing his speech with a great many moans,
Pleaded hard that the fright
Would retire for the night
And leave him to quiet his weary old bones.

"Oh, do *please* avaunt
And some other man haunt,
As surely a deacon is not what you want.
So I beg of you go,
For you certainly know
That I preach against sinning or anything low."

"Oho!" said the spook, with a comical lurch,
"I see that you think every member of church
Is safe, beyond question;
But I've a suggestion
That those who are given to making long prayers,
With a great many flukes and self-sanctified airs
Are the ones whom the Devil will catch unawares.
While as to deacons, you're greatly mistaken:
We broil 'em on griddles, like slices of bacon."

Then, giving a smirk,
Half nod and half jerk,
The goblin pranced round, like a savage old Turk,
With his broom in his hand, as a man holds a dirk
When up to some mischief or dangerous work.
While his victim (poor fellow!)
Turned blue, green, and yellow,
And grunted in tones like a violist-cello.

"Oh, spare me, good sprite!
I have always done right,
And never deserved such a terrible fright.
There's a man 'cross the way
By the name of De Gay
Who's been a worse man than myself in his day."

"Tut, tut," said the goblin! "nonsensical stuff!
When folks aren't looking, you're wicked enough;
And as to your piety, that is held tight
In reserve for a Sunday or prayer-meeting night,
Nor ever once brought
Into every-day thought,
As you have been preaching, such principles ought.
So, knowing your mind,
Old Nick is inclined
To claim you as one of his own favored kind;
And if you are wise,
You will hasten to rise
Ere morning shall take us by sudden surprise."

With limbs that quaked at every joint,
With mind confused on every point,
The deacon said, No,
He had rather not go,



"OH, SPARE ME, GOOD SPRITE!"

And many more things that were equally so.
 For instance: he cited some very nice cases
 Of drawing the longest and wryest of faces
 When sitting in churches or other good places;
 And stoutly declared
 He was always prepared
 To cry out "Amen!" when no other man dared
 Which actions alone,
 You are willing to own,
 For many an error will fully atone.

The spectre grinned a ghastly grin,
 His eyes bulged out, his cheeks sunk in,
 'Till, frightened more at such strange faces,
 The deacon whined of Christian graces;
 And vowed he'd spent upon the poor
 Two thousand pounds, or even more.

"Indeed, Mr. Sprite,
 The figures are right.
 With buying new shoes
 For the young Kickapoos,
 And giving a thousand to distant Hindoos,
 I am made to reflect
 I shall have to neglect
 The payment of some of my small 'I O U's.'"

"Yes, yes," said the spook, with a hideous leer;
 "To those who don't know you it seems very queer.
 But listen a moment, and then you shall hear
 If all are blind, as they sometimes appear.

'Tis true you have given to distant Hindoos,
 And furnished new shoes for the young Kickapoos;
 But well do you know" (here the sprite cut some capers)
 "That every new gift has its line in the papers;
 And I'm half inclined
 To believe that your mind
 Is wholly absorbed in the axe you've to grind.
 So have little hope that the pounds you have given
 Will budge you one jot on your road up to heaven;
 Nor think you, like some, that a death-bed repentance
 Will save even deacons from getting just sentence."

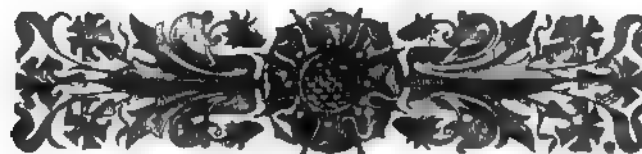
In vain the victim groaned aloud;
 In vain he prayed, in vain he vowed,
 In vain he sought a chance to fly;
 The frightful phantom hovered nigh
 And firmly declared



BEFORE THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.

He was fully prepared;
 And then with his broom, which had changed to a fork,
 He prodded old Jones, as if turning some pork;
 While the poor fellow screamed (though he felt he
 would choke),
 Until, breaking the spell, *he awoke!*—yes, awoke
 To find his fond wife,
 Ever faithful to life,
 Very wakeful, and ready for war to the knife;
 And who said (what is more)
 She had never before,
 Nor since, heard a sound that could equal his snore.

And now, in conclusion, I wish to remark
 That goblins and sprites, being fond of a lark,
 Are frequently known to appear after dark.
 So, if you'd not witness some terrible sight,—
 A strange apparition, a phantom, or sprite,—
 Be sure that you keep yourself straight in the head,
 And with a clear conscience go early to bed;
 And if you've a liver which raises your ire,
Eat very light suppers before you retire!



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.¹

By M. S. V. DE V.

It is constantly said that frontiers have ceased to exist, that oceans are bridged over, that steam and electricity have annihilated distance, and that every throb of the great human machine reverberates in both hemispheres. If this is true in matters political, financial, or commercial, how much more in the domain of imagination, science, and art!—for we hail with fresh interest every new effort, triumph, or discovery, irrespective of the accident of its birth. It is, therefore, no wonder that we Europeans instantly responded to the double attraction exercised by so gifted an author as Mr. Bret Harte, when in his writings he not only gratified our taste for the beautiful, but likewise that innate craving of every mind for new scenes, new characters, and new emotions.

* Quite lately a new and complete edition of his works ("The Complete works of Bret Harte. 5 vols. Chatto & Windus"), classified and revised by himself, has enabled the public to appreciate the fertility of his talent both as an author and a poet, and to judge of his labors as a whole; while until now they had only drifted to us in the shape of contributions to magazines or isolated volumes.

When, about fourteen years ago, the name of Bret Harte first became known in Europe his reputation was made, and we accepted it without protest, although it burst upon us as suddenly as we are told it blossomed full-grown in his native land, the United States. In his literary career he seems to have met none of the discouraging rebuffs which so often chill the efforts of beginners; he did not linger with wavering and timid footsteps on the up-hill road where so many slowly and tardily achieve success. The young author grasped his pen with no hesitating fingers, and before it was generally known that a new aspirant to literary honors had entered the lists, these honors were his, and he was proclaimed a master without ever having been a pupil. We do not mean to say that the critics did not fasten their fangs on some

of his contributions, but they only added to his popularity by creating around his name that notoriety which is like the baptism of fire to the untried soldier. Through the whole of America and Europe his "Tales of the Argonauts," "Eastern Sketches," "National Poems," "Spanish Idylls," were favorably received and promptly translated. They brought to the *blasé* reader a fresh and racy element, impelling at the same time the conviction that truth lurked under those seemingly fantastic pictures of the Far West; of those Californian shores which have been the dream of so many, the goal of a few; the unknown land of golden hopes, of ardent ambitions, and too often, alas! of deadly disappointment.

Bret Harte wrote of things he had seen, of men he had known; wrote, as is so rarely done, of what he had felt or experienced. They cannot be all creatures of his imagination, those lawless miners, unscrupulous gamblers, hardy adventurers, or hungry emigrants, uniting the strongest powers of endurance, the most heroic fortitude, to the degrading passions of the brute and the sanguinary vindictiveness of bandits, who acknowledge no master, no law, no God. With a keen eye, a searching scrutiny, he seizes and retains every feature, every salient tone of the story he relates; he paints the *mise en scène* in short but powerful and graphic sketches: a few words only, and before our mind's eye pass the desolate Sierra, the rushing torrent, the snowy peak, the dilapidated shanty, the dark and lonely road. . . . When the actors appear, they are living men and women, not puppets; their mirth is riotous, their manners are rough, their passions fierce, but the warm blood courses through their veins, and now and then leaps to their brow. Whatever their failings, their vices, or their crimes, they always remain faithful to their nature and individuality, and move in perfect harmony with the surroundings in which they are framed.

It has been said that, judging Bret Harte from the majority of his writings, it may be gathered that he has on the whole a poor opinion of humanity; that in his genius there is a satirical, not to say cynical vein, which leads him ever to select

¹ This article, by an English contributor, gives the reader an idea of the estimation in which Mr. Harte is held as a writer by Europeans.—ED.



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

for his subjects the *seamy side*, to dwell more on what is wrong than on what is right, and with disdainful impartiality to reserve alike his blame and his approval. We doubt it; but should it be true, and should it be a fault, it would lie perhaps less in the judgment which he withholds, than in the nature of the society which he portrays, and to which he owes his unparalleled originality. His artistic tact tells him that there is a wider field for his peculiarly happy and genuine mode of expression, when his models are chosen from a time when men were untrammelled by opinion,

when might was right, when the local coloring was crude and vivid, rather than from those later days, when undaunted perseverance and rare energy had achieved the miraculously rapid transformation of California into a civilized community, instead of a lawless gathering of gold-seekers, the scum of other nations united by the lust of the glittering dust, and ever divided by murderous thoughts of greed and rapine. Who would blame Bret Harte for preferring the picturesque ruffian, the Spanish colonist, the wild Irishman, to the refined commonplace successors of those first ex-

plorers of the young country? He does not pretend, and does not care, to introduce them otherwise than as they really are; but then he possesses the priceless gift of seeing the silver lining to the darkest cloud; he knows the "open sesame" to locked hearts; he can win a smile from sullen lips, a glance from proud, defiant eyes; he can strike the spark of feeling even in the most degraded of human beings. If he does select his heroines from among the least favored of their sex, plain to ugliness, uncouth, repellent, sinned against or sinning, crushed out of all semblance of what is lovable in woman—what matter? Out of some hidden source of kindness in his own heart, he with subtle touch suddenly elicits an unexpected burst of devotion, self-sacrifice, love, or passion, which at once places the poor lost wretch on as high a moral ground as her more immaculate sisters. It is the same with his male characters. He takes the rudest life, the most lowering associations; he places in their midst a man devoid of moral sense or common honor, committing crimes without hesitation or remorse, and lo! that man also places his foot on the road of Damascus; a light bursts upon him—the touch of baby fingers, a woman's tears, a comrade's dying words—and with the same dogged listlessness, heaven alone counting the cost, he gives away his hopes or his life, perchance as unconscious of being a martyr and a hero as he was of having been an outlaw.

Have you seen Edwin Booth, the admirable American tragedian, the intelligent interpreter of Shakspeare, act King Lear? On the storm-beaten heath, warring alike with the elements and his own growing madness, the actor has a gesture of unspeakable pathos when, with what appears unconscious tenderness, he draws his royal cloak around the shivering form of the boy buffoon sobbing at his knee. It is the same spirit of innate, almost involuntary kindness which seems to prompt Bret Harte to claim—nay, to compel—our pity and our interests for the outcasts of civilization, the bankrupts in happiness and virtue, disinherited from their cradle of all that makes life worth living.

In biographies of the American novelist, it has been implied that he himself belonged to the wild race of adventurers he appears to know so well, and that, born on the lowest rungs of the social ladder, he rose by his own exertions to the posi-

tion he now fills. It is, however, impossible to be acquainted with Mr. Bret Harte without being at once convinced of what is, indeed, the fact—that he comes from a good stock; that his early surroundings were both intellectual and refined; and that, whatever may have been the associates of his youth and manhood, he must as a child have learned at a mother's knee those lessons of tact, gentle breeding, and perfect manners which can never be forgotten.

He did not enrich his country with the labors of his pen alone. During the troubled times of the War of Secession he served on the frontier, and later on was appointed secretary of the Mint. His military career, though brief, was eminently successful. Among us he is deservedly liked and admired, and receives the same cordial reception in the circles where his literary and conversational powers are appreciated, as from those who in barracks or garrison hail him as a fellow-soldier.

For a time he was Consul for the United States at Crefeld, near Dusseldorf; he was not very long ago transferred in the same capacity to Glasgow, leaving many regrets and many friends behind him. There is little doubt, however, that he must soon be called to fill a more important post. In this short notice we do not dwell on facts so universally known as his busy editorship of the "Overland Monthly," and professorship of *Belles-lettres* at the University of California. It seems almost presumptuous to give pre-eminence to any particular selection from among Bret Harte's works; still, we own to a preference for some of the shorter sketches and minor poems. Among the latter there are a few lines called "What the Wolf really said to Little Red Riding Hood," which are unrivalled for grace, simplicity, and delicacy of intention. It seems barely credible that the pen which wrote "Relieving Guard," "What the Bullet Sang," "Fate," with their stern, forcible, dramatic depth, could change to such idyllic tenderness.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" is commonly called the most perfect of all the California tales. It truly deserves its world-wide popularity, but we confess to a partiality for two others equally rich in pathos, feeling, and humor, and which possess a strangely captivating charm: "Tennessee's Partner," the story of a love passing the love of woman, true unto death and beyond death; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," where two women

who should never have met—one because so pure, the other because so lost—die in each other's arms, all unconscious of their great disparity, wrapped in the white icy mantle of snow which shrouds in its stainless embrace the innocence of the maiden and the shame of the fallen. Reading those tales, one cannot help wondering what the man who wrote them must have known himself of friendship and of pity. Next to these, will it ever be possible to forget "M'liss," "Miggles," "The Rose of Tuolumne," and many more which there is no space to mention?

Is it not the highest triumph of the poet and the novelist, after having in turns moved you to laughter or to tears, to retain an imperishable hold on your memory? This triumph is Bret Harte's, and will remain his as long as he writes with his keen perception of truth, his shrewd humor, and that loyalty and tenderness of feeling which are so exclusively his own. He has at

various times been compared with other authors—Dickens in England, Mérimée in France, etc. These parallels drawn between literary men, if flattering to one or both, are rarely correct, and more especially in this instance. Bret Harte stands quite alone on the ground he has chosen; his greatest claims to popularity are his individuality, his originality, his avoidance of beaten tracks and conventional grooves. His works are stamped with a hall-mark that distinguishes his sterling qualities from any others, and he has no more chosen to imitate any particular style than it will be possible for others to appropriate his.

The public of both continents is now impatiently awaiting a new volume from the gifted pen that has already given the world so rich an intellectual feast. The golden vein cannot be exhausted, the muse must not be silent, for it is more especially to the aristocracy of talent and genius that the motto applies, "*Noblesse oblige.*"

DUMAS AS A HERO.

BY HART AYRAULT.

THE narration contained in the memoirs of Alexander Dumas of his expedition to Soissons to seize the powder-magazine there and bear off its contents to Paris is of so thrilling and romantic a description that it deserves repetition, if only in confirmation of the theory that truth is stranger than fiction.

In fact, when he afterward told this adventure, he elicited only many a scoffing laugh or an indifferent shrug of the shoulders; such a romance, coming from so amusing and nefarious a *raconteur*, not being thought worthy of refutation. Yet the story is perfectly true, and may be found set forth in a modest official report addressed to Lafayette, and published in the *Moniteur* of August 9th, 1830, signed by Dumas and the friends who assisted him in the expedition, the facts of which were these:

During the Revolution of 1830, Alexandre Dumas, then a very young man, took his share in its stirring scenes as a skirmisher, and on hearing a remark made by Lafayette, to the effect that if the king were to advance on Paris there would be no powder to meet him with, he conceived the

bold design of setting off for Soissons—a town he well knew—and seizing on the magazine there. He proposed it to the general. Lafayette only laughed, but consented to give him a pass to General Gérard, to which Dumas coolly added, "and we recommend his scheme to you." With more difficulty he obtained from Gérard a requisition addressed to the authorities of the town for the powder, and interloping the words, "minister of war," on this official document, a title, by the way, which no one but himself had conferred on the general, he returned to Lafayette, persuading the old and honored patriot to write him a kind of letter of recommendation to the good citizens of Soissons, naming him "one of our combatants," and a fit and proper person to whom they should hand over the powder. Thus equipped, our hero—for so he proved himself on this occasion—prepared himself for as spirited an adventure as can be found in the annals of war.

He set out the middle of a fine afternoon,—the 30th of July, 1830,—and meeting one of his friends, a young artist of nineteen, named Bard,

he asked him to join. With all the well-known ardor of the Gaul for adventure, this latter agreed, and returned home for his double-barreled pistols and his horse, overtaking Dumas, who had pushed on in a cabriolet, at Le Bourget, the first post on the road to Soissons. Here they exhibited the official documents to the postmaster, demanding conveyance for the mission. The postmaster was *empresé*, and his friendliness at once took the necessary form of chaise and horses. While waiting, the two friends went out and bought some strips of calico, with which they made a tricolor flag, fastened on a broom-stick, which latter was fixed to the chaise. When all was ready, they started, with ensign flying, and causing the greatest excitement through the various villages they passed, hoping to reach Soissons by midnight.

Agreeing together that some sort of cry was necessary to keep their waning flag in countenance, they adopted, not without hesitation, the well-worn and tattered "*Vive la République!*" Accordingly, they took turns, alternately sleeping or hanging out of the window to vociferate the cry decided on. Striking the high-road, they met a chaise going to Paris, and a traveler some fifty years old asked for news.

"The Bourbons have fled, the Louvre is taken, Provincial Government is established—*Vive la République!*" the excited artist panted forth, his head out of the window.

The gentleman of fifty shrugged his shoulders, scratched his ear, and continued his journey. The next stop they shipped an old postilion, on whom cajolery or execrations were alike powerless to induce him to increase his steady jog-trot, and who at every remonstrance answered doggedly, "A man knows his own business best." At last, annoyed beyond endurance, Dumas, leaning from the chaise window, laid onto the backs of the horses, making them gallop. In a rage the man swore he would unharness the beasts, and actually proceeded to do so. Dumas fired at him with a blank cartridge, which so scared him that he lay motionless on the ground with terror. Drawing off his huge posting-boots, our hero donned them, and they left him to his fate, reaching the next post at a gallop. This was the old town of Villers-Colterets, and the appearance of the chaise with the tricolor, bearing Alexandre Dumas, threw its inhabitants into the wildest excitement. A thou-

sand eager questions were asked, and, late as it was, every house poured out its inhabitants to hear the story of the last few days. Dumas was soon carried off to the house of an old friend to get something to eat; a number of old comrades gathered about him, and, while a hasty supper was being discussed, listened eagerly to what their friend recounted between the mouthfuls. The open-eyed rustics who gathered around hearkened with delight and wonder to the celebrated gasconader; but when he announced that he intended to capture, single-handed, all the powder that was in a military town containing eight thousand inhabitants and a garrison of eight hundred men, they looked at each other incredulously, as though he were crazed. This, of course, was but the fuel craved by the incurable vanity of the great dramatist, who always set his own figure in the most effective positions, and who, true to his hobby, turned to his companion, Bard, for endorsement.

"What," he said, "were my words when proposing this expedition to you?"

"You asked," was the ready answer, "if I were inclined to get myself shot with you."

"And what say you now?"

"That I am ready still."

As may be supposed, such gallantry confounded and awed the spectators, one of whom stepped forward, offering to get Alexandre into Soissons, as he had a friend at the gates. After drinking to his own return next evening, and ordering dinner for twenty people,—“and mind, it is to be eaten just the same be we dead or alive. Here are two hundred francs to defray the expenses,”—the great Alexandre tossed off his wine, and, slipping his hand through Hutin's arm,—the friend who was to pass them through he gates,—the bold trio dashed off into the darkness on their daring expedition.

By one o'clock they reached the gates of Soissons, through which Hutin succeeded in getting them passed, the gate-keeper little dreaming that he was admitting the revolution.

As no exploit is complete without the interposition of the fair sex, be it active or only hinted at, our trio at once proceeded to the house of Hutin's mother, where they enlisted the sympathies of both mistress and maids, and the rest of the night was spent in the manufacture of a huge tricolor flag, contributed from the blue and red

curtains of the establishment and a table-cloth, while the whole household took part in the sewing with patriotic ardor. By day-break the task was completed. As for the flag-staff, they proposed utilizing the very pole from which the Bourbon white flag was tranquilly floating, for, as Dumas remarked, "the flag-staff had no political opinions."

Making every allowance for Dumas's bombast, the plan they now arranged seemed simply Quixotic in its extravagance, and, had we not every minutæ of names, dates, and places to prove its verity, would read like the wildest flight of the novelist's fancy. It was settled that Hutin and Bard were to secrete the flag, by some strategic movement, in the cathedral, and, under pretense of seeing the sun rise from the tower, were to bribe the sacristan into their interests. If he resisted, he was to be flung over the parapet. Then, having substituted the tricolor for the white flag, Bard was to hurry to Dumas's aid, who would then be engaged at the powder magazine.

At day-break Dumas made his way to a small pavilion close to the gateway of the Fort St. Jean, used as the magazine. Stealing past the gate, he cautiously climbed up the wall and took a peep into the fort. Only two soldiers were to be seen, too eagerly engaged in a discussion to notice him as he let himself down again. Looking toward the distant tower of the cathedral, he saw against the rosy dawn the dark, distinct outlines of some figures, then the white flag tossing about, far too stormily for the utterly windless day, and finally the tricolor taking its place. Now was his moment; his companions had accomplished their part. Slinging his double-barrelled gun about him, he hastily scaled the wall, and found the two soldiers before alluded to staring with wonder, as if doubting their senses, at the tricolor on the cathedral. Presenting his gun, he leaped down and stood before them. Advancing on them still, presenting his piece, he explained his errand in a courteous but hurried speech, announcing himself as Alexandre Dumas, son of General Dumas, coming in the name of the minister of war to demand the surrender of the powder, exhibiting with one hand his document, signed by General Gérard, and holding his cocked gun in the other. The pair, Captain Mollard and Sergeant Wagon, were too much taken by surprise

to know what to do, when Colonel D'Orcourt, who was in command, was seen approaching. Explaining the matter to him, a treaty was arranged by which the three officers promised their neutrality and engaged to keep quiet.

Thus successful, he opened the gate to his friend Bard, and, handing over the charge of the magazine to him, sought the commandant of the fort, Liniers. He found considerable excitement in this quarter, where the commandant, just risen, was discussing the news of the sudden appearance of the tricolor on the cathedral. Introducing himself, Dumas made his demand for an order to remove the powder. The commandant seemed rather amused, and smiled patronizingly on the young man who announced the garrison at the fort as his prisoners; declining to acknowledge General Gérard's order, he insisted that there was very little powder in the magazine. Answering politely that he would bring proof under the hand of those in charge of the fort that there was powder there, Dumas flew back, and returned presently with satisfactory proof that the magazine contained a large quantity. But in the meantime the party at the commandant's office had greatly increased, and included an officer of gendarmes and Bouvilliers, colonel of the engineers, all in full uniform and armed. In a scornful and bantering tone the commandant informed Alexandre that he had sent for these officers, who, with him, were in command of the post, that they might have the pleasure of hearing M. Dumas—I think you said that was your name—explain his mission; the officers during this speech passing Gérard's order from one to the other in smiling contempt.

Seeing that matters were coming to a crisis, and that boldness was his only resource, the young man took a prompt resolution, and before the party guessed his intention he stepped back against the door and presented his pistols, saying:

"Gentlemen, you are four, but we are five, and if that order be not signed in five seconds I give my word of honor that I will blow your brains out, beginning with the commandant. Take care," he added, "I am in dead earnest. I mean what I say. I am going to count. One—two—three——" He confessed he felt nervous at this juncture, but was determined.

Suddenly the side door was flung open, and a lady rushed upon the scene in an agony of alarm.

"Surrender! surrender!" she screamed; "this is another revolt of the negroes! Think of my poor father and mother whom they murdered in St. Domingo!"

Alexandre owned that the lady's mistake was excusable, considering his own natural tint, deepened by exposure to the sun and the peculiar character of his hair and voice. One might wonder at the insensibility to ridicule which could prompt him to set down such a jest at his own expense,¹ were not his overweening vanity a matter of such notoriety. At all events, the commandant could not resist his wife, and Dumas, declaring that he had infinite respect for the lady still, entreated her husband to send her away, and let the men finish their business.

Protesting that he would involve his self-respect by yielding to a single man, the commandant firmly refused to sign. Dumas then offered to sign a paper to the effect that the order had been extorted by threats "at the mouth of the pistol barrel." "Or would you prefer," he said, "that I should fetch one or two of my companions, so that you should seem to have yielded to a respectable number?" This latter proposal, meeting the commandant's approval, Alexandre left, after making the whole party give their parole of honor that they would remain exactly where they were and silent.

"Oh! Yes, yes," assented the lady.

Our hero, making her a low bow, declared that it was not her parole that was required, and her husband, acquiescing in the demand made, Alexandre hurried away and speedily returned with two or three men whom he placed in the court. From the window of the commandant's room he

¹"O, mon ami, cède! c'est une seconde révolte des nègres."

bade them stand ready, a command followed by the significant sound of the cocking of guns. This accomplished, the commandant formally wrote out an order which was duly signed and presented to M. Dumas.

After this the rest was comparatively easy. Carts were procured, the magazine despoiled, and five o'clock saw the whole party outside the town. Dumas was so exhausted as to fall asleep by the roadside, and during the return journey to Villers-Cotterets he could hardly be roused. Here a jovial meal and the enthusiastic congratulations of his astonished friends put new life into him, and by three o'clock next morning the cortege arrived in Paris, where at sunrise he presented himself with his spoil at the Hôtel de Ville, having triumphantly accomplished his brilliant exploit.

Twenty years afterward, when his memoirs were published, the son of the commandant Liniers came forward with an indignant "reclamation" to clear the memory of his father; but his testimony, for he was actually present at the scene in the commandant's office, only confirms Dumas's account, which is a perfectly true statement, abating some harmless exaggerations. The purport of the son's letter was to show that the town (Soissons) was already ripe for revolt, that the National Guard were known to be disaffected, that Dumas and his friends were assumed to be their chief, with an overpowering force behind them, and that the commandant yielded not to Dumas so much as to circumstance. It cannot disprove, however, the truth of the brilliant exploit, which may be accepted in all faith, and which may be acknowledged to be one of the most dashing and extraordinary that pluck and the love of adventure ever planned or carried out.

ROSES, withered now and dead,
All their ancient sweetness fled
With their ancient splendor.
As I bend above, I feel
A vague fragrance from them steal,
Like a mem'ry tender

Of their olden pleasant days,
When the sun's rich golden blaze
Kissed their cheeks to glory.
Ah! the pain these mem'ries give!

Ah! the pain that one must live
When our life's sweet story
Holds no more the olden joy!
Of what use a valued toy,
When its charm is broken?
When the sun has lost his light,
When the fall of Winter's night
Our Autumn-tide o'er-closes—
Call we then the mem'ries sweet
Of those vanished moments fleet—
Ashes of Youth's roses?

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXII.—AN OLD WIFE'S TALE.

THE evening at Yoresett House passed with its usual monotonous quietness. Mrs. Conisbrough, weary, and dejected too, now that she was at home again—now that Aglionby had gone away, without saying one word of coming again, without holding out a single hope that he would deal generously, or, as it seemed to her, even justly, by her and hers—went to bed early, hoping to find rest and forgetfulness. She took a stronger dose than usual of her calming mixture, and was soon asleep. Rhoda was not long in following her example. The two elder girls were left alone. They chatted in a desultory manner, with long pauses, about all the trivial events which had happened during Judith's absence. If there were anything remarkable about their conversation, it was, that neither Bernard Aglionby's name, nor that of Randolph Danesdale, was so much as mentioned. By degrees their voices ceased entirely; silence had fallen upon them for some time before they at last went to their bedrooms. How different the feelings which caused or prompted this silence in the one girl and the other! Delphine's silence was the cloak which hid a happiness tremulous but not uncertain. Looking round her horizon, she beheld a most brilliant star of the morning rising clear, bright, and prepared to run a long course. She was content to be silent, and contemplate it.

With Judith it was otherwise. She felt the depression under which she had lately suffered, but which had been somewhat dissipated by the strong excitement of the event which had taken place at Scar Foot. She felt this depression rush over her again with irresistible force, sweeping her as it were from her feet, submerging her beneath its dark and melancholy wave. Turn which way she would, she could see nothing but darkness in the prospects—in the prospects of them all. Hitherto she had fought against this depression; had despised herself for feeling it; and, since her uncle's will had left them penniless, tried to console herself with the reflection that she was no worse off than before, but rather a little better, for that now she might justly go to her mother and claim as a right to be allowed to seek work.

To-night she did not feel that consolation; she thought of Bernard Aglionby's eyes, and of the touch of his hand as he had said, "Good-afternoon, Miss Conisbrough," and the thought, the recollection, made her throw down her work and pant as if she felt suffocated and longed for fresh air.

By and by she went to bed, and, more wearied than she had known she was, soon fell asleep, and had one of those blessed dreams which descend upon our slumbers sometimes when care is blackest and life is hardest, when our weirds, that we have to dree out, look intolerable to us in our weariness and grief. It was a long, rambling, confused dream, incoherent but happy. When she awoke from it, she could recall no particular incident in it; she did but experience a feeling of happiness and lightness of heart, as if the sun had suddenly burst forth through dark clouds, which she had long been hoping vainly would disperse. And vaguely connected with this happier feeling, the shadow, as it were, the eidolon, or image, of Bernard Aglionby, dim recollections of Shennamere, of moonlight, of words spoken, and then of a long, dreamful silence, which supervened.

She lay half-awake, trying, scarce consciously, to thread together these scattered beads of thought, of fancy, and of hope. Then, by degrees, she remembered where she was, and the truth of it all. But cheered, and undaunted still, she rose from her bed and dressed, and went down-stairs, ready to face her day with a steadfast mien.

The morning seemed to pass more quickly and cheerfully than usual. Judith was employed in some household work; that is, her hands were so employed; her head was busy with schemes of launching herself upon the world—of work, in short. She was reflecting upon the best means of finding something to do, which should give her enough money to let her learn how to do something more. Never before had the prospect seemed so near and so almost within her grasp.

In the afternoon Delphine shut herself up in her den, to paint, and to brood, no doubt, she too, over the future and its golden possibilities. For, when we are nineteen, the future is so huge,

and its hugeness is so cheerful and sunny. Rhoda, inspired with youthful energy, was seen to put on an old and rough-looking pair of gloves, and on being questioned, said she was going to do up the garden. Thus Judith and Mrs. Conisbrough were left alone in the parlor, and Judith offered to read to her mother. The proposal was accepted. Judith had read for some time of the fortunes and misfortunes attending the careers of Darcy Latimer and Alan Fairfax, when, looking up, she saw that her mother was asleep. She laid the book down, and before taking up her work, contemplated the figure and countenance of the sleeping woman. That figure, shapely even now, had once been, as Judith had again and again heard, one of the tallest, straightest, most winsome figures in all Danesdale. Her mother's suitors and admirers had been numerous, if not all eligible, and that countenance, now shrunken, with the anxiously corrugated brow, and the mouth drawn down in lines of care, discontent, and disappointment, had been the face of a beauty. How often had she not heard the words from old servants and old acquaintance, "Eh, bairn, but your mother was a bonny woman!"

"Poor mother!" murmured Judith, looking at her, with her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, "yours has been a sad, hard life, after all. I should like to make it gladder for you, and I can and will do so, even without Uncle Aglionby's money, if you will only wait, and have patience, and trust to me to walk alone."

Then her thoughts flew like lightning, to Scar Foot, to Shennamere, to the days from the Saturday to the Wednesday, which she had just passed there, and which had opened out for her such a new world.

Thus she had sat for some little time in silence, and over all the house there was a stillness which was almost intense, when the handle of the door was softly turned, and looking up, Judith beheld their servant Louisa, looking in, and evidently wishful to speak with her. She held up her hand, with a warning gesture, looking at her mother, and then rising, went out of the room, closing the door behind her as softly as it had been opened.

"What is it, Louisa?"

"Please, Miss Conisbrough, it's an old woman called Martha Paley, and she asked to see the mistress."

"Mrs. Paley? oh, I know her. I'll go to her,

Louisa, and if you have done your work, you can go up-stairs and get dressed, while I talk to her, for she will not sit anywhere but in the kitchen."

Louisa willingly took her way up-stairs, and the young lady went into the kitchen.

"Well, Martha, and where do you come from?" she inquired. "It is long since we saw you."

It was a very aged, decent-looking woman who had seated herself in the rocking-chair at one side of the hearth. Martha Paley had been in old John Aglionby's service years ago. When old age incapacitated her, and after her old man's death, she had yielded to the urgent wishes of a son and his wife, living at Bradford, and had taken up her abode with them. Occasionally she revisited her old haunts in the Dale, the scenes of her youth and matronhood, and Judith conjectured that she must be on such a visit now.

"Ay, a long time it is, my dear," said the old woman; she was a native of Swaledale, and spoke in a dialect so broad, as certainly to be unintelligible to all save those who, like Judith Conisbrough, knew and loved its very idiom, and accordingly, in mercy to the reader, her vernacular is translated. "I have been staying at John Heseltine's at the Ridgeway farm, nigh to th' Hawes."

"Ah, then, that is why you have not been to see us before, I suppose, as it is a good distance away. But now you are here, Martha, you will take off your bonnet, and stay to tea?"

"I cannot, my bairn; thank you. John's son Edmund has driven me here, so far, in his gig, and he's bound to do some errands in the town, and then to drive me to Leyburn, where my son will meet me and take me home next day."

"I see. And how are you? You look pretty well."

"I'm very well indeed, God be thanked, for such an old, old woman as I am. I have reason to be content. But your mother, bairn—how's your mother?"

"She has been ill, I am very sorry to say, and she is sleeping now. I daren't awaken her, Martha, or I would, but her heart is weak, you know, and we are always afraid to startle her or give her a shock."

"Ay, ay! Well, you'll perhaps do as well as her. I've had something a deal on my mind, ever since Sunday, when I heard of the old

squire's death, and his will. I reckon that would be a shock to you."

"It was," replied Judith briefly.

"Ay, indeed! And its quite true that he has left his money to his grandson?"

"Quite true."

"Judith, my bairn, that was not right."

"I suppose my uncle thought he had a right to do what he chose with his own, Martha."

"In a way, he might have, but not after what he'd said to your mother. People have rights, but there's duties, too, my dear, duties, and there's honesty and truth. His duty was to deal fairly by those he had encouraged to trust in him, and he died with a lie in his mouth when he led your mother to expect his money, and then left it away. But there's the Scripture, and it's the strongest of all," she went on, somewhat incoherently, as it seemed to Judith, while she raised her withered hand with a gesture which had in it something almost imposing; "and *it* says, 'for unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

"It is a very true Scripture, Martha, I think—so true that it will scarcely do for us to set ourselves against it in this case. The will is a valid one. Have you seen young Mr. Aglionby?"

"Nay," she answered, with some vigor; "when I heard o' what had happened, I couldn't bide to go near the place. And it's the first time I've been in th' Dale without visiting Scar Foot, the bonny place—'Fair Scar Foot' the verses call it."

"I think that is a pity. You would have found Mr. Aglionby very kind, and most anxious to do all that is right and just."

"I think for sure, he ought to be. Why not? It's easy to be just when you have lands and money all round, just as it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright. . . . He must be terrible rich, my bairn—that young man."

"He is as rich as my uncle was, I suppose. He was not rich before; he was very poor—as poor as we are."

Old Mrs. Paley shook her head, and said decidedly:

"That can't be, honey! For when his father—poor Ralph—died, his mother's rich relations promised to adopt him; and they were to look after him, and see that he wanted for nothing.

So that with money from them, and the old squire's money too, he must be a very rich man."

Such, but more rudely expressed, was old Martha's argument.

Judith felt a wave of sickly dread and terror sweep over her heart. It made her feel cold and faint. This rumor confronted her everywhere, this tale without a word of truth in it. Aglionby's words had been explicit enough. On his mother's side he had no rich relations; never had possessed even a rich connection. Yet her own impressions, strong, though she knew not whence they were derived; her own mother's words about "Bernarda" and what Bernarda had said (words spoken as she awoke from her fainting fit); and now old Martha Paley—on all sides there seemed to be an impression, nay, more, a conviction, that he had been adopted by these mythical rich relations. Who had at first originated that report? Whence had it sprung? She knew, though she had not owned it to herself—she knew, though she had called herself all manner of ill-names for daring even to guess such a thing. It was because she knew, that she had refused Aglionby's overtures.

For a moment or two cowardice was nearly gaining the victory. Mrs. Paley was an old, feeble woman; Judith could easily turn her thoughts upon another track; the worst need never be stated. But another feeling stronger than this shrinking from the truth urged her to learn it, and she said:

"Indeed, and how do you know this, Martha?"

"How do I know it, bairn? Why, from your own mother's lips, as who else should I know it from? Ay, and she cried and sobbed, she did so when she brought the news. You know it was like in this way that it happened. When Ralph got married, and for long before I was house-keeper at Scar Foot, I well remember it all, and the ole squire's fury, and the names he called the woman who had married his son; 'a low, penniless jade,' he called her, ay, and worse than that. He always meant Ralph to have your mother, you know. She was ever a favorite with him. Whether that would have come to anything in any case, I don't know, for whatever she might have done, Ralph said much and more, that he wouldn't wed her. He went off to London, and married his wife there. The news

came, and the squire was furious. How he raged! He soon forbade Ralph the house, and cut off his allowance, and refused to see him, or hear of him. Two or three years passed, your mother was married, and lived in this house, which had been her mother's before her. I think the old squire's conscience began to prick, for he got uneasy about his son, and at last would have sent for him, I believe, but while he was making up his mind Ralph died, and then it was too late. For a time it fairly knocked the old man down. Then he came round, and began to think he would like to have the boy, and he even made up his mind to make some sort of terms with the wife so as to get the boy into his own care, and 'bring him up an Aglionby, and not a vagabond,' as he said. It was a great descent for his pride, Miss Judith. He took counsel with your mother, and sent her to Irkford, where Mrs. Ralph lived, that great big town, you know. I've never been there, but they do say that it's wonderful for size and for dirt. He sent her there to see the mother and try to persuade her to let him have the child for the best part of the year, and she was to have it for the rest, and it was to be brought up like a gentleman, and sent to college, and then it was to have all his money when he died, same as if its father had never crossed him.

"Your mother—she was not a widow then, you know, nor for many a year after—she was away about three days. When she came back, she came alone. The old squire was white as a sheet with expectation and excitement. I was by at the time, and I saw and heard it all. He said, 'Where's the boy?' in a very quiet, strange kind of voice. 'Oh, uncle,' your mother said—'she's an awful woman—she's like a tigress.' Then she cried and sobbed, and said it had been too much for her nerves; it had nearly killed her. And she told him how Mrs. Ralph had got into a fury, and said she would never be parted a day from her child, and that she spurned his offer. The old squire said with his grim little laugh, that perhaps when she was starving, she would not be so ready to spurn. 'Oh, she won't starve,' your mother said, 'she has plenty of rich relations, and that is partly what makes her so independent. Ralph has left her the child's sole guardian. She scorns and spurns us, and I believe she would like to see us humbled in the dust before her.' Then the old squire let his hatred loose against

his son's wife. With his terrible look that he could put on at times, he sat down beside your mother (she was flung on a sofa, you know, half-fainting) and he bade her tell him all about it. He questioned and she answered, and she was trembling like a leaf all the time. He bade me stay where I was, as witness. And at last, when he had heard it all out, he swore a fearful oath, and took heaven and us to witness that from henceforth, as long as he lived, he would have nothing to do with his grandchild. It might starve, he said, or die, or rot, or anything its mother chose, for aught he cared—he had done with it forever. It was terrible to hear him. And from that day, none of us dared name the child to him. He spent a deal of his time at Yoresett House with your mother. I heard him many a time tell her she and hers were all the children he had. And after your father died he went on purpose to tell her not to be uneasy, but to leave him to do things his own way, and that you children would thrust that brat out of Scar Foot at last. And now he goes and leaves it all his money. Eh, my bairn—that was very wrong."

Judith, when she answered, spoke, and indeed felt, quite calm: the very hugeness of the effort she had to make in order to speak at all kept her calm and quiet. She had never even conceived of anything like the dreadful shame she felt as she said:

"It is a terrible story, Martha. It is very well that you told it to me instead of to my mother, for she is not strong enough to bear having it raked up again. Have you," her voice almost died away upon her lips—"have you related it to any one else?"

"Nay, not I! I thought I'd just see Mistress Conisbrough, and ask her if there was nothing to be done. If she was to speak to some lawyer—some clever man—and some of them *is* so clever, you know, happen he might be able to set aside the will."

"That is what she thought of at first," said Judith, strenuously keeping her mind fixed upon the subject; battling hard to keep in restraint the sickly fear at her heart lest any of the unsuspecting ones around them should by chance come in and interrupt the interview. "But Mr. Whaley told her it would not be of the very slightest use. And—and—Martha, I think you are very fond of us all, are you not?"

She came near to the old woman, and knelt beside her, with her hands clasped upon her knee, and she looked up into Martha's face.

"Ay, my bairn, I am so." She passed her withered hand over Judith's glossy brown braids. "I am so fond of ye all that I cannot abide to see ye cast out by a usurer."

"Then if you really care for us, please, Martha, say nothing more to any one about this, will you? I will tell you why. We have reason to think that Mr. Aglionby's relations were not really so rich as—as was represented, or if they were, they must have changed their minds about adopting him, for he was *very* poor, really, when his grandfather found him. And as it would not be of the least use to dispute the will, we want to keep it all quiet, don't you see? and to make no disturbance about it. Will you promise, Martha?"

"Ay, if you'll promise that if ever I could be of use by telling all about it, as I've told it to you, now, that you'll send for me, eh, bairn?"

"Oh, I promise that, yes."

"Then I promise you what you want. It's none such a pleasant thing that one should want to be raking it up at every turn, to all one's friends and neighbors."

Judith felt her heart grow cold and faint at the images conjured up by these words of the old woman, who went on, after a pause, during which her thoughts seemed to dwell upon the past, "Do you know him, my bairn, this young man?"

"Yes," replied Judith, a flood of color rushing tumultuously over her pale face. The question was sudden; the emotion was, for the moment, uncontrollable. Her clear eyes, which had been fixed on old Martha's face, wavered, sank.

Though Mrs. Paley was a withered old woman of eighty, she could read a certain language on a human face as *gl*ibly as any young maid of eighteen.

"You do? There's another reason for my holding my tongue. You say he's considerate, and wishful to do right. Is he reasonable, or is he one of them that have eyes but see not? If he *has* eyes, he will want never to lose sight of you again. If you and he were to wed—eh, what a grand way of making all straight, and healing all enmities, and a way after the Lord's own heart too."

A little shudder ran through Judith. She did not tell old Martha that Aglionby was already

engaged; or Mrs. Paley's indignation would perhaps have loosed her tongue in other quarters than this, and Judith wished above all things, and at almost any price, to secure her silence. She knew now that had Bernard been free as air; had he loved her and her alone, and told her so, and wooed her with all the ardor of which he was capable—after what she had just now heard she would have to say him nay, cost her what it might; a spoiled life, a broken heart, or what you will.

She rose from her kness, smiled a chilly little attempt at a smile, and said:

"I'm afraid you are a match-maker, Martha," and then to her unspeakable relief, she heard the sound of wheels. It was John Heseltine's son Edmund with the gig, coming to fetch Martha away.

The old woman did not ask to see the other girls. The story she had been telling had sent her thoughts wandering back to old times; she had forgotten Judith's sisters, who were to her things of yesterday. When she departed, Judith shook her withered old hand; promised to deliver her messages to her mother, led her to the door; saw her seated in the gig and driven off, sure that she would keep the promise she had given. And thus old Martha Paley disappears from these pages.

Judith returned to the house, and stood in the hall a moment or two, then mechanically took her way up-stairs, along the passage, to her own bedroom. She sat down, and folding her hands upon her knee, she began to think. Painfully, shrinkingly, but laboriously, she went in her mind over every detail of this horrible story. She felt a vague kind of hope that perhaps, if it all came to be compared and sifted, the particulars might be found incongruous; she might be unable to make them agree with one another, and so have a pretext for rejecting it. But, as she conned over each one, she found that they fitted together only too well—both her own vague, almost formless suspicions, and the tangible facts which explained them.

Her great-uncle had had an interview with his grandson; she exactly understood how, talking to Bernard about what he supposed to be his true position, he had been enlightened, and that with a shock. He must have restrained his wrath so far as not to reveal to Aglionby what he had dis-

covered; he had, as he thought, had pity upon her mother and her mother's daughters. She remembered their journey home from Irkford, and how her uncle's strangely absent and ungenial manner had struck her, and chilled her. Then, while she and her sisters were out on the following morning, he had visited her mother. She could form no idea of what had passed at that interview; it must have been a painful one, for her mother had not mentioned it, but had been left shaken and ill by it. Next, Judith's own interview with her uncle; his extraordinary reception of her; his fury, unaccountable to her at the time, but which was now only too comprehensible; his sinister accusations of herself and her mother, as being leagued together in some plot—some scheme to fleece and hoodwink him; *now* she could interpret this fiery writing on the wall, clearly enough. Her return home; the storm; the apparition of Mr. Whaley driving through it and the night, toward Scar Foot; the hastily executed will; the miserable scene when its contents were made known; her mother's sudden fear and cowering down before Aglionby; her broken words on recovering consciousness—that repetition of the lie told twenty years before, and more. Those words had first aroused her suspicion, her vague fear that all was not so clear and straightforward as it should be. Now came old Martha, like a finger of some inspired interpreter, pointing out the meaning of each strange occurrence, throwing a flood of light over all, by her grim story of an old man's imperious will thwarted—of a young man's obstinate weakness; of a woman's yielding to temptation, and telling lies for gain. Each detail now seemed to dovetail with hideous accuracy into its neighbor, until the naked truth, the damnable and crushing whole, seemed to start up and stand before her, stark and threatening.

She feebly tried to ignore, or to escape from the inferences which came crowding into her mind—tried piteously not to see the consequences of her mother's sin. That was useless; she had a clear understanding, and a natural turn for logic. Such qualities always come into play at crises, or in emergencies, and she could not escape from their power now. Sitting still, and outwardly composed, her eyes fixed musingly upon a particular spot in the pattern of a rug which was spread near her bedside—her brain was very active. It was as if her will were powerless and paralyzed,

while her heart was arranged before her brain, which, with cold and pitiless accuracy, pointed out to that quivering criminal not all, but some portion of what was implied in this sin of her mother; some of the results involved by it in the lives of herself, her children, and her victims.

As to Mrs. Conisbrough's original motives for such a course of action, Judith did not stop long to consider them. Probably it had occurred to her mother, during that far-back journey to Irkford, that a great deal of power had been entrusted to her, that she did not see why she was to have all the trouble, and Mrs. Ralph Aglionby and her boy all the benefits of this tiresome and troublesome negotiation. Then (according to Judith's knowledge of her mother's character) she had toyed and dallied with the idea, instead of strangling it ere it was fully born. It had grown as such ideas do grow, after the first horror they inspire has faded—"like Titan infants"—and Mrs. Conisbrough had not the nature which can struggle with Titans and overcome them. Judith surmised that her mother had, probably, gone on telling herself that, of course, she was going to be honest, until the moment came for deciding: she must have so represented her uncle's message to Bernarda as to rouse her indignation and cause her indignantly to refuse his overtures. Then she had probably reflected that, after all, it could soon be made right; she would be the peacemaker, and so lay them both under obligations to her. And then the time had come to be honest; to confront the old squire and tell him that she had not been quite successful with Ralph's widow, but that a little explanation would soon make matters right. No doubt she intended to do it, but she did the very reverse, and those sobs and tears and tremblings, of which old Martha had spoken, testified to the intense nervous strain she had gone through, and to the violent reaction which had set in when at last the die had been irrevocably cast.

Her lie had been believed implicitly. The wrong path had been made delightfully smooth and easy for her; the right one had been filled with obstacles, and made rough and rugged.

Something like this might, or might not, have been the sequence of the steps in which her mother had fallen. Judith did not consider that; what took possession of her mind was the fact that her mother, who passed for a woman whose heart was

stronger than her judgment, a woman with a gentle disposition, hating to give pain—that such a character could act as she had acted toward Bernarda and her boy. It seemed to Judith that what her mother had done had been much the same as if one had met a child in a narrow path, had pushed it aside, and marched onward, not looking behind, but leaving the child, either to recover its footing, if lucky, or, if not, to fall over the precipice and linger in torture at the bottom, till death should be kind enough to release it.

“We should say that the person was an inhuman monster who did that,” she reflected. “Yet she knew that if Mrs. Ralph Aglionby’s health gave way, if she were incapacitated for work, or work failed, she must starve or go to the work-house, and the child with her. I cannot see that she was less inhuman than the other person would have been. . . . She has always appeared tranquil; the only thing that troubled her was an occasional fear lest Uncle Aglionby should not leave his property exactly as she desired. Was she tranquil because she knew Mrs. Aglionby to be in decent circumstances, or was it because she knew that she was safe from discovery and that whatever happened to *them* she was secure of the money?”

Judith’s face was haggard as she arrived at this point in the chain of her mental argument. It would not do to go into that question. She hastily turned aside from it, and began an attempt to unravel some of the intricacies which her discovery must cause in the future for her sisters and herself. She felt a grim pleasure in the knowledge that in the past they had gained nothing from their mother’s sin. They had rather lost. In the future, how were they to demean themselves?

“We can never marry,” she decided. “As honest women, we can never let any man marry us without telling him the truth, and it is equally impossible for us deliberately to expose our mother’s shame. That is decided, and nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath can ever alter that. We can work, I suppose, and try to hide our heads; make ourselves as obscure as possible. That is the only way. And we can live, and wait, and die at last, and there will be an end of us, and a good thing too.”

She pondered for a long time upon this prospect; tried to look it in the face, “*Je veux regarder mon destin en face*,” she might have said

with Maxime, “the poor young man,” “*pour lui ôter son air de spectre*.” And by dint of courage she partially succeeded, even in that dark hour. She succeeded in convincing herself that she could meet her lot, and battle with it hand to hand. She did more; she conjured up a dream in which she saw how joy might be extracted from this woe—not that it ever would be—but she could picture circumstances under which it might be. For example, she reflected:

“They say there is a silver lining to every cloud. I know what would line my cloud with silver—if I could ever do Bernard Aglionby some marvelous and unheard-of service; procure him some wonderful good which should make the happiness of his whole life, and then, when he felt that he owed everything to me, if I could go on my knees to him, and tell him all; see him smile, and hear him say, ‘It is forgiven,’ then I could live or die, and be happy, whichever I had to do.”

A calm and beautiful smile had broken over the fixed melancholy of her countenance. It faded away again as she thought, “And that is just what I shall never be allowed to do. Does he not say himself that there *is* no forgiveness; for every sin the punishment must be borne. And I must bear mine.”

The dusk had fallen, the air was cold with the autumnal coldness of October. Judith, after deciding that she might keep her secret to herself for to-night, went down-stairs to meet her mother and sisters with what cheer she might.

CHAPTER XXIII.—AGLIONBY’S DEBUT.

AGLIONBY, casting one last look after Rhoda’s figure as it disappeared, turned his horse’s head, and drove homeward dreamily. Not a fortnight—not one short fourteen days had elapsed since he had been summoned hither—and how much had not taken place since? He could not have believed, had any one told him earlier, that he had so much flexibility in his character as to be susceptible of undergoing the change which certainly had taken place in him during that short time. In looking back upon his Irkford life, it appeared like an existence which he had led, say ten years ago, and from which he was forever severed. The men and women who had moved and lived in it trooped by, in his mind, like figures in a dream; so much so, indeed, that he

presently dismissed them as one does dismiss a recollected dream from his head, and his thoughts reverted to the present; went back to the parlor at Yoresett House, to Mrs. Conisbrough's figure reclining in her easy-chair, and to the figures of his three "cousins." All over again, and keenly as ever, he felt the pain and mortification he had experienced from Judith's fiat as to their future terms.

"By George," he muttered, "I wonder I ever submitted to it! I can't understand it—only she can subdue me with a look, when any one else would only rouse me to more determined opposition."

Arrived at Scar Foot, he entered the house, and in the hall found more cards on the table, of neighboring gentry who had called upon him. He picked them up, and read them, and smiled a smile such as in his former days of bitterness had often crossed his face. Throwing himself into an easy-chair, he lighted his pipe, and gave himself up to reflection.

"I must decide on something," he thought. "In fairness to Lizzie, I must decide. Am I going to live here, or am I not? I should think the question was rather, '*can I? will Lizzie?*' Of course I must keep the house on, here, but I know Lizzie would not be happy to live here. Two houses? one here and one at Irkford? How would that do? Whether Lizzie liked it or not, I could always fly here for refuge, when I wanted to dream and be quiet. I could come here alone, and fish—and when I was tired of that, I might go to Irkford, and help a little in political affairs. Perhaps some day I might catch . . . my cousin Judith . . . in a softer mood, and get her to hear reason." He looked around the darkening room, and started. There was the soft rustle of a dress—a footfall—a hand on the door—his eyes strained eagerly toward it. Judith always used to come down in the twilight. She enters. It is Mrs. Aveson, come to inquire at what time he would like to dine. He gives her the required information, and sinks discontentedly back into his chair.

"The fact is," he mentally resumed, "I am dazed with my new position; I don't know what I want and what I don't want. I must have some advice, and that from the only person whose advice I ever listened to. I must write to Aunt Margaret."

(Aunt Margaret was his mother's sister, Mrs. Bryce, a widow.)

"I believe," he then began to think, "that if I did what was best—what was right and my duty—I should set things in train for having this old place freshened up. I wonder what Judith would say to that—she has never known it other than it is now—and then I should go to Irkford, tell Lizzie what I'd done, ask her to choose a house there, and to fix the wedding, and I should get it all over as soon as possible, and settle down . . . and that is exactly what I don't want to do. . . . I wish I knew some one to whom I could tell what I thought about my cousins; some one who could answer my questions about them. I feel so in the dark about them. I cannot imagine Judith asking things she was not warranted in asking—and yet, blindly to submit to her in such an important matter—"

He spent a dreary evening, debating, wondering, and considering—did nothing that had about it even the appearance of decisiveness, except to write to Mrs. Bryce, and ask her to sacrifice herself and come into the country, to give him her company and her counsel, "both of which I sorely need," wrote this young man with the character for being very decided and quick in his resolutions. As to other things, he could make up his mind to nothing, and arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. He went to bed feeling very much out of temper, and he too dreamed a dream, in which reality and fantasy were strangely mingled. He seemed to see himself in the Irkford theatre, with "Diplomacy" being played. He was in the lower circle, in evening dress, and thought to himself, with a grim little smile, how easily one adapted oneself to changed circumstances. Beside him a figure was seated. He had a vague idea that it was a woman's figure—his mother's—and he turned eagerly toward it. But no! It was his grandfather, who was glaring angrily toward a certain point in the upper circle, and Bernard also directed his glance toward that point, and saw, seated side by side, his friend Percy Golding and Lizzie Vane. They looked jeeringly toward him, and he for some reason, or for none—like most dream reasons—felt a sudden fury and a sudden fear seize him. He strove to rise, but could not. His fear and his anger were growing to a climax, and they at last seemed to overpower him, when he saw Mrs. Conisbrough suddenly appear behind

Percy and Lizzie, laughing malignantly. It then seemed to him that in the midst of his fury he glanced from her face toward a large clock, which he was not in the least surprised to see was fixed in the very middle of the dress circle. "Ten minutes past ten," so he read the fingers; and his terror increased, as he thought to himself, "Impossible! It must be much later!" And he turned to the figure of his grandfather by his side, perfectly conscious though he was, that it was a phantom. "Shall I go to them?" he inquired. "Yes," replied the apparition. "But the time!" continued Aglionby frantically, and again looked toward the clock. "Ten minutes to two," he read it this time, and thought, "Of course! a much more appropriate time!" And turning once more to the phantom, he put the question to it solemnly, "*Shall I go to them?*"

"N—no," was the reluctant response. With that, it seemed as if the horror reached its climax, and came crashing down upon him, and with a struggle, in the midst of which he heard the mocking laughter of Lizzie, Percy, and Mrs. Conisbrough, he awoke, in a cold perspiration.

The moon was shining into the room, with a clear, cold light. Aglionby, shuddering faintly, drew his watch from under his pillow, and glanced at it. The fingers pointed to ten minutes before two.

"Bah! a nightmare!" he muttered, shaking himself together again, and turning over, he tried once more to sleep, but in vain. The dream and its disagreeable impression remained with him in spite of all his efforts to shake them off. The figure which, he felt, had been wanting to convert it from a horror into a pleasant vision, was that of Judith Conisbrough. But after all, he was glad her shape had not intruded into such an insane phantasmagoria.

The following afternoon he drove over to Danesdale Castle, to return the call of Sir Gabriel and his son. It was the first time he had penetrated to that part of the Dale, and he was struck anew with the exceeding beauty of the country, with the noble forms of the hills, and above all, with the impressive aspect of Danesdale Castle itself. There was an old Danesdale Castle—a grim, half-ruined pile, standing "four square to the four winds of heaven," with a tower at each corner. It was a landmark and a beacon for miles around, standing as it did on a rise, and proudly looking

across the Dale. It was famous in historical associations; it had been the prison of a captive queen, whose chamber window, high up in the third story, commanded a broad view of lovely lowland country, wild moors, bare-backed fells. Many a weary hour must she have spent there, looking hopelessly across those desolate hills, and envying the wild birds which had liberty to fly across them. All that was over now, and changed. "Castle Danesdale," as it was called, was nearly a ruin, a portion of it was inhabited by some of Sir Gabriel's tenantry; a big room in it was used for a ball for the said tenantry in winter. The Danesdales had built themselves a fine commodious mansion of red-brick, in Queen Anne's time, in a noble park nearer the river, and there they now lived in great state and comfort, and allowed the four winds of heaven to battle noisily and wuther wearily around the ragged towers of the house of their fathers.

Aglionby found that Sir Gabriel was at home, and as he entered, Randulf crossed the hall, saw him, and his languid face lighted with a smile of satisfaction.

"Well met!" said he, shaking his hand. "Come into the drawing-room, and I'll introduce you to my sister. Tell Sir Gabriel," he added to the servant, and Aglionby followed him.

"For your pleasure or displeasure, I may inform you that you have been a constant subject of conversation at my sister's kettledrums for the last week," Randulf found time to say to him, as they approached the drawing-room, "and as there is one of those ceremonials in full swing at the present moment, I would not be you."

"You don't speak in a way calculated to add to my natural ease and grace of manner," murmured Bernard, with a somewhat sardonic smile, a gleam of mirth in his eyes. Sooth to say, he had very vague notions as to what a kettledrum might be; and he certainly was not prepared for the spectacle which greeted him, of some seven or eight ladies, young, old, and middle-aged, seated about the room, with Miss Danesdale dispensing tea at a table in the window-recess.

An animated conversation was going on; so animated, that Randulf and Aglionby, coming in by a door behind the company, were not immediately perceived except by one or two persons. But by the time that Mr. Danesdale had piloted his victim to the side of the tea-table, every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed upon them.

They stood it well—Bernard, because of his utter unconsciousness of the sensation his advent had created among the ladies of the neighborhood; Randulf, because he was naturally at ease in the presence of women, and also because he did not know all about Aglionby and his importance, and was well aware that he had been eagerly speculated about, and that more than one matron then present had silently marked him down, even in advance, in her book of "eligibles." Therefore it was with a feeling of deep gratification, and in a louder voice than usual, that he introduced Aglionby to his sister.

Bernard, whose observing faculties were intensely keen, if his range of observation in social matters was limited, had become aware of the hush which had fallen like a holy calm upon the assembled multitude. He bowed to Miss Danesdale, and stood by her side, sustaining the inspection with which he was favored, with a dark, sombre indifference which was really admirable. The mothers thought, "He is quiet and reserved; anything might be made of him with that figure and that self-possession." The daughters who were young thought, "What a delightfully handsome fellow! So dark! Such shoulders, and such eyes!" The daughters who were older thought how very satisfactory to find he was a man whom one could take up and even be intimate with, without feeling as if one ought to apologize to one's friends about him, and explain how he came to visit with them.

Miss Danesdale said something to Aglionby in so low a tone that he had to stoop his head, and say he begged her pardon.

"Will you not sit there?" She pointed to a chair close to herself, which he took. "Randulf, does papa know Mr. Aglionby is here?"

"I sent to tell him," replied Randulf, who was making the circuit of the dowagers and the beauties present, and saying something that either was, or sounded as if it were meant to be, agreeable to each in turn.

"Of course he plants himself down beside Mrs. Malleeson," thought Miss Danesdale, drawing herself up in some annoyance, "when any other woman in the room was entitled to a greater share of his attention. . . . Did you drive or ride from Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby?"

"I drove, I don't ride—yet."

"Don't ride!" echoed Miss Danesdale, sur-

prised almost into animation. "How very . . . don't you like it?"

"As I never had the chance of trying, I can hardly tell you," replied Aglionby, with much *sang froid*, as he realized that to these ladies a man who did not ride and hunt and fish and shoot, and stalk deer, and play croquet and tennis, was doubtless as strange a phenomenon as a man who was not some kind of a clerk or office man would be to Lizzie Vane.

"Were there no horses where you lived?" suggested a very pretty girl who sat opposite to him, under the wing of a massive and stately mamma, who started visibly on hearing her child thus audaciously uplift her voice to a man and a stranger.

"Certainly there were," he replied, repressing the malevolent little smile which rose to his lips, and speaking with elaborately grave politeness, "for those who had money to keep them and leisure to ride them. I had neither until the other day."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the young lady, blushing crimson, and more disconcerted (as is almost universally the case) at having extracted from any one a confession, even retrospective, of poverty, than if she had been receiving an offer from a peer of the realm.

"Pray do not mention it. No tea, thank you," to Philippa, who, anxious to divert the conversation from what she concluded must be to their guest so painful a topic, had just proffered him a cup.

"And do you like Scar Foot?" she said, in her almost inaudible voice; to which Bernard replied, in his very distinct one:

"Yes, I do, exceedingly!"

"But you have hardly had time to decide yet," said the girl who had already addressed him. Various motives prompted her persistency. First and foremost was the consideration that as in any case she would have a homily on the subject of forwardness, and "bad form," she would do her best to deserve it. Next, she was displeased (like Miss Danesdale) to see Randulf seat himself beside Mrs. Malleeson, as if very well satisfied, to the neglect of her fair self, and resolved to fly at what was after all, just now, higher game.

"Have I not? As how?" he inquired, and all the ladies inwardly registered the remark that Mr. Aglionby was very different from Randulf Danesdale,

and indeed, from most of their gentleman acquaintances. They were not quite sure yet, whether they liked or disliked the keen, direct glance of his eyes, straight into those of his interlocutor, and the somewhat curt and imperious tone in which he spoke. But he was, they were all quite sure, the coming man of that part of the world. He must be trotted out, and had at balls, and treated kindly at dinner-parties, and have the prettiest girls allotted to him as his partners at those banquets, and—married to one of the said pretty girls—sometime. His presence would make the winter season, with its hunt and county balls, its dinners and theatricals, far more exciting. Pleasing illusions, destined in a few minutes to receive a fatal blow!

"Why, you can hardly have felt it your own yet. We heard you had visitors—two ladies," said the lovely Miss Askam, from which remark Aglionby learnt several things, among others, that young ladies of position could be very rude sometimes, and could display want of taste as glaring as if they had been born *bourgeoisie*.

"So I have. Mrs. and Miss Conisbrough were my guests until yesterday, when, I am sorry to say, they left me," he answered.

He thought he detected a shade of mockery in the young lady's smile and tone, which mockery, on that topic, he would not endure; and he looked at her with such keen eyes, such straight brows, and such compressed lips, that the youthful beauty, unaccustomed to such treatment, blushed again—twice in the same afternoon, as one of her good-natured friends remarked.

Philippa came to the rescue by murmuring that she hoped Mrs. Conisbrough was better.

"Yes, thank you. I believe she is nearly well now."

"Do you know all the Misses Conisbrough?" pursued Miss Danesdale, equally anxious with Miss Askam to learn something of the terms on which Aglionby stood with those he had dispossessed, but flattering herself that she approached the subject with more *finesse* and delicacy.

Aglionby felt much as if mosquitoes were drinking his blood, so averse was he to speak on this topic with all these strangers. He looked very dignified and very forbidding indeed, as he replied coldly:

"I was introduced to them yesterday, so I suppose I may say I do."

"They are great friends of Randulf's," said Miss Danesdale exasperated, as she saw by a side glance that her brother was still paying devoted attention to Mrs. Malleson. Also she knew the news would create much disturbance in the bosoms of those her sisters then assembled; and, thirdly, she had an ancient dislike to the Misses Conisbrough for being poor, pretty, and in a station which made it impossible for her to ignore them.

"Are they?" said Aglionby simply; "then I am sure, from what I have seen of my cousins, that he is very fortunate to have such friends."

"There I quite agree with you," drawled Randulf, whom no one had imagined to be listening; "and so does Mrs. Malleson. We've been talking about those ladies just now."

A sensation of surprise was felt among the company. How was it that those Misses Conisbrough had somehow engrossed the conversation? It was stupid and unaccountable, except to Miss Askam, who wished she had never given those tiresome men the chance of talking about these girls. But the severest blow had yet to come. When the nerves of those present had somewhat recovered from the shock of finding the Misses Conisbrough raised to such prominence in the conversation of their betters, Miss Danesdale said she hoped Bernard would soon come and dine with them. Was he staying at Scar Foot at present? All the matrons listened for the reply, having dinners of their own in view, or, if not dinners, some other form of entertainment.

"I hardly know," was the reply. "I shall have to go to Irkford soon, but I don't exactly know when."

"Irkford! That dreadful, smoky place?" said Miss Askam. "What possible attractions can such a place have for you, Mr. Aglionby?"

"Several. It is my native place, and all my friends live there, as well as my future wife, whom I am going to see. Perhaps those don't count as points of attraction with you?"

While the sensation caused by this announcement was still at its height, and while Randulf was malevolently commenting upon it, and explaining to Mrs. Malleson what pure joy it caused him, Sir Gabriel entered, creating a diversion, and covering Miss Askam's confusion, though not before she had exclaimed, with a *naïveté* born of great surprise:

"I did not know you were engaged!"

"That is very probable; indeed, I do not see how you possibly could have known it," Bernard had just politely replied as Sir Gabriel made his appearance.

There was a general greeting. Then by degrees the ladies took their departure. Aglionby managed somehow to get himself introduced to Mrs. Malleson, whose name he had caught while Randolph spoke. Bernard said he had found Mr. Malleson's card yesterday, and hoped soon to return his call; he added, with a smile into which he could when, as now, he chose, infuse both sweetness and amiability, "Miss Conisbrough told me to be sure and make a friend of you, if I could, so I hope you will not brand me as 'impossible' before giving me a trial," at which Mrs. Malleson laughed, but said pleasantly enough that after such a touching appeal, nothing could be impossible. Then she departed, too, and Aglionby felt as if this little aside alone had been worth the drive to Danesdale Castle ten times over.

Sir Gabriel asked Aglionby to stay and dine with them as he was. They were quite alone, and Philippa would certainly excuse his morning dress. He accepted, after a slight hesitation, for there was something about both Sir Gabriel and his son which Bernard felt to be congenial, unlike though they all three were to one another.

After Philippa had gone, and the wine had gone round once or twice, Sir Gabriel rose to join his daughter, with whom he always passed his evening, and to do Philippa Danesdale justice, she looked upon her father as the best of men and the finest of gentleman. Her one love romance had occurred after her mother's death, when Randolph was yet a child, incapable of understanding or sympathizing, and when her father was bowed down with woe. Philippa had given up her lover, and remained with her father, who had not forgotten the circumstance, as some parents have a habit of forgetting such little sacrifices. Thus it came to pass that if "the boy" was the most tenderly loved, it was Philippa's word which was law at Danesdale Castle.

"Suppose we come to my room, and have a chat," suggested Randolph. "We can join the others later."

Nothing loth, Aglionby followed him to a den which looked, on the first view, more luxurious than it really was. When it came to be closely examined, there was more simplicity than splendor

in it, more refinement than display. In after-days, when he had grown intimate as a loved brother with both the room and its owner, Bernard said that one resembled the other very closely. Randolph's room was a very fair reflex of Randolph's mind and tastes. The books were certainly numerous, and many of them costly. There were two or three good water-colors on the walls; some fine specimens of pottery, Persian, Chinese, and Japanese; one or two vases, real Greek antiques, of pure and exquisite shape and design, gladdening the eye with their clean and clear simplicity. In one corner of the room there was an easel with a portfolio standing on it, and two really comfortable lounging-chairs.

"The rest of the chairs," said their owner, wheeling one up for Bernard's accommodation, "are uncomfortable. I took care of that, for I hold that, in a room like this, two is company, more is none whatever, so I discourage a plurality of visitors by means of straight backs and hard seats."

He handed a box of cigars to Aglionby, plunged himself into the other chair, and stretched himself. Somewhere in the background there was a lamp, which, however, gave but a dim light.

"Do you know," said Randolph presently, "I was in the same condition as Miss Askam this afternoon. I didn't know you were engaged."

Aglionby laughed. "She seemed surprised. I don't know why she should have been. I thought her somewhat impertinent, and I don't see what my affairs could possibly be to her."

"She is a precocious young woman—as I know to my cost. Of course your affairs were something to her, so long as you were rich and a bachelor. Surely you could understand that."

"Good Lord!" was all Aglionby said, in a tone of surprised contempt.

"My affairs have been a good deal to her up to now," continued Randolph tranquilly. "I was amused to see how she dropped me as if I had been red-hot shot, when you appeared on the scene and——"

"Don't expose her weaknesses—if she has such weaknesses as those," said Bernard, laughing again.

"I won't. But she is very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Yes, very. Like a refined and civilized gypsy—I know some one who far surpasses her, though, in the same style."

"Who is that?"

"The youngest Miss Conisbrough."

"Yes, you are right. But is it allowable to ask the name of the lady you are engaged to?"

"Why not? Her name is Elizabeth Fermor Vane, and she lives at Irkford, as I mentioned before."

"It will be a matter of much speculation, among those ladies whom you saw this afternoon, what Miss Vane is like."

"Will it? How can the subject affect them?"

"Well, you see, you will be one of our leading men in the Dale, if you take that place among us that you ought to have—and the wife of a country gentleman is as important a person as himself, almost."

Bernard paused, reflecting upon this. The matter had never struck him in that light before. Lizzie taking a leading part among the Danesdale ladies. Charming creature though she was, he somehow failed to realize her doing it. He could have more easily imagined even his little tormentor, Miss Askam, moving with ease in such a sphere. After a pause he said, feeling impelled to confide to a certain extent in Randolph:

"I had not thought of that before, but of course you are right. But I am very undecided as to what my future movements will be. I do not in the least know how Miss Vane will like the idea of living here. Before I can decide anything, she will have to come over and see the place. I have asked my aunt, Mrs. Bryce, to come and see me, and I shall try to get Miss Vane to come here soon. I think she should see the place in winter, so that she can know what she has to expect when it is at its worst."

"Queer way of putting it," murmured Randolph, thinking to himself, "perhaps he wants to 'scare' her away. Why couldn't he have married one of the Conisbroughs and thus settled everything?"

Bernard proceeded succinctly to explain how Lizzie had become engaged to him under the full conviction that he would always inhabit a town. Randolph murmured assent, surveying his guest the while from under his half-closed lids, and remarking to himself that Aglionby seemed to speak in a very dry, business-like way of his engagement.

"Influence of Irkford, perhaps," he thought. "And yet, that fellow is capable of falling in love in something different from a business-like way, unless I'm much mistaken about him."

The conversation grew by degrees more intimate

and confidential. The two young men succeeded in letting one another see that each had been favorably impressed with the other; that they had liked one another well, so far, and felt disposed to be friendly in the future. They progressed so far, that at last Aglionby showed Randolph a likeness of Lizzie, after first almost upsetting his host's gravity by remarking, half to himself:

"If I have it with me. I may have left it——"

"In your other coat pocket," put in Randolph, with imperturbable gravity, whereat they both laughed, and Bernard, finding the little case containing his sweetheart's likeness (to which he had not paid much attention lately), handed it to Randolph, saying:

"Photographs never do give anything but a pale imitation, you know, but the likenesses, as likenesses, are good. She 'takes well,' as they say, and those were done lately."

Randolph, with due respect, took the case in his hand, and contemplated the two likenesses, one a profile, the other a three-quarter face. In the former, she had been taken with a veil or scarf of thick black lace, coquettishly twisted about her throat and head; the photograph was a good one, and the face looked out from its dark setting, pure and clear, with mouth half smiling, and eyelids a little drooping. In the other, Miss Vane had given free scope to her love for fashion, or what she was pleased to consider fashion. The hideous bushy excrescence of curls bulged over her forehead; ropes of false pearls were wound about her neck; her dress was composed of some fancy material of contrasting shades, the most *outré* and unfitting possible to imagine for a black and white picture. And in that, too, she was triumphantly pretty.

Randolph had asked to see the likeness: he was therefore bound to say something about it. After a pause, he remarked:

"She must be wonderfully pretty."

"She is a great deal prettier than that," replied Bernard amiably, and Randolph, thanking him, returned the case to him.

Now Randolph had a topic very near his heart too—a topic which he thought he might be able to discuss with Aglionby. The two young men had certainly drawn wonderfully near to each other during this short evening of conversation. The fact was, that each admired the other's qualities. Aglionby's caustic abruptness; his cool and steady deportment, and his imperturbable dignity and

self-possession under his changed fortunes, pleased Randulf exceedingly. He liked a man who could face the extremes of fortune with unshaken nerve; who could carry himself proudly and independently through evil circumstances, and could accept a brilliant change with calm nonchalance. Randulf's *sang froid*, his unconventional manner; his independence of his luxurious surroundings—his innate hardness and simplicity of character pleased Aglionby. But Bernard's feelings toward Randulf were, it must be remembered, comparatively uncomplicated; Randulf's sentiments toward Bernard were vaguer—he felt every disposition to like him thoroughly, and to make a friend of him; but he had a doubt or two: there were some points to be decided which he was not yet clear about. He said, after a pause:

"I was very cool to ask you to show me Miss Vane's likeness. I owe you something in return. Look at these!"

He rose, and opening the portfolio before spoken of, drew out two sketches, and bringing the lamp near, turned it up, and showed the pictures to Bernard.

"What do you think of those?" he asked. Aglionby looked at them.

"Why, this is Danesdale Castle, unmistakably, and well done too, I should say, though I am no judge. It looks so spirited."

"Now look at the other."

It was Randulf and his dogs. Aglionby, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, burst out laughing.

"That's splendid, but you must be very amiably disposed toward the artist to take such a 'take-off' good-naturedly."

"Isn't it malicious? Done by some one, don't you think, who must have seen all my weak points at a glance, and who knew how to make the most of them?"

"Exactly," said Bernard, much amused, and still more so to observe the pleased complacency with which Randulf spoke of a drawing which, without being a caricature, made him look so absurd. "Is he a friend of yours—the artist?" he asked.

"It was left to my discretion, whether I told the name of the artist or not. You must promise that it goes no further."

"Certainly."

"They were drawn by Miss Delphine Conisbrough."

Bernard started violently: his face flushed all

over—he laid the drawings down, looking earnestly at Randulf.

"By Judith Conisbrough's sister?" he asked.

"The same," said Randulf, puffing away imperturbably, and thinking, "It is just as I thought. That little piece of wax-work whose likeness I have seen cannot blind him so that he doesn't know a noble woman when he meets her." And he waited till Bernard said:

"You amaze me. There is surely very high talent in them: you ought to be a better judge than me. Don't you think them very clever?"

"I think them more than clever. They have the very highest promise in them. The only thing is, her talent wants cultivating."

"She should have some lessons," said Bernard eagerly.

"So I ventured to tell her, but she said" (he paused, and then went on, in a voice whose tenderness and regret he could not control) "that they were too poor."

He looked at Bernard. "If he has any feeling on the subject," he thought, "that ought to fetch him."

It "fetched" Bernard in a manner which Randulf had hardly calculated upon. He started up from his chair, forgetting the strangeness of speaking openly on such a subject to so recent an acquaintance. He had been longing to speak to some one of his griefs connected with his cousins: this was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Too poor!" he exclaimed, striding about the room. "She told you that? Good God! will they never have punished me enough?"

The veins in his forehead started out. His perturbation was deep and intense. Randulf laid his cigar down, and asked softly:

"Punished you—how do you mean?"

"I mean with their resentment—their implacable enmity and contempt. To tell you that she was *too poor*—when——"

"It must have been true."

"Of course it is true; but it is their own fault."

"I don't understand."

"But I will explain. It is a mystery I cannot unravel. Perhaps you can help me."

He told Randulf of his desire to be just, and how Judith had at first promised not to oppose his wishes. Then he went on:

"What has caused her to change her mind before I spoke to her again, I cannot imagine. I fear I am but a rough kind of fellow, but in

approaching the subject with Miss Conisbrough, I used what delicacy I could. I told her that I should never enjoy a moment's pleasure in possessing that of which they were unjustly deprived—which I never shall. I reminded her of her promise; she flatly told me she recalled it. Well——" (he stood before Randulf, and there were tones of passion in his voice) "I humbled myself before Miss Conisbrough, I entreated her to think again, to use her influence with her mother, to meet me half-way, and help me to repair the injustice. I was refused—with distress it is true—but most unequivocally. Nor would she release me until I had promised not to urge the matter on Mrs. Conisbrough, who, I surmise, would be less stern about it. Miss Conisbrough is relentless and strong. She was not content with that. She not only had a horror of my money, but even of me, it appears. She made me promise not to seek them out or visit them. By dint of hard pleading I was allowed to accompany them home, and be formally introduced to her sisters—no more. That is to be the end of it. I tell you, because I know you can understand it. For the rest of the world I care nothing. People may call me grasping and heartless if they choose. They may picture me enjoying my plunder, while Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters are wearing out their lives in—do you wonder that I cannot bear to think of it?" he added passionately.

"No, I don't. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard."

"You think so? I am glad you agree with me. Tell me—for I vow I am so bewildered by it all that I hardly know whether I am in my senses or out of them—tell me if there was anything strange in my proposal to share my inheritance with them—anything unnatural?"

"The very reverse, I should say."

"Or in my going to Miss Conisbrough about it, rather than to her mother?"

"No, indeed!"

"It never struck me beforehand that I was contemplating doing anything strange or wrong. Yet Miss Conisbrough made me feel myself very wrong. She would have it so, and I own that there is something about her, her nature and character are so truly noble, that I could not but submit. But I submit under protest."

"I am glad you have told me," said Randulf. "Now all my doubts about you have vanished."

"Could nothing be done through these drawings?" suggested Aglionby. "Could you not tell Delphine that some one had seen them who admired them exceedingly?"

"I see what you mean," said Randulf, with a smile. "She has great schemes for working, and selling her pictures, and helping them, and so on. But I have a better plan than that. I must work my father round to it, and then I must get her to see it. She shall work as much as she pleases and have as many lessons as she likes—when she is my wife."

Aglionby started again, flushing deeply. Randulf's words set his whole being into a fever.

"That is your plan?" said he in a low voice.

"That is my plan, which no one but you knows. However long I have to wait, she shall be my wife."

"I wish you good speed in your courtship, but I fear your success won't accomplish *my* wishes in the matter."

"Miss Conisbrough must have some reason for the strange course she has taken," said Randulf. "Do you think we are justified in trying to discover that reason, or are we bound not to inquire into it?"

There was a long pause. Then Aglionby said darkly:

"I have promised."

"But I have not."

Bernard shook his head. "I don't believe, whatever it may be, that any one but Miss Conisbrough is cognizant of it."

"Well, let me use my good offices for you, if ever I have a chance. If ever I know them well enough to be taken into their confidence, I shall use my influence on your side—may I?"

"You will earn my everlasting gratitude if you do. And if it turns out that they do want help—that my cousin Delphine has to work for money, you will let me know. Remember," he added jealously, "it is my right and duty, as their kinsman, to see that they are not distressed."

"Yes, I know, and I shall not forget you."

Randulf, when his guest had gone, soliloquized silently:

"That fellow is heart and soul on my side. He doesn't know himself whither he is drifting. I'd like to take the odds with any one, that he never marries that little dressed-up doll whose likeness he is now carrying about with him."

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY WORK OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY ROSALIE A. COLLINS.

CARLYLE'S works may be divided into histories, critiques, and what, for lack of a better name, I shall call Jeremiads. The first division includes his "Life of Cromwell," "French Revolution," "Life of Schiller," "Life of John Sterling," "History of Norway Kings," and "Life of Frederick the Great," not to mention the "Reminiscences." His critiques embrace an almost exhaustless list of subjects, prominent among which are "Diderot," "Goethe," "Novalis," "Jean Paul Richter," "Mme. de Stäel," "Voltaire," "German Literature," "Burns," and "Hero and Hero-Worship," perhaps the best-known of all his works. Of his Jeremiads, "Past and Present," "Chartism," "Sartor Resartus" (sternly sad at heart despite its grim jesting), and "Latter-Day Pamphlets" may be specially mentioned. I leave out of view his various translations from the French and German, among which one is surprised to find a translation of "Legendre's Geometry." The translations from the German doubtless had decided influence in forming Carlyle's peculiar style. One notices many Germanisms in his characteristic works, the unique form of the genitive case being an instance in point, he rarely using our plain English possessive. Thus we do not read of "his face" or "her beauty," but "the face of him," "the beauty of her." While speaking of these peculiarities, I may as well mention others which characterize Carlyle's style. He never hesitates at the regular form of the superlative degree, however awkward the result; "imperishablest," "beautifullest," and "indefatigablest," all have a kind of "linked sweetness long drawn out" which charms *his* ear, if no other. He has "dittoes" *ad nauseam*, and frequently confronts one with such startling words as *vestural*, *deliriation*, *visualised*, *complected*, etc., not to mention his odd combinations as "to insure one of misapprehension," "snow-and-rose-bloom-maiden," "cunning enough significance," and so on. I know of no other author who has so extensive a vocabulary, except the divine Shakspeare, and I cannot help regretting that one who was so richly furnished with language should occasionally express himself so awkwardly.

I will speak of very few of Carlyle's works in detail. His histories are rightly considered the most dramatic works of the kind in any language; the only historian I can now think of who at all approaches him in the ability to give this vivid, effulgent glow of life to his scenes is our own Motley. His "Rise of the Dutch Republic" has somewhat of the highly pictorial style which in a great degree characterized Carlyle's "French Revolution." Every touch of Carlyle's is an illuminated point, and we feel that we have been in the very midst of that terrific explosion of hostile forces which resulted in that direful chaos "when all the stars of heaven were gone out." It is not my purpose, however, to do more than merely allude to this mighty work in which the philosophy of the French Revolution is once forever explained. I must barely mention also his posthumous work which has produced a decided sensation, but will, of course, add nothing to his literary fame. He jotted down, as memory suggested them, these various reminiscences of his relatives and friends, never supposing that in that crude, disjointed form they would go to publication. I am grateful to Mr. Froude, nevertheless, for having published them, because it is encouraging to see how tiresomely geniuses can scribble when they once condescend to write for themselves and not for eternity. So we must blame—and thank—Mr. Froude as well as Mr. Carlyle when we read such sentences as these: "Old Esther judged it more polite to leave her old riding-habit to the parish, ah! me!" "I found, when I went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places, that it was not or by no means so perceptibly was." "Self-delusion or half-knowledge could not get existed in his presence." "Of the children I recollect nothing that was not auroral—matutinal."

To my shame, I must confess that my first opinions of Carlyle were far from complimentary. About the first work of his that ever fell into my hands was that on "Chartism," after reading which I thought of its author what some one once said of Coleridge: "Excellent? Yes, very, if you let him start from no premises and come to

no conclusion." "Sartor Resartus" and "Charism" remained sealed books to me until after I had read some of his less obscure works, which did not need to have their explanations explained to my obtuse understanding. Now I rank myself among Carlyle's most ardent admirers, and as it was his Life of John Sterling which first completely won my own heart, it is that which I prefer now to review and that which I most confidently recommend to all those who have not yet the good fortune to feel themselves *en rapport* with the magnificent genius of our author. It is my ideal biography, and I write it first on the list of those which completely satisfy my heart and place me in such vivid contact with their subjects that it seems as if a new and precious friendship were added to my blessings. The list is short, indeed, including only "John Sterling," Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brönte," Archdeacon Hare's "Memorials of a Quiet Life," Mrs. Kingsley's Life of her husband, and Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood." Some one has said that Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Carlyle's "John Sterling" are the two monuments of the nineteenth-century friendship, and so they are, with this difference: Tennyson's polished and gilded and artistic piece of work is a sepulchre so exact, glittering, and obtrusive, that one inevitably turns from it doubting the sincerity of the mourner who could so publish the bitterness of his grief to the world. A woe which can never forget the metre and the rhyme may be very graceful, but it is not apt to be very deep. Elegant as it all is, Tennyson's elaborate wailings for Arthur Hallam can never stir the depths of sympathy as did the one heartfelt cry of that Hebrew poet who, before the great tragedy of his life, forgets his poetry, and cries in anguished and touching prose, "Oh, Absalom! my son, my son! would God I had died for thee!" The same sad sincerity of grief and earnestness of love glorify the little book that Carlyle has written about his friend; it is no painted and gilded monument like that of Tennyson, but is hewed with reverent hands out of the very granite of friendship.

Carlyle did not approve of biographies. "It is best and happiest," he says, "to return silently with one's small, sorely-foiled bit of work to the Supreme Silences, who alone can judge of him and it." Feeling thus, he would have left "John Sterling" in happy obscurity had it not been that

he was already before the public in the beautiful life of him written by Archdeacon Hare. Carlyle felt that Mr. Hare had unintentionally thrown only a half light on the picture of their friend. He was willing that Sterling should be forgotten, but not willing he should be misremembered, hence this inimitable biography of a noble and beautiful human soul. Can we not see Sterling as, "armed with his little outfit of heroisms and aspirations," he steps into line, ready to do what sovereignty and guidance he can in his day and generation? We plunge with him into the tumultuous vortex of Radicalism; with him we try "all manner of sublimely illuminated places." Later we see "the sun of English priesthood rising over the waste ruins and extinct volcanoes of his Radicalism, with promise of new blessedness and healing on its wings." Sterling as curate, "rushing like a host to victory; playing and pulsing like sunshine or soft lightning; busy at all hours to perform his part in abundant and superabundant measure"—surely there was never a more radiant picture. Alas for the Church, that Sterling soon saw this sun of the English priesthood going down in his sky, a delusion and disappointment. Happy for us could we have retained such an Ithuriel in our ranks, one who had "an eye to discern the divineness of heaven's splendors and lightnings; the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiance, and a heart, too, to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of conquering an abiding place there." He had what Carlyle considers a truly pious soul, one devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things, "the highest and sole-essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all religious forms are a mockery and delusion."

Later still, we watch Sterling as a husband, a father, a son, and friend. We read his beautiful letters; we sit opposite him as he writes his favorite poetry whenever his constant and increasing illness allows him a painless hour. We hear him in argument, dashing into our midst like a troop of Cossacks, and scattering weak forces right and left. We could almost adore the transcendently hopeful creature as he looks over his unmanageable, dislocated, and devastated world, and yet sees it glistening in fairest sunshine. Nothing more tender was ever written than these beautiful words describing Sterling a short while before his

death: "Sterling's face still; the same that we had long known, but painted now as on the azure of eternity, serene, victorious, divinely sad; the dust and extraneous disfigurements imprinted on it by the world now washed away forever."

Not the least attractive feature of this book is the fact that it presents Carlyle himself in an altogether more lovable form than anything else that has ever been written about him. It is gratifying to see our gloomy iconoclast thoroughly enjoying an entirely human friendship. Their differences of opinion were many; but in their intercourse, with Sterling's revivifying influence to encourage him, I have no doubt that Carlyle blossomed out into more tenderness and hopefulness than he ever showed to any other creature. Even he could not help turning his sunny side toward this radiant young son of the morning. What the friendship was to Sterling himself is best told in his brief letter of farewell to Carlyle, written a few weeks before his death:

"MY DEAR CARLYLE: For the first time in many months it seems possible to send you a few words, merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher subjects there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Toward me it is still more true than toward England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when there, that shall not be wanting."

Of the second division of Carlyle's works, his criticisms, I have little or nothing new to say, criticising a critic being a work of supererogation for which I have neither the ability nor inclination. He brought to this department of his work what few critics have to bring,—a clear, penetrating glance into the beauty or deformity of every life and mind. He sees straight down into the heart, and if, in its darkest corners, unknown to ourselves or others, there is one unworthy motive lurking, he hunts it to its gloomy hiding-place and drags it cowering to the light. Of all his critiques that I have read, perhaps the two on Burns and Voltaire pleased me most. What can I say of the tender touch of that hand which sketched for us Robert Burns as no

other hand *could* have done? The sympathy which thrills through every word, even the words of censure; the ready genius which has transfigured that poor life-picture, spreading even athwart *its* dark clouds the bright arch of the rainbow—these are things that I have no power to describe. The criticism on Voltaire is essentially a masterpiece. Never before had this man had simple justice done him. His cohorts of admirers had written lives without number, many of which might better have been called the apotheosis of Voltaire; his defamers, looking at him always with the chancel-rail between them, have been more than ready to make a warning *auto-da-fé* of him and his writings, and to paint him almost as the arch-fiend himself. Not so Carlyle. He looks at Voltaire as a man, and as a brother-man he does him justice, a justice in whose fierce, white light we see Voltaire, a shrunken figure, indeed, but still not less than human. He shows that it was quite impossible such a thorough child of that age could be in any true sense a great or deep thinker, for what was the age itself but one of superficial polish, mockery, selfishness, and skepticism? He frankly reminds us, though, that we yet owe to Voltaire one debt of gratitude, for it was he who dealt the death-blow to superstition, which "now lies cowering in its lair; its last agonies may endure for centuries, perhaps, but it carries the iron in its soul and cannot vex the earth any more."

These, and all his other criticisms, show Carlyle to be a discriminating, sympathetic, and thoroughly just judge. A man with such a consuming spirit of earnestness is not apt to slur over any part of his work, or be satisfied with anything short of his very best efforts. Indeed, next to the varied and profound genius of this author, it is his great earnestness which most impresses the candid reader. I am aware, of course, that Mr. Henry James, in a recent "Atlantic Monthly," has informed the world that Carlyle was simply a great comedian, caring nothing for sincerity, truth, and work, except as convenient subjects to write and rant about. Mr. James complacently announces himself as one of Carlyle's intimate friends,—strange, by the way, how many intimate friends have come to light since the poor man's death,—as one who thoroughly understood and respected him. And *this* base caricature is the outcome of his devotion! It is a veritable Brutus-stab, it seems to me, for certainly, if Carlyle were *not* in

earnest, he was the most contemptible of men. A huge sham, spending a life-time in the effort to upset and explode all other shams, and conscious all the time of his own duplicity, is a monster not even deserving Mr. James's admiration. Carlyle *was* desperately in earnest; his sincerity and his gloom are alike unquestionably all-pervading in the remaining department of his work which we are now to consider. By this class of his writings he is usually judged, and it is this which has given him his individual and peculiar position in literature. I am convinced, though, that his most honorable and lasting laurels have been won on other fields, and rather regret that, after considering him as a critic and an historian, my work is still incomplete. There is yet another path in which we must follow him. About fifty years ago this modern Jeremiah first lifted up his voice in wailing for the sins of his people, a voice heart-piercing in its pathos, appalling in its hopelessness. It awoke dismal echoes in many a thoughtful heart: like an elegy of tears, it arrested, for the moment, at least, the astonished and indignant notice even of that large class of people who may aptly be termed the ephemera of life. Their place in the world is like that of the evanescent foam above the great, busy, restless heart of the ocean. To-day they toss and froth and sparkle perhaps, to-morrow they are not, and there is no added moan in the great waves of society to show where they have gone down. Like the surging of the billows beneath this foam was the influence of that mighty mind which now, at last, *knows* what "the doubtful prospects of this painted dust" may be. From the first, Carlyle felt himself the one real man looking with clear, sad eyes upon the real problems of life, which the rest of us phantoms, as he calls us, peep at through the holes in our masks, or touch but with phantom lances. A desolate isolation, indeed, to be the one philosopher in this mammoth masquerade. Ah! well; he had never *been* one of the ephemera. Perhaps if he had, he would have known that even among *them* there is a little more eager questioning of Fate, a little more bitter disappointment at its sphinx-like silence, than he ever imputed to them. It is something to be a giant among pigmies, certainly, but to be a Giant Despair is an appalling and mournful destiny. An intolerable gloom, a hopeless, overwhelming sadness of heart, enthralled this man, who was never king over himself. He had passed far beyond the

heights for which we common mortals sigh, the heights bathed forever in the fair sunlight of peace, freshened forever by the glad breezes of heaven. He was one of the few in this generation who have reached the very peaks of intellectual life, the bare peaks which invade the misty cloudland itself. The sunbeams seek humbler eminences; the rainbow itself spreads its bright arch beneath those lofty summits, which are cloud-capped, storm-swept, lightning-blasted. Upon such a towering peak stood Carlyle, looking down toward us pigmies patiently toiling far beneath him; looking down with withering contempt and pity upon us, because we knew no better than to be happy and glad in our sunlight and bow of promise. We look up to him; inevitably we *must* look up. His elevation is too great for us to dare to sympathize; but strange to say, pigmies though we are, we *do* dare to pity the giant who has climbed so far above us that he has even passed the heights of repose and hope. A Goliath, indeed, he may be, but never more a child of light, which is a happier though humbler title. These are the feelings with which one lays down "Past and Present" or "Latter-Day Pamphlets."

Carlyle has been aptly termed the iconoclast of the nineteenth century. It is interesting to watch him, hitting straight out from the shoulder every time, and ruthlessly knocking images right and left. It does seem that he is either hopelessly behind what we are pleased to call the spirit of our age, or else about a thousand years ahead of it. It is amusing to see how many of our pet theories are ground to atoms by his vigorous blows. When once he has found what he considers a truth, he rushes impetuously forward with it, never pausing to see whether the crowd be huzzaiing at his back or not. Usually the crowd is doing exactly the reverse, but it does not disconcert him. It is certainly not advisable that I should do more than merely mention a few of his peculiar views, all of which one may readily find elaborately presented in the works I have named. Carlyle altogether disapproves of the non-interference theory of government, believes in the one-man power, and particularly admired the Czar of Russia as a consistent exponent of that idea. He objects to the freedom of the press, and declares the first step toward reforming Parliament should be to turn out the ubiquitous reporters. He was a staunch advocate of slavery, and I have an idea

that he never changed his opinions on that subject, Mr. Moncure Conway to the contrary notwithstanding. He abhors democracy; undaunted by the tramp of its million feet in all streets and thoroughfares and the roar of its bewildered, thousand-fold voice in all writings and speakings, he meets it with "Avaunt! Vex not my sight!" To the passionate, stormful outbreak of "Char-tism" he has the one reply: "It is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise. The first inalienable rights of men is to be guided in the right path by those who know it better than they." He has no faith in the future of America, a country where "the votes of Jesus and of Judas have equal weight." The question of Carlyle's religious views as presented in his works would certainly be an interesting one if I had time for it. Suffice it to say simply, that, though Carlyle was a deeply religious man, unlike the man in "Pilgrim's Progress" he did *not* like religion in her silver slippers. Far from it. When religion walked abroad so attired, Carlyle was all too apt to sit in the seat of the scornful and hoot.

My ardent admiration for Carlyle is qualified

by exactly two objections. The first is one that I have seen urged before. He is not sufficiently practical. It is all very well for him to exhort us to absolute sincerity, ceaseless endeavor, etc., but his directions are all expressed in such very general terms that I do not see how they can be of any special help to the individual worker. There is one other defect that I cannot forbear mentioning. He saw the emptiness, squalor, and falsity of life, and moaned over it bitterly. He would have seemed to me a greater man had he been slightly more of an optimist. He might at least have comforted us with the assurance that eternity would set all things right, however distorted they may become in this life. But he lacked faith in his race, and had little hope for their future. He looked upon man with angry despair, and toward God with awe and dread. He would have been a happier and greater man could he have felt more constantly the full beauty of those dear words of Mrs. Browning:

"I smiled to think God's goodness flows around our incompleteness:
Round our restlessness, his rest."

UNATTAINED.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

ALONE we stand to solve the doubt,
Alone to work salvation out,
Casting our helpless hands about

For human help, for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear,
Forgetting God is always near.

The poet in his highest flight
Sees ranged beyond him, height o'er height,
Visions that mock his utmost might.

And music borne by echo back
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts sigh, alas! alack!

And beauty born of finest art
Slips from the limner's hand apart
And leaves him aching at the heart.

The fairest face has never brought
Its fairest look; the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought;

The quaint old litanies that fell

From ancient seers great hearts impel
To nobler deeds than poets tell.

We live, we breathe half unexpressed,
Our highest, noblest in the breast
Lie struggling in a wild unrest,

Awaiting fibres that shall leap,
And an exulting harvest reap
At death's emancipating sleep.

Our onward lights eternal shine:
Unconquered by unmanly pine,
We royal amaranths may twine.

The great God knocks upon the door,
Ready to run our chalice o'er
If but the heart will ask for more;

If, hungering with a latent sense,
We know not, ask not, how or whence,
But take our consecration thence.

The wine-press must alone be trod—
The burning plowshare pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God.

LOST ON LAKE DRUMMOND.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

By FRANK H. TAYLOR.



UNCLE JOE.

"'SPEC' I 'scober de light ob day, gen'l'm."

These words were uttered in a sepulchral tone by an ebony apparition in scant garments, which suddenly appeared through a hole in the attic floor. The strange and startling effect of such a visitation in the early hours before dawn, carrying its own illuminating accessory in the shape of a tallow dip, which threw flickering, ghostly shadows on the wall, aroused us from troubled slumber, and startled us into a sitting posture, with a decided inclination to yawn and rub our eyes.

The little word "us," in this instance, stands for the writer and his three companions; and as to our quarters, where we had spent a portion of the night, they were by no means fashionable—luxurious coverlets, downy pillows, and all that; on the contrary, our bed-chamber was a garret of limited proportions, in which you could not stand upright without bumping your head against

rafters, and our bed consisted of two boards and divers old blankets.

Seeing that we continued to yawn, and still appeared very sleepy, the ebony-colored ghost, with the spluttering candle, which showed us the whites of his rolling eyes in weird relief against their dark background, repeated his remark:

"'Spec' I 'scober de light ob day, gen'l'm."

"Uncle Joe" was the landlord of the Civil Rights Hotel, located about midway between Norfolk and South Mills, North Carolina, upon the road leading, in company with a canal, through the great Dismal Swamp. The establishment was not of regal dimensions, and did not possess all the facilities which would be required to make it a favorite resort, but looked more like a barn struck by lightning than anything else; while its proprietor, the sable dispenser of bed and board referred to, under the name of "Uncle Joe," was

lavish in his attentions, and the term of "polite and hospitable host" would not be misapplied in qualities which fitted them for the several duties assigned.



THE CIVIL RIGHTS HOTEL.

his case. Of course, the corn pone and sweet potatoes set before us a little later lacked some of the adjuncts considered indispensable in first-class hotels, but we were in the heart of the Dismal Swamp, and could scarcely expect luxury.

"I doesn't need no clock, boss," said Uncle Joe; "I kin tell when I sees de light."

But for once his anxiety that we should not sleep too late was stronger than his visual sense. Perhaps it was a morning star or a phosphorescent swamp light; it certainly was not daylight, for we were well through with our breakfast before the fringe of woodland back of the house began to appear in silhouette against the eastern sky.

To explain how it came about that we were the guests of this colored landlord it will be necessary to look back a day or two.

At lunch with the ward-room officers of the U.S.S. Plymouth, moored at the Gosport Navy Yard, the writer, who shall be hereafter known as the Historian, suggested a visit to Lake Drummond, that mysterious body of water reposing in solitary state in the middle of the Dismal Swamp. The proposition was favorably received, and bore fruits in the fitting out of the ship's yawl-boat and the departure of the expedition upon the following day with sails, camping equipage, and well-stocked hampers, with a crew of sailors and marines.

The party of explorers comprised the Lieutenant, the Middy, the Baron, and the Historian. The command devolved upon the first of the quartette, while the remaining three developed

By dint of sailing, rowing, and towing along the canal, we had managed to reach the Civil Rights Hotel late at night. The ancient Boniface was peacefully engaged in smoking his pipe, and baking his bald pate before the chimney-place; and his "ole woman" dreamed in drowsy numbers of the hoe-downs and jigs of "de good ole days," when they were startled by our formidable naval expedition, seeking shelter from the somewhat frosty November air.

The Dismal Swamp is probably less understood than any other stretch of country upon the Atlantic seaboard. It is thought to be an untenable morass where none but refugee negroes of "Dred" type formerly existed, safe from the fangs of bloodhounds, and where venomous reptiles bask in the sun undisturbed, save by the fierce birds of



THE LANDLORD OF THE HOTEL.

the air; where the murky waters are burdened with the scum arising from ages of rank under-

growth and decay. This certainly is true as to a part of the section; but a very large proportion has been reclaimed, and while not productive to the extent found in the western soils, it still affords subsistence to a large but scattered population, both white and black. Saw-mills are numerous, and great quantities of railroad ties are shipped annually, as well as staves and shingles. The overhanging verdure scarcely gives back the kaleidoscopic tones, or richer madders, found in our northern woodlands in October. But this is fully compensated for by the wilder, denser nature of the trees and their parasites. All of the delicate shades of gray, brown, deep-green, umber, and Indian-yellow light up, when the morning or evening sun is aslant the scene, in all the mellow textures of which rainbows are made.

Legions of dead and blasted trunks rise everywhere. The mistletoe clings to their limbs; the wild grape enwraps them, and the eagle builds his nest in their topmost branches. They look, at a little distance, like fleets of oyster pungies in harbor after a storm.

The water, too, is bright with the stain of the juniper. Where it pours through the locks it has the color of lager beer. Some saponaceous quality throws it into great masses of froth, which bubble up to the tops of the lock-walls, creamy or chocolate-like. At one of the locks we were edified by the sight of an avalanche of *blanc-mange* enveloping our craft and its contents, until nothing was to be seen except the masts and part of a sailor, who stuck to the deck "whence all but him had fled."

Bordering the canal, which, by the way, the Government proposes some day to use as a link in a national coastwise ship-channel, is a good road, its most frequent traveler being the driver of the mail wagon. This faithful African, who takes the rickety mail wagon three times a week to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and back to Norfolk, is an old man—yea, very old. He has a fringe of woolly whiskers from ear to ear under his chin, wears an indescribable something in the way of a hat, and has a pair of square-rimmed spectacles perched upon his nose. These last are of no earthly use to him, because he always looks over and never through them.

Through storm and sunshine for many years he has driven his almost equally ancient team to and fro. He is a great personage in the eyes of the negroes generally, for he visits the almost

unknown cities upon the northern edge of the swamp. He is respected in accordance with his fame as a traveler, and his position as custodian of the United States mail. His head is stored with a great fund of tradition and fact as to the history of the swamp lands, and a judicious series of questions propounded from time to time as you would throw sticks of wood upon a waning fire serves to keep him busy in the intervals of urging his team and dropping mail-bags at infrequent post-offices, with the delivery of long-drawn ram-



THE MAIL WAGON.

bling responses spoken over one shoulder and much as though he were talking to himself.

"Uncle, were you brought up in this region?"

"No, sah. I was raised 'way down that-a-way, in Pasquotank. Reckon it's mor'n thirty miles from heah."

"Married man, of course?"

"Yes, sah. I'se had a power o' chil'n. You see, I was married a secon' time, an' de lady on dat 'casior bein' a widdier, she had seberal ob her own. But deys mos'ly all gone out ob dese parts sence dey growed up. 'Spec' deys los' de ole man's trail. I was mighty jubous wen dey was growin' up an' I seen 'em tryin' to comb de kinks out ob dere har. W'en de chil'n does dat, it am a sign deys shamed ob dere old brack daddy, who had kinks nuff in de har fore he los' it all."

"Did you ever see any runaway slaves in the swamp before the war?"

"Nevah seen 'em, no, sah. In dem times de niggahs nevah seen nothin'. Her'n tell ob 'em plenty times. Her'n tell my fader was in de brush. For a fact, I never seen him. Dey told me he war sold by his owner an' den run away. Dey was a powerful bad lot, de swampers. Wors'n bars; but I neber hab no trouble wid 'em. I hab ordahs to 'fend de mail wid my life, and dey know'd I'd do it, sho' 'nuff."

Breakfast over at the Civil Rights, our crew quickly completed preparations for the day's work. The masts were unstepped, all luggage closely stowed, and setting-poles cut. As we moved away, Uncle Joe stood upon the bank, and, hat in hand, poured a stream of good wishes after us, with assurances of plenty to eat should we escape the perils of the thicket and return to him. Half an hour later we were in the wildest part of the swamp, poling along through the narrow channel, while our own hunter, the Baron, kept his eye open for bears.

As we neared the lake we came upon the last evidence of habitation, the house of the lock-tender. And here we met the only true and genuine "Lady of the Lake," a colored specimen, who stood upon the banks and gazed after us with speechless wonder, for we were probably the first and only "white folks" who had passed her single-roomed cottage for years. Upon the sunny sides of the house numerous skins were stretched,



THE BARON.

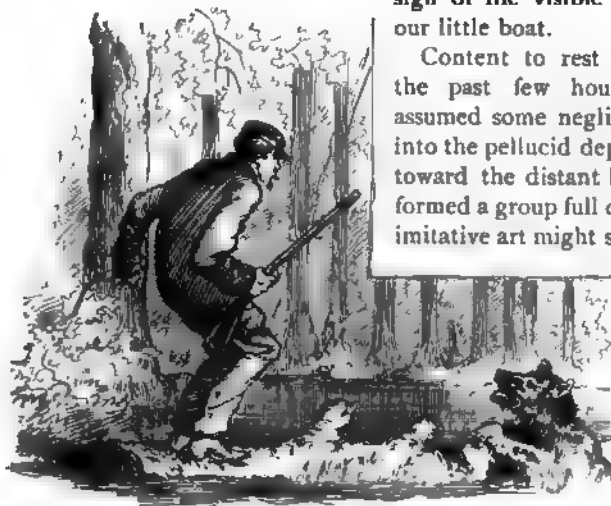
giving token of the skill of the young hunter whose wife and youngsters tended lock while he paddled the lonely waters in his dug-out.

The first impressions made upon the mind when our little craft moved out from the embowered tunnel and floated upon the mirrored surface of the open lake might be likened to those of the disembodied soul which timidly enters the unknown confines of hades. The most intense silence reigned—silence such as one but seldom finds below that great realm of cloudland known only to aeronautic explorers, broken anon by the faint murmur of the swaying branches, suggesting a passing

rush of angel wings. Then the long sweeping curves of the bordering forest, always emphasized by groups of dead and whitened cypresses upon little necks of land jutting out into the lake, whose spectre-like arms reach menacingly over the water. On through the ever-changing vistas beyond, with light and shadow playing amid the mossy drapings and murky, lifeless waters of the impenetrable swamp. High up above the lake an eagle moved in ever-narrowing circles, the only sign of life visible beyond the confines of our little boat.

Content to rest from the hard labor of the past few hours, each of our party assumed some negligent pose, some looking into the pellucid depths, and others dreamily toward the distant horizon, and, resting so, formed a group full of unstudied grace, which imitative art might seek almost vainly to portray.

And so, with half-bent sail, we drifted far outward till the great cypress fringe seemed a circle of rushes. Then we feasted from our somewhat depleted hamper. Rank was almost forgotten for



THE BARON AND HIS BEAR.



A "POLER" EXPEDITION.

the time, and, with that instinctive feeling which in the midst of solitudes makes all mankind akin, officers and men partook alike, the spell being broken finally by the voice of the commander calling on the sailors to row.

Fifty minutes of steady pulling by the oarsmen brought us back under the shadow of the trees, where we disturbed a small community of wild geese, which flew close along the surface of the water, leaving a ruffled track with their startled wings. According to our compass, we were one-quarter of the lake's circumference from our point of entry, and it was determined to continue our explorations to a point midway from the feeder and then return directly across.

A short distance further along we found a corduroy road of uncertain stability, which led back into the swamp from a floating platform of poplar logs chained to the stumps. This was built by the negro lumbermen for the purpose of hauling logs to the boats, which sometimes get up into the lake. At this point in our journey that portion of our party known as the Baron became excited. His Teutonic visage lighted up with a glow of expectancy. He was a little man, with a fierce moustache and goatee, which, under the influ-

ence of undue emotion, bristled all over, as if each hair desired to start in business for itself.

The Baron's highest ambition in life was to kill a bear, and here he would find his bear. His soul stirred within him at the thought. Alas! could we but see a fraction as far in prospect as in retrospect, how much of disaster might be avoided. All through, to the end of life, we travel, as it were, in a fog, and as we paddle down stream seldom know when we have drifted out of the channel until we strike a snag, or find ourselves high and dry upon a shoal.

The Baron grasped his Remington, and in a little while he was almost lost to view, as he jumped nimbly from log to log. The last we saw of him was the skirts of his coat, flopping up and down in the dim distance. Perhaps twenty minutes had passed when, clear and sharp, rang out the crack of his rifle, followed by a great splash and sounds of combat.

The Baron had found his bear. Or stay, perchance the bear had found his Baron.

The latter impression was greatly strengthened by a continuation of the noises in the swamp, in which our Nimrod's voice mingled constantly: "Ach, himmel! Vy dond you kom? Donner und blitzten,



THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

vat make you shtop, don't id? Ze beast vill haf me eat."

With one accord, over the logs, through the water and brush, our whole party rushed madly to the rescue, forgetful of falls and wettings, and rewarded at length by a sight too ludicrous for equanimity, even when a friend and fellow-voyager stood in imminent peril at the paws and teeth of an enraged and wounded bear.

The Baron stood in a half-stooping pose upon one end of a log, which rolled and pitched about, threatening to precipitate him into the water through the efforts of his brute adversary at the opposite end. Bruin sprang to the attack with renewed vigor upon our arrival, and his victim

beleaguered hero did not bethink himself of a providential Bowie-knife concealed in his boot, and, producing the same, succeed in holding that bear by an ear while he tapped its life-blood. Not so. Such scenes are the proper sequence of adventures in fiction. They are the exclusive prerogative of the writers of unverified facts. My duty compels me, as a faithful historian, and at the risk of marring the interest in this record, to state that the beast, becoming disgusted, perhaps, at the unwonted excitement about him, incontinently turned tail and trotted lamely up the corduroy roadway, stopping occasionally to vent a little ursine profanity toward our party.

The ensuing hour's debate may be properly



OLD HOUSE AT DEEP CREEK.

hopped about on that log like a French dancing-master, and wildly grasped at the air for support as his precarious foothold seemed every moment to slide from under. When bruin essayed a nearer approach to his enemy, the latter, using the butt of his rifle as a ram, would force him over into the water again. This performance was repeated several times, the besieged officer, meantime, keeping up a continual fusillade of entreaty and objugation, while we ran helplessly about, for, be it known, the Baron held our entire armament in his hands and had neglected to take the reserve ammunition from the boat, and was, furthermore, so placed upon the log that any aggressive measures upon our part must have driven the enraged brute to more active efforts to dislodge the enemy.

I wish a strict regard for facts might permit the record of a triumphant return to the boat with the dangling form of bruin carried upon a sapling by the sailors. A pity that, at the last moment, the

ignored. It was emphatic, especially on the part of our Teutonic sportsman, whose moustache and goatee bristled with unwonted fire for a long time after, and who handled the cartridges he had left in the boat with much the same air as the man who holds a lottery ticket just one remove from the number drawing the first prize.

Our masts were reset and sails trimmed to catch the faintest breeze, and so we skirted along the shores for hours. Swamp-oaks, junipers, and poplars braided their outstretched foliage together, forming a dense background for the whitened trunks of submerged and blasted cypress-trees. Dismal indeed was the scene, even in its brightest mood, on a sunny November day.

We had been favored thus far with a fair wind, and calculated that we were about half-way around the lake, or opposite our point of entrance. The breeze now died out, and we drifted along with the occasional use of the oars, hoping for a re-

newal of the favors from the wind sprites. It was evident enough, soon after, that we had incurred their anger in some way, for they persisted in giving us head-winds, with little, chopping seas, during the remainder of the afternoon. Our sailors and marines worked well at the long oars; but long before we could discover the little white rag left fluttering upon a cypress limb at the feeder, twilight came down, and night followed the twilight.

Many and often-repeated false alarms were given, as some one fancied he saw the signal-flag through the gloom, and several times we were involved in a labyrinth of half-sunken logs and cypress-trees, to our imminent peril. Then came debates as to the probability of our having passed the feeder mouth. And we doubled on our course, hoping to verify the vehement assertions of the Middy, that he had seen an opening in the trees. Alas! it was a delusion. The Baron had given up all hopes of meeting another bruin long before night set in, and had relapsed into a moody reverie. Some of the other members of the crew, when unemployed at the oars, tried hard to emulate his stoical nursing of his pipe, while, it may as well be confessed, vivid visions of a ghostly boat's crew, rowing around the lake in never-ending circles, obtruded themselves.

Perhaps some Moore, of coming lyric fame, might chance upon these lone shores, and embody our fate in immortal verse; but what good? we would not be there to read it. Of what practical use is posthumous fame? Better far a warm corner in even so humble a cot as that of our last night's occupation. The Civil Rights Hotel and its sable proprietor would have been hailed with joy at this moment. Possibly we might meet the lonely paddler called to mind when our commander recited:

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true.

And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by her fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe."

"By Jupiter! I believe you've exorcised her. See there!" exclaimed the Middy, and, looking as indicated, we caught the distant gleam of a little light, sometimes dipping and disappearing entirely, then sparkling again, and finally throwing an uninterrupted streak of light across the intervening water.

"Ve vill try the effect of a salute on her ladyship," said the Baron, taking up his rifle.

Then the sharp crack of the weapon rang out and died away in rippling detonations upon the opposite shores.

The approaching light waved and tossed in reply, followed by an answering shot. An end to romance. We knew, then, that our visitor was, without doubt, the bear hunter from the lock. And so it proved. His family had told him of our visit in the morning, and he rightly guessed, when we failed to come by at night, that we were lost, and so started in his dug-out to put a light at the signal tree. Our lantern had been discovered almost as soon as his.

A night upon the floor, in the midst of an already closely-stowed circle of sleepers, seemed luxury indeed, after the escape from the chilly confines of the lake; and a dull, rainy day following was accepted as the brightest of morns as we poled along the current setting toward the canal. Somewhat later, in clearing weather, we were exhilarated by a race with the steamer from Elizabeth City to town.

The adventures of the "Dismal Swamp Exploring Expedition" will occupy a prominent place in the annals of the Plymouth's quarter-deck, and without doubt was told to the marines by their returning comrades with embellishments suited to the tastes of that highly credulous branch of the service.

MARY KNOWS.

SLY about it as a witch,
Mary does the strangest sewing;
Ruffle and embroid'ry stitch—
What it is is past man's knowing;
Mary knows, Mary knows.

Just the oddest bits of clothes
Made like doll things, quaint and funny;
O'er them how her bright face glows—

Does she work odd spells for money?
Mary knows, Mary knows.

Ah! she thought no one was near
When in scented drawer she laid them;
Why did dear wife drop a tear
As she stood and softly kissed them?
Mary knows, Mary knows.

G. B. G.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MODERN GHOSTS.

By E. P. B.

PART I.

It is proposed in the following pages to set forth the experience of three amateurs who attempted for themselves to investigate and explore a few of the mysteries of that which has commonly been called "spiritualism." They were especially prompted so to do at the particular point of time selected, by the fact that just then a fresh wave of superstition seemed to be sweeping over the community, even the daily secular newspapers containing provokingly mysterious accounts of "mediums," "*séances*," "manifestations," and "materializations." A very natural desire not to be too far behind the age, even in a knowledge of other "spheres" than their own, led them to inquire into the meaning of the strange phrases which seemed so familiar to the ears of some. The party who set out with this end in view were by no means disciples of the faith they were about to question, but, on the other hand, were rather skeptical in their sentiments. Not so much so, however, that they felt unable to render an impartial verdict upon the evidence. One of the three investigators was an author, S——, whose name would be well known if mentioned. Another was a physician, whose skill in the diagnosis of disease led to the hope that he would detect any delusion or hallucination of which his friends might become the victims; a third was the writer, who proposes to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." They wished to examine, on different evenings and in different places, two phases of professed spiritual manifestations; viz., "materialization of spirits," and "independent writing."

With this object in view, then, the trio ascended the steps of a moderately respectable mansion in a moderately respectable portion of the city at about eight o'clock on a winter evening. This house contained the apartments, temporarily hired, of the medium, or professor, whose card, with the exception of the proper names, was as follows:

HENRY S. JOHNSON,

Medium for Full-Form Materialization in the Light Select Séances.

No. 111 W— St.

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday Eve'gs. 8 o'clock.

The Wonderful Child Medium Magnolia will be present each evening.

We pulled the bell, the door opened, we entered a dimly-lighted hall, and a rather short, squarely-built, sharp-featured, low-browed, pock-marked man, perhaps thirty-five years of age, stood before us.

"Is Mr. Johnson in?" we asked.

"I am Mr. Johnson," said the door-tender.

Mr. Johnson did not impress us as a man who would be a very skillful manipulator in any attempt at tricks of legerdemain. He shot quick, nervous glances from his deeply-set blue eyes, and the expression of his countenance was that of one habitually suspicious, and on the defensive against prejudice, criticism, and ridicule. He had not the cool, collected, self-possessed manner which we supposed would characterize an adept in deception. That he was an illiterate man was soon made evident by his conversation.

We explained the object of our call, were courteously received, and ushered into the front parlor.

The room was modestly furnished, its walls were hung with pictures, the gas was lighted, a fire was burning in the grate, and there was a general air of homeliness and comfort which might prove attractive to the average spirit from some less favored sphere. We found it already comfortably filled with about eighteen people, all of them appearing respectable and intelligent, even more so, perhaps, than the medium himself. Among them were long-bearded, dreamy-eyed, solemn-visaged old men, who, we learned, had been wrestling for years with the mystery called spiritualism; of these, one was a very intelligent old gentleman, a member of the editorial staff of an important newspaper, and one who had entire confidence in the truth of that which others in the room believed to be a delusion. Of the latter class were several keen-eyed skeptics, one a wide-awake newspaper reporter, who, like ourselves, had come to witness developments. We noticed some well-dressed sad-looking ladies, whose countenances wore the anxious expression of those who possibly might be hoping to obtain some token of

remembrance from those whom they had loved and lost. There were other females less refined in their appearance, who, we learned, were regular *habitués* of the place, and who assisted the medium by spiritual songs, and such other devices as might be suggested to them. One, in particular, was a burly, masculine-looking, self-possessed female, who patronized medium, audience, and spirits alike, offering her advice to all indiscriminately with the greatest self-satisfaction and complacency. But the bright particular star of the evening was "the wonderful child-medium Magnolia," a pretty-faced, gentle, modest, guileless little girl, perhaps twelve years of age, who said her real name was "Jenny." The frank expression of countenance and her simplicity of manner at once disarmed all suspicion of any attempt on her part at deception or fraud, or of any collusion with such an attempt by others.

Connected with the front parlor with sliding-doors, which were open, was a second room, containing a bed, a clothes-closet, and the "cabinet." This cabinet, which seems to be an essential feature in all spiritual "materializations," was a four-walled tent of green cloth, perhaps five feet square and six feet high. It stood on a line with the folding-doors, with its front facing the spectators in the front parlor. Its door was made by the drapery, which could be drawn aside or closed at pleasure. It contained only a wooden stool, whose back was an upright post, in which were some stout iron rings.

"Now," said the medium, "any gentlemen who wish may examine the cabinet and all that is in the room. You see the solid iron rings, the strong post, the locked doors, and no way of entering, except from the parlor."

The doctor, S——, myself, and one or two other skeptics examined the cabinet and the contents of the rear room, to our own satisfaction, at least. There was visible to mortal eyes of ordinary powers of vision a double bed without an occupant, a clothes-closet without the customary contents, an ingrain carpet on the floor, without any perceptible place for a trap-door from beneath, a tent formed of green cloth, supported by a slender iron frame large enough to accommodate in a standing position perhaps half a dozen persons in the flesh and, we were afterward forced to assume, an immense number of those out of it.

We were obliged to confess that we could dis-

cover no intricate machinery, and no place in walls or ceiling of either room for magic-lantern slides. The fact that the rooms were only temporarily hired for the evening performances by the medium, while the rest of the house was still in possession of the usual occupants, seemed to militate against the idea that any elaborate contrivance for deception could remain long undetected.

The unbelieving ones having thus had their suspicions of "confederates in the rear," temporarily at least, set at rest, the legitimate exercises of the evening seemed about to commence. The medium just arranged the chairs in the form of a horse-shoe or a bent magnet, the two ends being at the sides of the cabinet next the sliding-doors, while the arc extended nearly to the front windows of the parlor. He then commenced singling out individuals and assigning them seats. It was the faithful and believing who were particularly favored, for they were placed near the cabinet, while far away in the crescent of the arc were bestowed the skeptics and unbelievers. One burly individual, doubtless by design, had already planted himself near the cabinet.

"Will you sit here?" said the medium, indicating a seat near the toe of the horse-shoe.

"Thank you; I am very well satisfied with my present seat," said the victim.

"Excuse me, but I am seating you by 'impression,'" said the medium, with an impressive inclination of the head.

The stout unbeliever succumbed.

"Now," said the medium, commencing a short speech, "we are all to be bound by the conditions of our contract. I promise, on my part, to give you a satisfactory *séance*; and if any gentleman is not satisfied after he 'has saw' the manifestations, his money will be returned to him."

It should be stated that our tickets of admission to the other world cost us a dollar each.

"The thing that I ask of you," continued the medium, "is that you shall 'harmonize;' you must 'harmonize,'" said he, with emphasis.

How this harmony could be effected we could only conjecture; but we trusted that the inspiration of the occasion would be sufficient for the emergencies as they arose.

"Now," said the medium, unexpectedly producing from some portion of his dress a number of stout strips of muslin cloth, three inches wide and half a yard in length, "let some gentleman tie

the little girl. You may do it, as you are one of the skeptical ones," said he, offering the strips to the doctor.

The doctor modestly declined the ungrateful task.

"Or you," said he to the writer; "you are one also" (this assertion of the medium is offered as a proof that the writer is not a spiritualist in disguise), "and I wish a committee to be selected to see that the work is thoroughly done."

Under the direction of the medium, the hands of the child were tightly bound together behind her back. She was then placed in the cabinet, seated upon the stool, and firmly fastened by the strips to the rings in the upright post. Her neck, her hands, and her feet were thus securely and immovably fixed.

"Now," said the medium, "let all examine to see that the little girl is securely fastened; she is a good little girl, who likes to go to school, and has taken a prize for scholarship, which she is very proud of," said he, pointing to a small medal hanging from her neck.

The medium then produced two small dinner-bells, one of which he placed in the child's lap, and the other on her head, and dropped the curtain which closed the tent, shutting her from the view of the spectators.

"May I stand in the other room in the rear of the cabinet?" said the writer, who was still acting as a member of the skeptical committee.

"Certainly you may; we wish to give every opportunity for investigation," said the medium. "But wait; we must first see whether the power is present," he continued. "Now let us all sing; we generally use the melodeon, but our performer is not here this evening."

The lights in the room were still burning brightly. The stout lady commenced singing the words, "Nearer my God to Thee." Perhaps the third line had been reached, when there was a decided if not a violent ringing of bells in the cabinet, and the sound of one dropping on the floor. The curtain was thrown open, and there was the child medium, bound as immovably as at first.

It seemed quite evident that the "power" of some kind was present, and two or three skeptics, the writer included, proceeded to act as rear guard, to protect the tent from intrusion in that quarter.

A large brass ring, six inches in diameter, was then placed on the child's lap and the tent closed. The medium followed the skeptical guard to the rear, took their hands in his own, and joined with the chorus of songsters in front:

"Though like the wanderer
The sun gone——"

"Light," called the child-medium from the cabinet, and medium and skeptical guard, who had discovered no surreptitious invasion of the tent, darted to the front. The drapery was raised and Jenny was seen sitting demurely with the ring around her neck, which, a moment before, had been in her lap. It certainly had not been placed there by her own hands, for they were firmly bound.

"But see," said the medium, "those flowers," evidently himself somewhat surprised at what seemed to be an unexpected and unusual part of the programme. And, truly enough, from Jenny's pretty mouth were hanging by the stems two beautiful carnation pinks in full bloom.

"See," said the stout female, "a materialization of flowers."

What may have been meant by "materialization" may be somewhat obscure, but that the flowers were material was evident, for the writer selfishly secured one of most delightful fragrance, placed it in his button-hole, carried it home, and still preserves it as a souvenir of Jenny and her spiritual confederates.

"Oh! what beautiful flowers! Will not the spirits send one to me?" said one of the sad-looking ladies in the circle.

"Darkness be over me,
My rest a——"

Again, at a signal from Jenny, the curtain was raised, and between her lips two more flowers were seen, one a white, the other a red carnation pink. "One for this lady, and the other for that," said Jenny, indicating the direction by a glance of the eyes; and she was not satisfied until she saw the flowers in the possession of those who, something had impressed her, were the rightful owners.

"Will some one lend me a finger-ring?" said the medium. A heavy gold one was loaned by one of the spectators, and was placed in Jenny's mouth. The curtain dropped:

"So let the way appear,
Steps unto——"

•

"Light!" called Jenny, and light was afforded.

"Now examine and see what has become of the ring," said the medium to the skeptical committee advancing from the rear. One did so examine and discovered the ring on the forefinger of one of the little hands bound behind the back to the ring in the post.

"Now," said the medium, "some of our visitors say the child manages to throw the ring from her mouth and catch it on her finger. Now let us see if she can throw it back again into her mouth."

The curtain was dropped. "Light," called Jenny, almost before the light had been fairly excluded. The curtain seemed not to have been closed for more than a few seconds. The ring was shining again in the mouth of the child, which a minute before had been upon her finger.

A tall silk hat was placed on Jenny's lap, the tent closed and opened, and the hat was seen covering her head completely. The curtain was dropped, and in a few moments the hat had been carefully replaced in her lap, and with this manœuvre the part taken by the child-medium in the *séance* was at an end. She was not unbound, but cut loose from her fastenings, and the red marks and ridges around her slender wrists showed that they retained their original position. The careful watch of the skeptical committee in the rear could discover no movement in the tent curtains during the performance; neither did there seem to be any material or materialized trap-door, however necessary it might be to afford a satisfactory explanation of the "phenomena."

"Did you see the flowers, Jenny," asked a skeptic, "before you went into the tent?"

"Oh, no; they were put into my mouth."

"But what put them there?"

"A hand. Sometimes I see the whole arm up to here," said the girl, pointing half-way from her elbow to her shoulder.

"But how did you know what ladies to give the flowers to?"

"Oh, I knew."

"But don't you feel afraid in that dark tent?"

"Oh, no; not at all," said Jenny, with a smile at the thought.

In answer to another inquiry, she said that the medium was her brother.

This part of the *séance* having closed, the more serious work of the evening was about to commence.

"Now," said the medium, "if any person present should be called up to meet the 'materialization,' he will be introduced by one of the ladies," meaning, as we afterward learned, one of the females at the ends of the circle, who acted as assistants. "If the spirits should offer to shake hands, you are at liberty to take the hand so offered; but remember on no account to attempt to lay hold of or to interfere in any way with the manifestations."

The medium then placed a chair in the cabinet, turned down the gas, leaving only a small lamp burning near the front of the room, so shaded that only the outlines of the tent were dimly visible in the obscurity. He then most earnestly requested all in the audience to join in the singing, retired to his tent, now no longer guarded, and closed the folds which formed the door.

Again the concert, led by the stout female songstress, heartily seconded by Jenny, commenced.

"Come, spirits, come,
Come now with power."

If it is a land of song where spirits dwell, they would hardly have been induced to leave it by the melody furnished by the two end ladies. For a time the harmony seemed productive of no good result.

"Please all join in singing," said the stout lady.

"If you don't all sing, how can you expect them to come?" said little Jenny, a trifle pettishly, it must be confessed. Gradually, however, probably for the sake of obeying the order to "harmonize," some of the faithless ones, who probably never had made the attempt before, and it may be hoped never will again, added to the lack of harmony by sundry quavers of treble and base. At last, on the dark background of the tent there appeared to glide stealthily along a whitish triangle with its apex downward; above the base a circular dish. The triangle soon became evidently the shirt-front, and the dish the face of a figure, whose outlines became more or less visible to those nearer or more remote. The apparition did not walk, it glided, or slid, as if on parlor skates, first outward and then modestly backward toward the cabinet, much as a spoiled

child or an unsociable poodle might be expected to do when coaxed by visitors to approach. The flow of melody was checked as necks were stretched, and the whisper went from one to the other in the circle, "Do you see that?" All did see it, but those near the cabinet with much more distinctness than those more remote.

"Good-evening, Mr. Baxter; we are all glad to see you, Mr. Baxter," said the stout end lady. "Won't you please to come out a little further so that all can see you?" she continued, in her most winning tones, and the figure glided out perhaps five or six feet from the cabinet in the midst of the circle. "Ah! that is very fine, thank you, Mr. Baxter. Now, Mr. Baxter," said the stout lady, who seemed to recognize the apparition as an old acquaintance, "won't you be so kind as to tell me of something which occurred during your life by which I can identify you, so that I may be sure that it is you who are here?" Mr. Baxter responded in a voice which was inaudible to those at a little distance, but which it seems was not so to the questioner, for she said he mentioned visiting an ice-cream saloon with her in life, a circumstance which she remembered distinctly. The history of Mr. Baxter, as we afterward learned it, was this: He was a believer in spiritualism, and one of the regular attendants upon the *séances* of the medium. At last he was missed from his accustomed seat, and nothing was seen of him for several weeks, when unexpectedly he advanced one evening in front of the cabinet. At first, we were told, it was thought to be his bodily presence, but it soon became evident that it was the "materialized" and not the material form. His first visit was made, it was said, while his body was yet unburied, and since that time he has attended the *séances* with all the regularity which characterized him in the flesh.

The form, after sundry slides in various directions, like the figures in a Punch and Judy show, finally slipped out of view altogether. Music revived, when again another shirt-front appeared, above it a heavy gray beard, and above that the dim outlines of a face. The classic sheet in which ghosts of olden times were enshrouded seemed to have been laid aside, and the clothing, so far as it could be discerned on our present visitor, was substantial and befitting the inclement season. It was the ordinary dress of a respectable citizen, made with all a tailor's care, and

covered by a heavy black cloak trimmed with fur. All this the writer saw, upon closer inspection, with his own eyes, if, in fact, he was at the time possessed of his ordinary vision and presumed mental sanity. The two end ladies did not recognize the newcomer. He was evidently not an acquaintance of the regular visitors, but might be of some of the new ones. Perhaps this thought may have inspired the medium, for out of the tent, in an unnatural, hoarse, whispering voice, came the words, "Let the two squaws lead up the brave S——, and hold his hands."

"Yes, Chippewa," said the stout woman.

In explanation of the apparently impolite form of address to the ladies, it should be stated that the medium, Johnson, while within the tent, enters upon a trance condition, and is immediately taken possession of by a Chippewa chief, who, through him, directs all the movements within the circle, the medium himself being entirely passive, and after the *séance* is over knowing nothing of what has occurred while in the trance.

How the Chippewa, however, who in other respects seemed well acquainted with the English language, should have failed to learn the impropriety of addressing the respectable females of the circle as squaws, is not explained.

In obedience to the command of Chippewa Johnson, the brave S—— advanced, and with his hands firmly held by the two end squaws, was introduced to the stranger.

"Let the brave S—— bring his friend," said the medium.

The voice came from the tent while the apparition was standing and bowing the compliments of the season to S—— outside, so that the unknown form was not Medium Johnson himself in a re-organized shape, unless he had the faculty of leaving his voice behind him in the cabinet. It happened that S—— had two friends with him, the doctor and the writer, and it became a question which of the two was to be honored. The end lady was appealed to to decide.

"Will the spirit tell if it is this one?" she asked, pointing to the doctor.

A single rap from an obscure corner said, "No."

"Or this one?" indicating the writer.

Three raps responded, "Yes."

That individual advanced, and, in obedience to orders, took the hand of S——, whose other hand

was secured by one of the two end squaws. The three were then within two or three feet of the apparition, which at this distance could be seen with greater distinctness by the writer, though not by the doctor, who remained in his seat. The figure was that of an old man, with a rather florid complexion, gray hair, and a heavy white beard, with eyes, or rather the place where the eyes should be, appearing like two dark dishes, and with a general expression of countenance which was anything but agreeable. With one hand the figure seemed to draw around him what appeared to be a cloak, while he made to the writer a profound bow, the politeness of which contrasted so strongly with the villainous look of the spectre, that it seemed cynical and sarcastic. Certainly the nearest and most distinct view which could be obtained by the writer left upon his mind a disagreeable, if not a horrible, impression. He congratulated himself that the spirit, if such it was, was no acquaintance that he could recognize, and he doubted whether it was one of those happy, contented beings direct from the mansions of the blessed. A heaven made up of such materializations would seem to be one of questionable desirability.

"Let the other friend come up," said Chippewa Johnson from within the tabernacle. And the unbelieving doctor approached, when the unknown slipped away into obscurity and was seen no more.

"There are so many in here crowding to get out, that they interfere with each other," said the medium. One might imagine them to be the *inhumata turba* of Virgil, who caused so much annoyance to the Stygian ferryman as he approached the shore.

"Now, spirits, do be considerate; don't interfere. You know we are all considerate out here, and you should be the same," said the stout end lady in a patronizing but slightly reproving tone of voice, as if calming an incipient insurrection in a nursery of children.

"Your pappoose is here," said Chippewa Johnson to the stout end squaw.

"Oh, my darling boy! Can't you come out here, my dear boy?" But the child did not appear.

"Elisha Kent Kane," announced the medium, and a tall form was dimly seen in front of the cabinet, and S——, together with the spiritualistic

editor, already mentioned, was summoned to chaperon the guest. The editor shook hands with the form whose hand could be seen extending itself, even at the front of the room. S——, near at hand, stated that he saw the features, not dissimilar to the engraved likeness of the doctor.

The form resolved itself into the darkness, and a female figure appeared, which was also interviewed by the editor just mentioned.

After shaking hands, "Can you not tell me your name?" kindly inquired the editor.

There was a whispering trill in reply heard all over the room, but not with sufficient distinctness, even by the questioner, to be understood.

The figure of a child appeared for a moment and vanished.

Darkness now for a few moments brooded over the tabernacle undisturbed. The melody, of which "Home, sweet Home" was now the burden, was resumed, at this time without the aid of Jenny, who was soundly sleeping in her chair, when the most remarkable manifestations or hallucinations of the evening, as the case may be, occurred. A cloud of white phosphorescent vapor-like substance floated in front of the darkened tent, lighting up it and its surroundings. The cloud quickly formed itself into the shape of the classic sheeted ghost of ancient times, if we can accept the theatrical delineation of such spectres as authority; it remained an instant and resolved itself again into the white vapor, which faded away into the dusky shadows of the room. Then sparks, or walls of flame, which, we were told, were "spirit-lights," slowly floated upward, apparently coming through the floor.

Next appeared the form of a bishop, clothed in white gown and black stole. The figure was marvelously distinct, and, like the last spectre, seemed to fill the room with light emanating from itself. It raised its hands as if pronouncing the benediction, moved backward slowly, not into the cabinet, but apparently through it, and disappeared. The end lady seemed to regard it as an old acquaintance, mentioning the name of a famous American bishop of the Episcopal Church,—a name which shall not be profaned by repetition in such a connection as the present.

"The manifestations are becoming weaker, and the *séance* must now be closed," said the medium in his Chippewa tone of voice.

The stout woman turned on the gas and drew

back the folds of the tent. The medium was sitting in his chair, apparently asleep. He languidly moved his hands, rubbed his eyes, and seemed to arouse from his trance.

"You have been entirely unconscious and don't know what has taken place since you have been in the cabinet?" kindly questioned the end lady, so that the audience might learn the fact.

"I was so entirely," said the medium.

One of the spectators of the evening was a reporter of a prominent newspaper, who had just published an account of the "materializations" of the Eddy brothers. He considered their manifestations much more marvelous than those we had just witnessed, and he was incautious enough to express his sentiments. The stout woman rebuked him in a tone of voice in striking contrast with the gentle, winning style of address with which she had just been coaxing bashful spirits to "come a little further out." She declared that the skepticism of the reporter had made the evening performance more unsatisfactory than it otherwise would have been, and she charged him with having "gobbled up" much of the "influence." When most of the company had retired, the medium took a solid iron ring, perhaps five inches in diameter, in his left hand, while with his right he laid hold of the hand of a skeptic. This he held firmly, and drew it into the cabinet with himself, leaving the doubter outside, with the exception of the forearm, which was concealed with the medium by the curtain of the tent. The skeptic, still holding the hand of his coadjutor in his own, in a few moments felt the iron ring slipping over the clasped hands and encircling his own arm. This spirit trick was accomplished with three individuals in succession. A cruel distrust suggested the thought that a series of rings might be concealed under the coat-sleeve of the juggler, instead of expanding so as to pass over his whole body, which otherwise would seem necessary. But a strict examination of the coat-sleeve showed that its diameter at the wrist was not so great by one-third as that of the ring. Neither did the ring contain any concealed clasp which was discernible by material eyesight.

PART II.

With convictions somewhat unsettled, if not with minds unbalanced by the mysteries of their late entertainment, the three investigators, on a

following evening, were found in the parlors of another medium, who possessed a special faculty for the production and exhibition of "independent writing," another phase of the alleged spiritual manifestations. The medium was a slim, modest-looking young man, apparently not yet thirty years of age, evidently more intelligent and cultivated, and with a more pleasing expression of countenance, than the professor of materialization whom we had lately encountered. He had jet-black hair, small features, large liquid black eyes, and cheeks with red hectic-looking spots in the centre which, taken in connection with his narrow chest and stooping form, were suggestive of pulmonary disease. From our intercourse with him during the evening, we were led to believe that he was making no attempt to deceive us; that, on the contrary, he was outspoken, frank, and truthful, and that if there was any deception practiced he was a victim of it as well as ourselves. The room into which we were introduced was an ordinarily furnished back parlor, with a centre-table upon which were pieces of blank paper and slates; of these, two were small ones, similar in shape and size, the other a pair of folding-slates opening with a hinge.

We gathered around the table. The medium appeared to select the doctor for the first convert. Handing him a long slip of paper, "Now," said he, "write upon it in order the names of a dozen persons. Let one be the name of some one deceased with whom you would like to communicate. Let the others be the names of living or of fictitious persons." The doctor did so, and, in accordance with directions, he tore the slip of paper in a dozen pieces, each piece containing a name. These he crumpled up into little pellets, so that no writing was distinguishable, and deposited the paper balls upon a slate.

The medium now requested S——, who of course knew nothing of what the doctor had written, to take up the pellets singly and drop them one by one upon the table. As S—— dropped the first one, directly beneath the table on the floor came a single rap or knock, "No." A second was dropped; a single rap, "No." A third, "No," and so on, until one was reached in response to which came three raps, meaning, "Yes."

The pellet remained untouched and unopened. The medium, after an interval of apparent ab-

straction, during which he appeared to be listening to something, and his handsome black eyes appeared to be gazing into vacancy, took a pencil and upon a piece of paper he wrote a name, that of a lady, "Mrs. H. L. Manners."

"Is that the name?" said he, handing it to the doctor.

The doctor's face flushed as he read it, for it was the name of a deceased patient. Exactly the same experiment was tried with the writer later in the evening, and the name of one of the living persons mentioned was given in the same way by the medium, instead of the deceased. The doctor now requested to know where his patient died.

"The spirit will tell," said the medium. "Write the names of as many places as you choose, and let one be the name of the place, and crumple them all up as before."

This was done, and the raps indicated the correct name, "M—— City." The pellets were so commingled that no one could tell which contained the correct signature, until the apparent intelligence beneath the table gave the indication which the bit of paper, when unfolded, verified.

In discussing the merits of the case among ourselves, the doctor was questioned as to the cause of death of his patient. This was rather a puzzling question to the doctor himself, for the death was somewhat sudden and the symptoms obscure.

"Perhaps the spirit will inform us," said the medium.

"Will you do so?" said he, addressing the carpet.

Three raps promptly responded, "Yes."

"Will you write upon the slate?"

Three raps.

The medium then took the folding-slate, such as can be found on the desks of almost every school-house in the land, cleaned it carefully inside and out with a moistened cloth, and allowing us all to see that there could be no writing within, and moreover nothing with which writing could be made, not even the point of a pencil, he closed it, and gave it into the hands of the doctor. The doctor held one end of the closed slate, the medium the other, with a firm grip, the slate touching the edge of the table, but not lying upon it. S—— and the writer were interested spectators.

The doctor's face wore a serious and puzzled look as he said, "I hear writing and I feel the vibration within the slate;" and in fact the sound of a slate-pencil at work, which no one who has ever been a school-boy will ever mistake or forget, was distinctly heard by every one in the party, apparently proceeding from within the closed slate. In a short time the scratching sound was heard no longer; the doctor opened the slate, and within he found one side covered with writing made by a slate-pencil, which itself was not to be found inside.

The communication was written in a clear, bold, running hand. It was to the effect that the writer was troubled by the number of spirits who were present, and who were all "clamoring" for an opportunity to manifest themselves. The statement was also made that the cause of death was an affection of the head, and the technical term was given, "concussion of the brain." The doctor, however, with that professional perversity which will never allow a patient the right of private judgment on any question of therapeutics or pathology, boldly declared that the "diagnosis" was incorrect, the symptoms not being characteristic of the disease mentioned. Whether the patient, like some in the flesh, became irritated at a doubt thus thrown upon her diagnostic skill, may not be certain, but about this time a rattling noise was heard upon the wall, and a commotion of some kind at the same moment under the table.

"Look! look!" said the medium, pointing in the direction of a picture hanging upon the wall, from whence the sounds appeared to come. We looked as hastily as possible, and the picture, an engraving of the "Signers of the Declaration of Independence," was viciously throwing itself backward and forward against the wall with such violence that there seemed some danger that the glass enclosed in the frame might be broken. The medium asked us if we did not see the form of a hand moving the picture, and stated that it was perfectly distinct to his own vision. After our "materializing" experience of the preceding evening, we were not inclined to charge him with a falsehood, although we did not ourselves witness this feature of the phenomenon. The medium also said that he saw a hand upon the left shoulder of S——, and asked him if he had felt a touch. S—— had not, but he noticed that a drawer of the table which was directly in front of him had

been driven out during the excitement, as far as was possible without coming in contact with his rather portly abdomen.

Symptoms of uneasiness now began to manifest themselves in a hat of one of the party, which was now lying upon a table in the rear of the room, and we were advised to keep a bright lookout for developments in that quarter, as we were told that such articles were sometimes transferred bodily, without visible agency, from other parts of the room to the centre-table. No such performance was witnessed by ourselves.

Different messages came, but one predominant intelligence, the alleged spirit of the doctor's patient, seemed to drive the less demonstrative or weaker ones away. The medium stated that such was often the case. It seemed that selfishness might be a characteristic of spirits as well as of mortals, and that the rules of politeness were sometimes forgotten in the struggle for precedence, in the invisible as well as the material world.

Two initial letters, "J. N.," were written by the medium at the professed dictation of a spirit. No one of the party recognized them as belonging to an acquaintance. Again they came, this time "J. V. N.," and the same a third time without recognition, although the medium stated that the spirit was desiring to communicate with some one present.

On our way home, in reviewing the events of the evening, it suddenly occurred to the doctor that the initials were those of an uncle long since deceased, with whom in life he was intimate, and at whose house he had spent many months. A peculiar form given in life by his uncle to the letter "N" he thought he recognized in the initials furnished by the medium.

The writer, in accordance with the direction of the medium, had written the names of some deceased acquaintances, none of them, however, those in whom he felt the interest of relationship. As the pellets containing the names were dropped in due form upon the table, the single rap indicated either that the spirits named were not present, or had no inclination to communicate. A blank paper, by the advice of the medium, was also placed between two slates, which were carefully held together. No communication from spirit, good or evil, could be found upon it after the most patient waiting. The evening was far spent, the raps were becoming less energetic in response

to questions, and it seemed to the writer that the *séance* would close with nothing new added to his own personal experience of the mystery under investigation.

Those whose spirits he had invoked were not those with whom he would have sought an interview if he had felt a confidence in the genuineness and authenticity of the professed revelations. He now wrote upon a slip of paper the name of one with whom he would gladly communicate if he were certain such a communication were legitimate and possible. He folded the paper so that no one but himself could know the contents, and asked if the spirit were present. Three raps came in immediate response.

"Will the spirit please indicate its presence by three raps here?" said the medium, indicating a point on the surface of the table.

The raps came upon the precise spot indicated.

"Will the spirit write upon the slate?"

Three raps.

The two smaller slates were placed side by side, to "magnetize" them, the medium said, while a circle of touching hands was made by those present. Then, in accordance with directions, the writer placed together the two slates, which were thoroughly cleansed of any suspicion of a mark. No pencil was placed between them for the convenience of any being, visible or invisible. The writer now held with a firm grasp the two slates, and became aware that writing was going on within. The sound ceased. He opened the slates, and there, in a delicate hand, he read on one these words: "We cannot communicate more to-night. Good-night all." It seemed evident that some unknown intelligence had left its imprint within the covers of the slate, but the writer could not believe that the communication came from the spirit of the person named upon the slip of paper. If so, the character of that person seemed to him to have strangely altered, and the first address after years of separation seemed lacking in the quality of affectionate remembrance which would naturally have characterized it, but on the contrary seemed to be heartless and unsatisfactory.

The writer had once received a professed communication from the spirit he now sought to interview, brought to him by a messenger from a "circle" at which he was not present. He had made no response. He now asked :

"Did you ever communicate with me before?"

Three raps.

"Through whom?"

The writer had in his mind the messenger who brought him the communication.

"Through 'Mansfield.'"

The medium wrote at the supposed dictation of the spirit, saying that it was the name of the medium through whom it came. No such medium was known to the writer, and so he stated. A second reply was made that the message was sent through a young lady.

A lady was probably the presiding priestess at the "circle" mentioned, and it is possible that her name, which the writer does not know, may have been Mansfield.

The medium now said that the spirits had left for the evening, and that the *séance* was at a close. The writer was not satisfied as to the authenticity of his communications. He felt as Æneas felt when the "Infelix Dido" spurned his kind advances on the plains of Hades. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and the possible impoliteness of detaining spirits who had expressed a desire to retire for the night, he ventured to request the spirit who had communicated with him to give him one further proof of its identity.

"Will not the spirit, before it goes, write its name upon the slate?" he asked.

"The spirit hears the request that has been asked," said the medium. "Will it grant the request?"

Three raps.

Again, as before, the slates were held. The sound of writing was heard within, the slates were opened, and, instead of the name which the writer was expecting to see, were found these words, "I am your wife," and the name written upon the slip of paper was that of a wife eight years deceased.

The raps ceased, and a half hour was spent in an interesting conversation with the frank, intelligent medium.

"Can you tell what is the intelligence that communicated with us?"

"I do not know. Some think it is some unknown force in nature."

This explanation may be a lucid one to those who are more capable than ourselves of comprehending its meaning.

"Do you yourself think they are spirits who send the communications?"

"I do."

"Have these spirits ever given any definite idea of the land they inhabit—any real information concerning the other world?"

"Accounts have been given of different spheres. Andrew Jackson Davis has quite a description. But different accounts come through different spirits, and the communications are not reliable. Some of them say that the world they inhabit is our own world, and in fact that they hardly know the difference between their present condition and that when in the flesh—they hardly know they are dead."

"Has any good ever resulted from the supposed communications?"

The medium looked at the question from a pecuniary standpoint.

"If much could be gained by it, we mediums would not all be quite so poor as we are at present. I myself lost two thousand dollars in an investment from following the advice given by a spirit. Such advice is entirely unreliable, so far as money is concerned. A gentleman once placed a bank-note of large amount between the slates on this table, and offered to give it to me if a single word was found written on the slate when opened, and not a word would come then, though they would come fast enough at any other time. The spirits can't be bought. But I think my life was once saved by a communication from a spirit which prevented my sailing in a steamship which was lost, the Pacific."

"Why would the spirit not stay longer to-night?"

"I can't tell. They come and go as they please. I have no control over them. In fact, when I am perfectly indifferent and care little about the manifestations, they are often the most satisfactory."

"How, then, can you always produce the spirits on the arrival of any new visitor?"

"The spirits come with them, those they are expecting to meet. Our *stance* to-night was not so satisfactory, because so many visitors were present. It is better when only one is present. The new visitors bring new energy, and the spirits stay until the force is expended."

We could hardly see the force of this explanation, supposing the spirits to be independent beings with energy of their own.

"How do these manifestations affect yourself?"

"I feel weaker after the *séance* is over."

"Do the spirits ever trouble you when you do not wish to be disturbed?"

"Years ago, when I commenced giving *séances*, they did so; now I have become quite indifferent to them."

"How did you first learn that you possessed the unusual powers of a medium?"

"I used to hear the rappings even when I was a child."

We were not so heartless as to believe that the medium was an impostor deliberately attempting to deceive us. We felt rather that he was as much mystified as ourselves, and rather deceived than a deceiver. We did not discover any indications even of an attempt specially to "impress" us with a sense of his remarkable powers. He seemed to take our acceptance of the fact of his possessing peculiar faculties as something established beyond question.

We have thus attempted to give a statement of actual occurrences, as plain and undistorted as if we were testifying in a court-room, with the prospect in view of an immediate and rigid cross-examination. To those who deny the strict veracity of the tale just told, we have no reply to make. To those who say that the whole party were the victims during both evenings, of hallucinations and delusions, or of that mysterious mesmeric or psychological influence which made them all believe that they saw that which did not occur, we can only reply, that, if so, we were utterly unconscious of such an influence, and, if so, then we can never feel sure hereafter, on any occasion of interest or importance, that we are not similarly controlled, and we might well fear, even in the affairs of daily life, that some unseen magician may be leading us at his will by his noxious power. If the testimony of thousands is to be rejected on this ground, then human testimony in general is more unreliable than has been supposed, the belief in miraculous interventions at any former time must be discarded, and the whole system of accepting evidence in courts of law should be revised.

If an explanation is asked for the occurrences we have described, the answer may be given that, having the facts, every reader is at liberty to

judge, theorize, or guess for himself. The conclusions which will be drawn will vary according to the prejudices of the judges.

Notwithstanding the remarkable phenomena witnessed, and the apparent presence of some unseen intelligence other than ourselves, especially in the mysterious writing within the closed slates, the writer still doubts that the alleged communications were authentic. The fact still remains that although for now nearly half a century a correspondence has been daily kept up with an innumerable throng of professed spirits in some other world, yet we are just as ignorant of that world as ever, not a single new or reliable fact concerning it having been obtained. On the contrary, the most inane of empty drivelings have been promulgated to eager, expectant, and intelligent audiences, which might well excite the suspicion that the spirit-land is really some grand and charitable lunatic asylum for the universe of which we are a part.

If the school-boy of ten years' growth, returning from his daily task, when interviewed by his mother, could give no more satisfactory description of his school-room, teachers, and playmates, than the alleged spirits have given of their home, surroundings, and occupations, the boy would doubtless be re-interviewed by his irate mamma in a style approved by Solomon, in which the manifestations would probably be decidedly vivid, material, and striking. The thought is a most revolting one, that those who have once been in this world happy, contented beings, in pleasant homes, should now be skulking in and out from dusky cabinets at the bidding of Chippewa Indians and vulgar females, to gratify for a few moments the curiosity of a gaping crowd. Spirits, if so they are to be called, who can take pleasure in such interviews, would seem rather to belong to that unhappy throng who would gladly return to the world from whence they came, but who, perhaps, by way of retribution, are allowed to catch only occasional glimpses of that which they once misimproved and lost, and who now, like the waves of the sea, are stayed by the supreme command, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

By C. H. AMBERS.

CHAPTER I.—“PEACEFUL DAYS.”

My name is Thomas Rivers. Captain Rivers I am called now. It used to be Tom Rivers, in the old times when I was a lad going every day with a green baize bag full of books to Rathminster School. Rathminster, a small town in the south of Ireland, containing about two thousand inhabitants, was, as I first knew it—and it has not changed much for the better since—a quiet and rather sleepy place, with little stir or life about it, save twice in the year, when the judges entered it to hold the spring and summer assizes; for though so insignificant in itself, it had contrived somehow to retain its position as the county-town; and contained on one side of its rather large and empty-looking square the county jail, and on the other the court-house. There were no signs of progress or improvement of any kind about Rathminster, but the reverse. In wealth and industry it seemed to have retrograded, to judge from a closed factory or mill standing in one of the little streets that led into the square, and an unkept-up sort of appearance about the principal houses. The town had, moreover,—speaking from an ecclesiastical point of view,—seen better days, for Rathminster had enjoyed the honor and benefit of having a bishop resident in its neighborhood, before the suppression of some dozen Irish bishoprics in the early part of this century; and the ivy-covered wall of the ruined palace and the stately trees of the domain, now let for grazing, while they added to the picturesque appearance of the town, seemed somehow in keeping with its drowsy and unprosperous character. Another indication of what had in bygone days been a paramount influence in Rathminster still survived, in the sign which hung over the door of an hotel, certainly too large for the present requirements of the place, where a faded golden mitre was portrayed on a rusty chocolate-colored ground. At some little distance from the town stood the church, or cathedral I suppose it should be called, once a fine building, but of which now only the chancel was standing; large enough, however, for the congregation it had to accommodate, and surrounded by some fine old oak and elm trees.

And yet, though there was rather a deserted air about the town, and blades of grass might be seen springing up here and there on the steps of some large house, and though there was a tinge of green over the square, and it was but too plain that Rathminster had seen its best days, still, with the wooded hills and rich meadows by which it was surrounded, the old trees of the domain, the ruined palace, the ancient church, and the pretty little river that wound through the valley on the sloping side of which the town stood, Rathminster presented a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. Of one good thing time had not deprived Rathminster; namely, its excellent school, a school sufficiently well endowed always to secure the services of a competent head-master; and at which the sons of the gentry, the trades-people, and the farmers in the neighborhood, together with some twenty or thirty boarders, received a thoroughly good education. It was partly on account of the school that I had come to Rathminster. My father, who had been in the merchant service, had been drowned at sea. My mother had survived him but a few years, leaving me at ten years old an orphan, alone in the world, without brother or sister, or any near relation except an aunt, my mother's sister. This aunt, Mrs. Pearson, was a widow, living in Rathminster, where she owned one or two of the houses; and where, by keeping a book and stationer's shop, she was able to add something to the small income she derived from her rents. To her, therefore, I went upon my mother's death, having no other home; and Rathminster School offering to me, as a day-boy, an education such as elsewhere, and with the means my parents had left me, would have been quite out of my reach. Mrs. Pearson having no son of her own, and only one daughter, Annie, about a year younger than myself, made a son of me, and was as kind and loving as any mother could have been.

About a mile out along one of the roads leading from Rathminster, or about half that distance if you took the path leading through the churchyard, there was a pretty little farm-house, with some trees about it. In front there was a garden,

with flower-beds and walks bordered with box, and a few shrubs and fruit-trees at each side. A broad and neatly cut hedge of thorn and beech mixed separated the garden from the road. And through some silver firs at one side of the house, which hid the farm-buildings behind, and along that side of the garden, there ran a little brook, which the high-road crossed by means of a rather picturesque ivy-covered bridge, just opposite the house. The house itself was a rather small two-storied house, with a rustic porch and bay-window, and three small windows in the story above. It would have been a plain-looking house but for porch and trellis-work, and the creepers with which its front was ornamented. As it was, covered with climbing-plants, with its well-kept garden, neatly-cut hedge, the grove of firs, and the little brook, "The Cottage," as it was called, presented a very pleasing and comfortable appearance.

The owner of this house was Farmer Stockdale, a hard-working, careful man, who was supposed to have saved a considerable sum of money, and had indeed the reputation of being somewhat of a miser. Avarice, however, was not the old man's ruling passion. Even to the end of his life, the love of money, which is usually supposed to increase with years, yielded at once before the nobler, though often injudiciously operating love of his only child. No wish the boy expressed but was gratified if possible by his indulgent old father, and no expense thought excessive if only it was supposed to minister to his son's pleasure or advantage. Poor old man! it was well he could not see into the future, and that he did not live long enough to have any doubts as to the prosperity and happiness in store for his dearly-loved son.

Robert Stockdale was, like myself, a day-boy at Rathminster School, and it was there I first saw him. He was about two years my senior; a tall, active lad, generally reckoned handsome, but with a hard expression, or rather, as I should call it, want of expression, in his insularly dark eyes. Somehow, I took a dislike to the boy from the first, and so never became intimate with him during the five years we were schoolfellows. Of young Stockdale in his school-days I have no occasion to speak; and I turn to a pleasanter subject, for they were pleasant days these old school-boy days, bright and hopeful, and saturated with the freshness of life's spring-time.

And of all the sweet memories they bring to me, that of my lovely cousin Annie Pearson is the sweetest. A dear, bright, kind girl she was. I have no portrait of her; but I need none; better to me than any portrait is my own recollection of that graceful figure and sweet and winning face. She was a delicate little creature, fairy-like in her figure and her movements. I don't think I was a romantic boy, and yet I remember that, as I watched the pretty child come stepping down some rocky path, or tripping with light little steps along some plank or fallen tree, I used to fancy that the ground scarcely felt her weight; that the little feet that touched it so gently, perhaps need not touch it at all; and that I should not be greatly surprised to see her some time step daintily out upon the air itself. There was something, too, it seemed to me, I don't say fairy-like or elf-like, but yet very strange and fascinating in the girl's lovely face, where a glad and happy expression seemed to light up, as it were from within, a countenance that was of a grave and rather sad cast. The features themselves were regular and beautifully formed; the mouth perhaps a little too large for perfection; the complexion was fair and pale; the hair a light-brown, but shed with ruddy gold. The eyes, however, were, I think, the most remarkable feature of her face; it was their expression that first struck you when you saw her; and it was the recollection of them that haunted you when you looked at her no longer. They were dark-gray eyes, very large and soft, and with a look in them as if they could see the wondrous things of some unseen world around.

Annie Pearson was, as I have said, an only child; and when I came to live with Mrs. Pearson we became fast friends, and loved each other as brother and sister, only with an affection perhaps the sweeter because it did not come of natural relationship, but was the voluntary offering of each of our hearts. To Fairy—that was my cousin's pet name—I was a devoted slave before our acquaintance had ripened into many hours.

The country around Rathminster was very picturesque—hilly, almost mountainous, and well wooded. Half an hour's walk would take one to the foot of some steep hill-side covered with natural oak, birch, and hazel; and through these rocky woods, in the bright warm weather, Fairy and I used to wander, looking for birds' nests or gathering hazel-nuts or bilberries as the case might

be, always pleased and happy in each other's company. In the long summer days when the school was closed for vacation, we used to make still longer excursions, taking our dinner with us. Then we would often make our way through these woods, and out on to the open moorland beyond and wander through the long tufted heather, till at length, tired with our walk, we would find some cozy spot where we might sit down almost hidden by the heath and bracken and eat our dinner. And there we used to sit, with the warm sun and clear heaven above us, and rest ourselves, and talk and listen to the eerie call of the curlew, the cry of some disturbed lapwing, or the mysterious bleating of some snipe describing its strange circles far out of sight in the clear blue overhead. Oh those glorious, dream-like, enchanted summer days, when the golden light of Paradise itself seems about you, and the soft whispering air is ever on the point of revealing some sweet and wondrous secret, that nature at such a time longs to disclose—would that but one of them might come back to me again! and Fairy sit once more by my side, if only that I might tell her that those long-past days are not forgotten, and that somehow I have the hope that we shall meet one day where the light will be yet brighter, and the secret nature cannot tell shall be revealed.

And here I shall mention an incident of the days when Fairy and I were children together, not because I attach any importance to what occurred, for I do not. I would not have it thought for a moment that in my mind it had any relation to subsequent events; my conviction is that it had no such relation whatever, and I should consider it quite childish and absurd to think otherwise. I mention the circumstance merely because it seems to me to throw some light upon the fanciful or imaginative side of Fairy's character, because it is one of those incidents that in a peculiar way cling to my recollection of the child, and because a casual allusion to it led to an important discovery many years after. We had been playing together on an autumn afternoon in one of those rocky woods not far from the town; we were at the margin of the wood, where there was a steep moss-covered rock, at the foot of which was a little well of clear, cold water, which came trickling out from a hollow in the rock. It was, I believe, a "holy well." Its romantic situation was pretty sure to gain for it such a character.

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Some way up the rock was growing a little mountain ash or rowan-tree, its tiny branches bending with their load of scarlet berries. Fairy chose to have some of these berries, and so I climbed a good way up to gather them. When I reached the ground again, she said to me:

"Tom, if you had fallen down there you would have been killed."

"Perhaps I might," I replied.

"And it would have been for my sake, you know," she added. "I am sorry I asked for the berries. Now, Tom," she continued, "what if we were to pledge ourselves always to be near and help one another in any trouble or danger? I'd like it so much! Should you?"

"Oh, nonsense, Fairy!" I answered. "I shall be far away at sea, you know, and you will be here at home. How could we do it?"

"We might do it," she said, "in our prayers. Anyway, I should so like to make the promise; and this is just the place for it."

There was no refusing her, of course. I shall not describe the curious ceremony that, under her direction, we performed, though I well remember it; but I have often wondered at it, as well as at the strange satisfaction she seemed to feel when it was completed.

It requires an effort to turn my mind away from those happy days; but I must proceed. Vivid as the memory of them may be to me, and full of an interest such as I do not care to describe, they have little place, I feel, in the narrative of facts which it is my purpose to relate.

My school-days came to an end when I was about fifteen. The company in whose employment my father had lost his life offered me a berth in one of their ships. I had always looked forward to the sea as my profession, and was aware that such an offer would in all probability be made to me by a firm of owners who never forget the families of those who had served them well. I therefore left Rathminster school; my home, as I had come to consider Mrs. Pearson's house, and hardest of all to part from, my cousin Annie, and went to sea.

CHAPTER II.—THE LOVER'S LEAP.

It was five years before I returned to Rathminster. In the meantime I had done pretty well. I had passed the examinations for which my length of service had qualified me. I now held a first

mate's certificate, had earned a good character with my employer; and few of my standing, it was thought, had a better chance of promotion. Some changes had of course taken place at Rathminster during my absence. Of my old school-fellows, many had left; among others, Robert Stockdale, who was now at the university. Farmer Stockdale had thought that his son's education would be incomplete if he were to learn nothing more than was taught at schools; and that it would be a benefit to the young man to associate with gentlemen. So he had entered him at Trinity College, in Dublin. As my visit was in the spring of the year, and before the long vacation had commenced, Robert Stockdale was still from home. Upon my Aunt Pearson those five years had produced, I thought, but little change. Perhaps the lines upon her placid face had deepened slightly, and there was a little more silver in her hair. And the place, the old house, the quiet square, the school, the old church, all looked just as I had left them.

In two respects, indeed, there had been a great change. I myself was changed. Five years at that time of life effect perhaps greater alterations than at any other period. I had left Rathminster a boy, and I returned to it a man—a man, too, who had seen a good deal of the world in those few years, and who had in that time received a training above all others calculated to develop such manly qualities as decision of character, self-reliance, and self-command. Fairy, too, was changed. Those five years had made a woman of her. I find it hard to say in what the change consisted; and yet I distinctly remember that on my first seeing her again, a feeling of mingled surprise and admiration almost took from me the power of speaking. She had been pretty as a child. She was now absolutely lovely. And yet, though changed, she was the same. There was still in those large dark-gray eyes the wistful look, still in that figure—taller, though light as ever—the graceful ease that had earned for her her pet name. And there was still in her fair pale face that same contrast between the two opposite expressions of happiness and sadness which marked it when she was a child. She was still fairy-like and fragile, so that one could not help feeling as one looked at her that she was intended by nature to be much beloved and carefully tended; and that should it ever be her lot to meet with harsh-

ness or neglect, she would not have to endure their blighting influence for long.

We were at once upon our old footing, Fairy and I. We had, of course, much to hear and to tell. I had my life at sea to describe; for though I had written from time to time, my letters had been very short, not having, as I supposed, much to tell beyond the fact that I was in good health. But when I came to talk with Fairy, almost forgotten incidents and adventures were brought to my recollection by her inquiries. There were a thousand things she wished to know, a thousand places which I must describe. Fairy, too, had many things to tell me of her mother and herself and of their neighbors. And I soon perceived that though her life was almost as quiet and retired as ever, yet her beauty had earned for her—as indeed it could not help doing—an amount of notice and admiration that would have turned the head of any one less simple-minded than herself. I could see, moreover, that Fairy had many admirers—though none of them, I was glad to think, seemed to be specially favored—and in the list was, as I imagined, young Stockdale, who, Mrs. Pearson told me, was much improved.

"It is very pleasant, Tom," said Fairy, "to find people so civil; but you can't think how delightful it is to me to have you at home again. You know, except mother, you are my only real friend. And with your busy life, so much to do and see, you could never imagine how I have missed my old playfellow."

I had been at home but a few weeks, as it seemed to me, when I received an intimation that I had been appointed to the *Niobe*, and must join her at once. The time had passed with me as in some delightful dream, from which my employer's letter brought a sudden and most unwelcome awakening. I need hardly say that I was in love with Fairy, and that it only needed the thought of separation to open my eyes to the fact. I had been for some time trying my best to forget that such a thing was impending, desirous only to drift on as I was doing, and keeping no "lookout." Now I was brought up "with a round turn." There was but one day more with Fairy, and what was to be done? It seemed to me that, with my future so uncertain, I could not there and then propose to her. It would not be fair, I thought, to inflict on the girl an engagement of such dreary length as I then thought it must be, neither could

I bring myself to speak on the matter to Mrs. Pearson. One thing, however, I thought I might do—I might reveal the nature of my feelings to Fairy, and, without seeking any pledge or promise on her part, tell her that as soon as I was justified in doing so I should ask her to be my wife. Then, with my happiness trusted to her keeping, I should go to do my best to attain such a position in my profession as would justify me in making a formal proposal. It was with this purpose in view that next morning I asked Fairy to walk with me to the Lover's Leap—a romantic spot, where, in by-past times, some nameless hero had won a fair damsel's admiration and her hand by leaping across a deep chasm in the hill-side through which a mountain burn flowed; promising success—tradition had it—to any enamored youth who should follow his example.

It was along the course of this burn that Fairy and I strolled that summer morning. For some distance, at first, where the little river made its way through the meadows, the banks were low, and the motion of the water sluggish; but as we followed its course upward through the oak and hazel woods, the current of the bright, clear water became more rapid and broken. The banks grew high and rocky, -and clothed with ferns and heather. Here we descended to the bed of the stream itself, now shrunk to its summer bulk, and made our way among its smooth stones and water-worn rocks, past many a deep, clear pool, and up many a steep, rocky incline, where the winter torrents had for untold ages been graving and polishing the gray sparkling limestone; the sides of the rivulet becoming, as we advanced, more precipitous, and fringed at the top with the mingling branches and roots of trees, and hanging festoons of the small-leaved ivy.

And so we rambled on, that lovely morning, not talking much, for Fairy was unusually silent, and I could scarce think of anything but what I was going to say when we should arrive at our destination. After an hour's walk, we reached the spot. Some short distance before the precipitous nature of the banks had forced us to leave the bed of the stream, and we had followed its course through the hazel coppice above; and now we came out on the little open space from which the lover was supposed to have leaped across. It was a spot we had often visited as children, to watch the trout swimming in the clear pool below, or

the little water-ousel, unconscious of our presence, carrying the produce of his diving operations to his safe but rather damp home behind the water-fall. We sat down in the old place upon the heath-covered bank, with the noise of the falling water in our ears. And now the time was come to speak.

"Fairy," I said, "this is like the old times."

"Oh, yes, Tom," she replied.

"And yet it's different," I continued. "I used to be able to say just what I liked to you; and I find that so hard to do now. And you remember how you used to order me about as you pleased, and how you would reward me for doing as I was bid. Things have changed a good deal with us, have they not?"

"That's because we have both grown older, I suppose," she answered.

"In one or two ways, Fairy," I continued, "I should like to have the old days back, or one of them. Shall I tell you why?"

"Oh, I know why, Tom. It's just the way we all have of wishing for what we can't get. There, do you see that little flower?"—pointing to a solitary primrose which was growing upon a ledge of rock some twelve feet or so down on the opposite cliff—"that's no better than any other primrose, I suppose; but for the last five minutes I have been wishing to have it, just because it's quite out of reach."

"You shall have it, Fairy," I said, starting to my feet; "but remember, I must have my reward."

"It's impossible to clamber to that place, it's overhanging. Oh, don't attempt it, Tom," she cried.

Fairy was right about the climbing; but I saw that I could leap across from where I stood. It was an easier feat than that which the traditionary lover had performed, as there was so much of a fall. There was, besides, a strong ivy stem which I could grasp, and steady myself with when I alighted; then a drop of ten feet would place me on a ledge below by which I could descend. I felt—I knew that I should succeed.

"I am not going to climb, Fairy," I said; "but I am determined that you shall have your wish, and then, perhaps, I may obtain mine." I had stepped back from the edge as I spoke; a moment more and I was safely on the other side. The thing looked difficult, but really was not so. I got the flower, descended, crossed the stream, climbed up the other side, and rejoined Fairy.

"And now," said I, "what about the reward?"

"What is it to be?" she asked, as I held the flower toward her.

I was about to say that all I asked was that she should let me tell her that I loved her, and would always do so, and one day, if I lived, would ask her to be my bride; but just as I began to speak I heard the branches of the hazel being pushed aside, and the next moment a young man stood before us. It was Stockdale. He had returned home unexpectedly the night before. On walking over to Mrs. Pearson's, he heard that we had gone to the Lover's Leap; and being anxious, he said, to see me, had followed us.

My disappointment at this untimely arrival may be imagined, and for a few moments I found it difficult to speak civilly to the intruder. There was nothing for it now, however, but to wait for another opportunity, which I hoped might occur in the course of the day. I carefully placed the primrose in my pocket-book, and we turned our faces homeward. Stockdale returned with us, and, much to my annoyance, did not take his leave till quite late in the evening. And no opportunity of speaking to my darling occurred.

I was to leave very early next morning; and that night, after considering the matter, I concluded that my best course would be to write to Fairy. I could make her understand perhaps better in that way that I merely declared my own love and asked no pledge from her. She would have time to reflect, too, before making any reply. If she cares to have my love, I thought, she will be happy to know she has it. If she does not, she will be free to reject it. So, having made up my mind to write from Liverpool, I went to bed to sleep, for the last time, as it turned out, under Mrs. Pearson's kindly roof.

In the morning, when I came down to my early breakfast, I found Stockdale with the ladies in the parlor; he had come, he said, as he had seen so little of me, just to say good-bye. I disliked the fellow thoroughly, and what had happened the day before had not disposed me to regard him more favorably. His manner and his eyes were, it struck me, shifty; and as he stood at the door with the others, proffering his hand with effusive cordiality, I could hardly bring myself to take it in mine.

"Confound the fellow!" I said to myself, as I

drove off; "he seems determined to get in my way. It will be the worse for him if he does."

A day or two after my arrival in Liverpool I wrote a letter to Fairy, describing my new vessel, and indicating our destination. With this, which I knew would be read by Mrs. Pearson, I enclosed a smaller note, carefully sealed, and marked "Private." In it I told Fairy all that I had intended to say to her that morning at the Lover's Leap, adding, that I should not allude again to the subject until I should be able to ask her to be my wife, and that from her I asked, for the present, nothing beyond, perhaps, some slight token that she was not displeased at my confession. I had just sealed this private note, when I remembered the primrose. I had said nothing about it, and it was now too late to insert it there; so feeling certain that Fairy would understand its reference to the inclosed letter, I placed it in the outer one, adding a postscript, that I had inclosed the primrose which I had carried away. Then fastening the letter with wax, upon which my initials, 'T. R.', stood clearly out,—there were no adhesive envelopes in those days,—I posted it with my own hands.

After a few days, the reply came—a letter altogether on general matters, but containing a piece of folded paper, on opening which I found a lock of Fairy's golden hair. My happiness was complete. True, she had not referred to the subject of my private note; but then I had not asked her to do so. She had, however, in sending me the lock of hair, given me the token I desired. What one better or dearer to me could she have sent? "It was like her dear self," I said a thousand times, "to think of it." It was not necessary now that one word more should be spoken. If she cared for me—as I felt sure she did—she would wait. If not—

Three years passed by, during which I wrote to and received letters from the Pearsons occasionally. It is not easy when one is at sea for months at a time to keep up anything of a regular correspondence, and our letters could give but a meagre account of what was passing in our lives. Feeling this, I suppose, we wrote but seldom. The interrupted and fragmentary nature of our correspondence will be easily understood when I say that the *Niobe* sailed from Liverpool round Cape Horn to Valparaiso and other ports in the Pacific, and was

often absent from Liverpool six or eight months, during which I rarely received a letter, my address being uncertain; and so receiving but few letters, and those written at long intervals, I knew but little of what was occurring at Rathminster. I did not of course at the time suspect *how* imperfect was my information, and merely mention this now by way of explanation.

I had been for upwards of two years first mate, in which capacity I was acting on board the *Miranda*, one of our owners' finest ships, when fortune seemed to put within my reach the prize for which I was so anxious. An opportunity was given me at the same time of saving the firm from a serious loss of money, to speak of nothing else, and establishing my own reputation. We were outward-bound, and off the east coast of South America, somewhere about thirty degrees twenty minutes south latitude, and twenty-nine degrees west longitude, when we encountered a heavy gale from the northeast, so severe that we had to put the ship before it, and run under close-reefed main and foretopsails. During the night the gale increased, and by morning a very heavy sea was running. The glass was low and falling, and there was no sign of the weather moderating. The ship was now straining very much, and the waves threatened to momentarily overwhelm her. At length the maintopsail was with some difficulty got in, and we ran under the foretopsail alone. I was standing on the quarter-deck beside the captain, when the carpenter came up to report the depth of water in the hold.

"Rivers," exclaimed the captain, "if this lasts two hours longer, we shall founder."

"Would it not be better," I said, "to lay to?"

"Far better," he replied; "but it would be madness to attempt to round her to, with this sea running."

I answered that I thought it might be done with care, and that it was our only chance of saving the ship and our lives.

The captain did not answer me, for a cry was raised, "Look out astern!" and we turned round in time to see rapidly overtaking us an enormous mass of dark water, which, as we sank down into the trough of the sea, seemed to hang right over us, its side becoming more and more nearly perpendicular every moment. It broke; then there was a stunning blow, a singing noise in my ears,

and a rush of water which seemed as if it would never end, and the force of which nearly tore me from the rail I had laid hold of. As soon as it was possible to see what had happened, I perceived that the two men who had been at the wheel were gone; they had been swept forward, and, singular to say, were, as it turned out, but little hurt. The captain was lying motionless near the poop-rail. Another roller was approaching, and the ship in imminent danger of broaching to. I rushed, of course, to the wheel, and steadied her while that sea and the next one passed us—fortunately, without breaking. Meanwhile, the captain, who had received a severe blow upon the head, and was insensible, was carried below. I was now in command, and determined, if possible, to get the *Miranda's* head to the wind. Accordingly, I had the storm forestaysail bent, and set the maintopsail close-reefed. Then taking the helm, I watched anxiously for my opportunity when the approaching seas should seem more moderate in height. At length a chance seemed to offer; and I gently gave her a spoke or two of helm to round her to, bracing up the yards as we flew up into the wind. We succeeded; but it was touch and go with us, for, as she rounded to, I heard some one sing out, "Hold on there for your lives!" And a moment after a heavy sea struck her on the broadside, shaking her fore and aft as if we had struck on a rock, knocking away the bulwarks in the waist, and sweeping one man, our boats, and spare spars away to leeward. As she came up to the wind, I set the forestaysail, furling the foretopsail, and setting a mizzen-trysail. The gale lasted for about twenty-four hours, during which the *Miranda* lay to; and after that we were able to put her on her course again.

The captain, who was not seriously hurt, acted very kindly by me in the matter, mentioning me most favorably, as I afterward learned, in the account which he sent to our owners. The effect of what I had done, and of my captain's representations, was this, that upon the morning after the *Miranda* arrived in Liverpool I was sent for by the head of the firm, who, after thanking me in very flattering terms, informed me that one of their captains had been taken ill, and that they had decided to offer me his post; and also that the *Petrel*—the ship I was to command—must sail in three days.

I was, as may be supposed, delighted at my good fortune. I was very young to be placed in so responsible a position. I had been put over the head of many of my seniors, and in the ordinary course of things could not have hoped to be in command of a ship for several years to come. Now, however, I was in a position to marry. The time had come when I might ask Fairy to be my wife. I had intended on this occasion to visit Rathminster, and now my good fortune, while it made me the more anxious, put it quite out of my power to do so! I had but three days, and enough to do in them to keep me busy every moment. Well, it was only a delay now of another four or five months at most; and, provoking as that might be, I had every reason to be thankful for what had occurred; and though I could not go and see Fairy, I could write to her.

The *Miranda* had reached Liverpool a fortnight earlier than I expected when I last wrote to the Pearsons, and so I found no letter awaiting me on my return. My own had been very brief, merely mentioning the time at which I hoped to see them.

On the night before the *Petrel* sailed I wrote a letter to Fairy, telling her of my promotion and how it came about. Then I reminded her of our old friendship, and of the years that I had loved her as only I, who knew her so well, could love her. I told her that it was with the thought of her in my heart that I had striven to rise in my profession; and that I now asked her if she could give me that for the sake of which alone I valued my success. I concluded by begging her, if she found herself able to give me a decided answer, to write to the address which I enclosed, and said that, at any rate, in a very few months I should, I hoped, see her, and urge my suit in person. It was a long letter, and I remember that I sat up half the night over it and some other letters which I had to write. The next morning I posted them with my own hand, reading the address of each as I put it in, and seeing that each was properly sealed, with my initials, T. R., distinctly marked in the centre of the red wax. A few hours afterward I was on board the *Petrel*, the ebb-tide and an easterly breeze taking us rapidly out of the Mersey.

CHAPTER III.—LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

It was about five months before I returned to Liverpool. In the meanwhile, I had had no reply from Fairy. Though somewhat disappointed at

this, and anxious, I comforted myself by the thought that had she decided against me,—she certainly would not have left me in suspense; and I argued, that if not refused at once, I should be accepted in the end. On arriving in Liverpool, however, I found a batch of letters awaiting me, several being from the Pearsons; and of these I took the one that had the latest postmark, and opened it. It was from Fairy. How I read that letter to the end, I cannot tell. The words danced and swam before my eyes. I seemed as if in a dream. I read the same sentence over and over again, and could not gather its meaning. The one thing I knew as I laid it down was, that she was engaged to be married to Robert Stockdale, and had written to tell me, and to ask me to be present at her wedding. Now, I am not going to attempt to describe what I felt. I could not do it, and would not if I could. And it must be remembered that the story I am telling is about others rather than myself. It is necessary, however, for me to say what I learned from the letters I received from Fairy and Mrs. Pearson. It was this: That, in the first place, they had received no letter from me for many months, so that my last letter must have miscarried. Again, that though neither Fairy nor Mrs. Pearson had mentioned it, Robert Stockdale had for a considerable time been paying attentions to my cousin; that about five months ago he had proposed to her, and had been accepted, and ever since had been most anxious to have the ceremony performed; and would have carried his point but for a severe and protracted illness from which Mrs. Pearson had but just recovered. Not hearing from me for so long, they had written to the firm to ask where I was, and had been informed that I was expected shortly in Liverpool; and so the letter which I had opened first had been written.

I wrote as soon as I was able—that very evening, I think—to Mrs. Pearson, and told her the truth; but I could not go to see Fairy married to Stockdale, and I had no reason but the true one to give. And I left it to my aunt to tell her as much or as little as she thought fit. And then, with a prayer that my darling Fairy might meet with as true and faithful a love as mine would have been, I bid her and my aunt farewell.

Now, there is one thing which I must say here; and it is, that I do not and never did blame Fairy. I am glad to have it now to say that never—not

even in my darkest moments—did I think evil of her, or let the shadow of a doubt disfigure Fairy's image in my heart. I felt certain that, whatever the explanation of her conduct might be, she had not intended to deceive me with false hopes. Over and over again the idea would suggest itself that my first letter must have miscarried. The last had done so. But then how account for that lock of hair sent in answer to it? And I would take out the locket, to assure myself again and again that it was indeed Fairy's hair. The explanation was simple enough, when time afterward revealed it; but many a weary, wakeful night did I spend trying to discover it. An explanation I knew there must be, for Fairy could not be to blame.

Nor—let it be remembered as I tell what I shall have to tell of Stockdale—is Fairy to be censured for accepting such a man as her husband. The peculiarity of my cousin's disposition must be borne in mind. Her sweet, pure heart never dreamed of evil; and her imagination, like a magic wand, made all she loved beautiful and good. She carried with her into womanhood that happy power, which she possessed as a child, of making kings and heroes out of the poorest materials. She was indeed mistaken; and alas! met with one whom her love was incapable of elevating.

The weeks and months passed by after my disappointment as they did before it. I heard occasionally from my aunt. At first, too, I received letters from Fairy. After a while, she ceased to write, and only sent me verbal messages through Mrs. Pearson; and so the time wore on.

It was about two years after the marriage, that an event occurred which led to my revisiting Rathminster. I had returned with the Petrel to Liverpool, and had taken up my quarters as usual in the Neptune, a quiet little hotel in a quiet little court off Dale street. You might walk up and down that busy street all your life, and never discover the court, to say nothing of the hotel. It was an old-fashioned inn, furnished and conducted in the old way, where you were always recognized, greeted as a friend, and your tastes and ways remembered. There was no fuss or overcrowding inside the place; no rattle of carriages or tramp of passengers or cry of newsboys before its doors. I feel inclined to describe at

length the place which was for many years my home, if such a wanderer as I can be said to have had a home—the room always considered mine—which was bedroom and sitting-room in one—with its low ceiling, its massive mahogany furniture, its pair of comfortable old-fashioned arm-chairs, one on each side of the broad fire-place, its table covered with books, for I was fond of reading, and the quaint old oak cabinet full of drawers, in which these books and other articles used to remain stowed away during my absence. But I must hurry on. It was on the evening of the second or third day after my return that, as I entered the hotel, the waiter handed me a letter.

"It came, sir," he said, "a day or two before you arrived, and was put aside; and so we forgot to give it to you."

I was somewhat angry at this neglect, and more so when I read the contents of the letter; and I gave strict orders that for the future my letters should be placed in a certain drawer in the oak cabinet I have spoken of.

The letter in question was from Fairy. It was to tell me that her mother was seriously ill, and to beg of me to come to Rathminster at once. I could not refuse, nor did I wish to do so. I knew by this time that I should have to carry with me through life the sorrow that had come upon me, and that I should have to endure it. But I had no other relations in the world; and I was longing to see Fairy again—my little sister—as I had now taught myself to think of her. Mrs. Pearson, too, had been as a mother to me; she was in danger, and not a moment should be lost in going to see her; so, early the next morning I set out for Rathminster.

I arrived at my aunt's house not an hour too soon. She was still alive, but sinking rapidly. I was taken at once to her room by Stockdale, who told me that she seemed very anxious to see me, and had asked several times that morning whether I had come. Fairy was in the sick-room, and met me at the door. For a few moments the pleasure she felt at seeing me was reflected in her face; she seemed almost unchanged since I had seen her last. But as the momentary brightness passed away I could not help noticing that she was pale, and that there was resting on her countenance a look, not so much of temporary grief, I thought, as of settled melancholy.

Mrs. Pearson opened her eyes as I came to the bedside, and I perceived that she knew me perfectly. After looking at me for a few moments, she seemed anxious to speak, and made one or two unsuccessful efforts to do so. At last—Stockdale and his wife were standing beside me at the time—she made another attempt, and in a very low voice said, "Tom, watch over my girl." I forget what answer I gave at the moment; but she did not seem satisfied, and we heard her say, "Kneel down, and promise." Fairy was weeping bitterly, and did not speak. I was about to say something, when Stockdale exclaimed hastily, "Oh, Mrs. Pearson, Rivers has found that such a promise is needless. I'll take good care of her, you know." But she only said again, "Promise!" and I knelt down and did as she wished. She seemed satisfied, and closed her eyes. That word "Promise!" was the last she ever spoke. She was buried in the old church-yard of which I have spoken, just outside the town.

Whatever aversion I had to Stockdale, I had never noticed up to this any sign of dislike on his part toward me, but rather the reverse. Now, however, though we had not met for many years, and I had certainly done nothing to displease him, I could not help perceiving that his manner toward me was cold and distant, and that he seemed anxious to avoid me as much as possible. And when, a few hours after my arrival he was taking poor Fairy for the last time from the house that had been her home, he said to me: "Well, Rivers, I am sorry that under the circumstances I cannot ask you to the cottage; but you surely won't go away without saying good-bye to us?"

Hearing this, I made up my mind to leave Rathminster as soon after the funeral as I could, unless indeed Fairy should wish me to remain; for I was beginning to fear that she had made an unhappy marriage, and that Stockdale was unkind to her. I was quite unable, it is true, to imagine how I could be of any use to her, were such the case. Still, she had written for me to come; and then there was the promise which Mrs. Pearson had required me to make. What could be the meaning of it? Fairy certainly seemed the reverse of happy; but had that been all, her mother's illness and death were enough to account for it. But I thought there was, over and above all this, something unusual in my cousin's manner—a kind of

timidity and restraint, as if she were *afraid* of her husband. Well, I should make an effort, I thought, to find out the truth. I should have a talk with Fairy before I left. My promise to her mother, it seemed to me, required at least so much as this. And then, while I was turning the matter over in my mind, one thing suddenly struck me as singular; I mean the expression used by Stockdale, "Rivers has found that it is needless to make such a promise." I remembered the words perfectly, and now wondered that their strangeness had not occurred to me before. If he had merely said that such a promise on my part would be useless or unnecessary, that would have been natural enough—but "Rivers has found." Now, why should he have said that? If he had ever heard of that childish agreement which Fairy and I had made, that might explain it; but how could that be? Fairy certainly would not have told him of it; probably she had forgotten the circumstance. I do not think that even as children we had ever spoken of our promise after the evening we made it by the Holy Well. It was a passing fancy of my little cousin's—a childish whim which, even had she remembered it, she would never have thought of relating. Yet that expression of Stockdale's was very strange: "Rivers has found." The more I thought of it, the more unaccountable it seemed. How could he have known that I ever had made any promise of the kind?

All at once it flashed across my mind that in the letter in which I had asked Fairy to be my wife, and which she had never received, I had spoken of that old compact that there was between us, and said that I trusted she would give me the right to be indeed her protector—or something to that effect. How that letter had miscarried, I had never heard, nor indeed inquired. Now the suspicion forced itself upon me Stockdale had seen that letter. The words he had spoken had fallen from him in an unguarded moment, and I felt sure that he had unconsciously betrayed himself. Then, too, I remembered that, by my aunt's account, the time of Stockdale's proposal and his sudden anxiety to hasten the marriage just tallied with the time at which my letter should have been received. Yes; I understood it now. He had intercepted my letter; he had read it; he had kept it from my cousin, and had urged his own suit with eagerness. And he had succeeded. He had done me a wrong greater, it seemed to me, than if he had robbed

me of life itself, for had he not taken from me all life's hope and happiness?

I shall not describe the dark and bitter feelings that then filled my soul. I thank heaven that they have long since passed away entirely; I thank

heaven, above all, that my arm was never raised to inflict punishment for the injury that was done me, great as it was; for I have seen enough to make me ever remember who it is that has said, "Vengeance is Mine."

(To be continued.)

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

NINTH MOVEMENT.—THE TRUE PRINCE.

LOVER and maid, in the stillness of twilight communing,
Rode through the frost-painted valleys and hills of the island,

Thoughtless of all save the charm of enchantment that bound them.

Starlight fell down on the uncovered tresses of Lora.

"Are you not cold?" cried her lover, with sudden remembrance,

Tenderly placing his own jaunty cap on her bare head.

"What does it matter!" she answered, with fond eyes uplifted.

"You are my prince!—that is all I can think of or care for."

"But you are dearer to me!" cried her lover, with passion.

"Lora, I love you! You know not how fondly I love you—

Better than stars love the night sky, or flowers love the spring-time!"

Thus, as he pleaded, the beautiful face of the list'ner,

Like the pure face of a saint from some cloister-cell lifted,

Turned to the Hesperus star, where it gleamed in the gloaming;

Though she beheld but a star, and the blue shield that bore it,

Heaven and faith were too deep for the eye of her spirit!

Noiseless and swift as a thistle-down flock in the autumn
Vanished the hours; and the crescent-browed herald of midnight

Stood in the east, ere the lovers returned from their wooing,

Finished their route of romance round the shores of the island,

Sealed their "good-night" with a long, burning kiss, and a promise.

When the light wheels of the carriage had died in the distance,

Lessened in sound, till they melted away in the midnight,
Lora, with trembling and shame, tried the door of the cottage,—

Stood in amaze, for the home of her childhood refused her!
Loudly within purred the range, and the drowsy tin kettle,
Also the clock on the mantel was ticking and purring.

All things in deep, happy slumber seemed selfishly buried,
While on the step stood the pride of the household, forsaken,
Shiv'ring with grief and the chill early breeze from the water.

Outcast and lone, the poor girl wrapped her garments around her,

Sank on the rough, dewy door-stone, and bitterly waited.

For, "I will not stir a lid of their slumber," she faltered.

Better to perish than wake them from visions so peaceful."

Hark! The sad face, wet with tears, from the threshold is lifted.

Heard you that faint, wind-borne rumble, like wheels huge and heavy,

Rolling with haste in a valley that muffles their thunder?

Lora has risen—her grieved lips are parted—she listens:

Ah! now she knows; 'tis the lumbering family wagon!

"Lora, my child!" cried the farmer, with joy and reproof

Struggling for mastery, as he drove up in the darkness,

Where have you been, foolish girl? We have spent the night searching

Hither and yon for the knave who was taking you from us.

But I'll not chide my poor child!—you are shivering, crying!

Tell me what ails, and perhaps I can give you some comfort!"

"Nay," sobbed the maid, "blame not *him*, oh, my father! but rather

Censure your child, for my heart has gone forth to this stranger.

Gentle he is, and so fond! and with truth has he won me."

"Let us be sensible, honest, and free in the matter,"

Said the kind father, descending, and kissing his daughter.

"There, go within, and let mother console you till I come."

So they went in, then, the mother and daughter together;

Presently, also, the farmer returned from the stable.

"Naught but your blessing can comfort me, father," sobbed Lora,

Laying her head on his breast in the old, child-like manner.

"He is my prince among men, and my heart is his beggar!"

"Child," he replied, "you are foolish, and full of strange fancies.

Men were not made to be worshiped by women and maidens,

But to be served, and to love in requital for service.

Men may admire, may go wild over beautiful faces;
 Women must choose with discretion, with sober far-seeing.
 Woman must fail without man, for her life is dependent;
 Men may exist without woman, if apt in self-serving.
 Therefore, you see, my dear child, that when father and stranger
 Sue for the faith of a maiden, her trust should be given,
 Not to the stranger, the alien, but unto that other,
 Who has protected and loved her from infancy upward,
 Whom she has served in her willingness—he is the true prince!"

Now there was sound of swift feet in the footpath approaching,
 Also of voices that murmured in childish compassion.
 Straightway a flock of brown faces appeared in the doorway,
 Saw the dear sister at home, and poured in all together!
 "We have been over ten fields!" cried Gillaume, with caresses,
 "Look at the dew on our trousers!—and here you sit, talking!"
 Then did the others assail her with kisses and questions.
 But she was silent, and blushed at their innocent prattle.

"Look at the clock!" cried the toll-keeper, hastily rising.
 "Hurry to bed, one and all, or the sun will not rouse us."
 So they went out; and the fire fell asleep, and the kettle.
 There was no sound in the house, save the whispers of silence.

Even the wind had lain down for a nap ere the sunrise.
 Over the island the sky, like a sea-shell, was bending,
 Roaring with stillness and stars; and the tide of night-voices
 Ebbd in the pools and the fields; and the brooks were bedraggled
 With grass; and Lora's dark locks swept the tear-wetted pillow.

TENTH MOVEMENT.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

FARMER Loroix had returned from the depths of the orchard,
 Bringing his hat full of apples, the first of the season—
 Yellow, insipid, and sweet, lacking pungence and flavor,
 Lacking the frost and the spice of the real harvest ripeness.

Still they were welcome, and Lora sat down to prepare them.

Round went the knife, and the apples grew smaller and smaller.

Thus as she watched them, the maiden fell into a study:
 "Now I am unrolling life!—I begin at the small end;
 Over and over the apple keeps turning and turning;
 Round goes the knife, and the rind dangles down like a record;—

See! I have come to the stem, and the coil is unbroken!
 So may my days in unconscious completeness be finished;
 May I not know when I pass from year's circle to circle,
 But may my life be a pure, perfect whole—love unchanging!"

Dim were the eyes of the maiden, and on her dark lashes
 Shimmered a tear-drop; but quickly dispelling her sadness,
 Laughing, meanwhile, at her fancies, she caught up the paring,

Tossed it, full length, o'er her shoulder, and, eagerly turning,
 Watched it descend on the floor, and its slow, viscous spirals
 Settle at last in the form of a fanciful letter.

Then she stooped down with a blush of delighted amazement,

For at her feet lay an "L," though grotesque in proportion.
 "Luke!—it is he! it is he!" she exclaimed with excitement.

Ev'n as she spoke she felt a quick shadow flung o'er her.
 Startled, she lifted her eyes, and behold! 'twas her lover.
 He at the window was standing, and smiling so strangely,
 With mingled pity and pride, on the beautiful maiden.

"Listen, my darling," he said. "In the dusk of the evening
 You must come down to the shore, at the foot of the beech-grove.

There I will meet you, and if, as I hope, the wind favors,
 We will sail into the South—to our beautiful future!"

"Stay, stay!" she cried. "Speak a word to my poor, trusting father.

Ask him once more—only once—for his blessing and favor."

"Nay," he replied, and the fierceness of shame dyed his forehead,

"He has forbidden my suit, and I never will urge it.

So now, my darling, it lies between Luke and your father——"

Ev'n as he spoke, on the young man's broad shoulder descended

Sternly the hand of the sire; thus they stood for a moment:
 Luke, the proud lover, with brow like the rain-bringing storm-cloud,

Holding his breath, and his quivering fingers restraining;
 And the tall father, the locks on his white temples shaking,
 Tossed, but unstirred, like a weather-worn oak on the hill-top.

"Young man," he cried, and his voice was like storming of dried leaves

Whirled by the wind in a cave on the rocks everlasting,

"Yon is thy bound! at thy peril henceforth shalt transgress it!

Lora, my child, I command your obedience also."

Thus spoke the sire, and, with quiet authority, pointed

To the low fence that divided the yard from the highway.

"Why do you stay, stubborn boy? Do you linger to mock me?

Go! lest my years are forgotten, and passion unman me!"

Then, with a light laugh and scornful, the lover departed,
 Vengeful and slow, and his shadow was still in the doorway

When he had passed through the gate and was skirting the roadside.

Soon rose the laughter of wheels, full of mocking derision,
 Dying away in a hiss on the sand of the shore-road.

(To be continued.)

SATSUMA AND KIOTO WARE.

BY ELEANOR MOORE HEISTAND.



A NANKIN GOLDFISH CISTERN.

AMONG the nondescript collections of pottery and porcelain with which the late impetus to ceramic art has crowded our emporiums of *bric-à-brac*, there is no *faïence* more familiar or more popular than the quaint creations of those two famous manufactories of Japan, Satsuma and Kioto, unless we except the vast quantity of pseudo Majolica with which our shops are so liberally stocked. Our taste, of old, was crude enough to rest satisfied with mere beauty in the *objets de vertu* with which we filled our cabinets; but latterly a super-refined æsthetic appreciation has directed our fancy toward the most bizarre forms of ceramic invention. We run after rococo effects in that artistic frenzy which is so far-sighted as to discern a new and subtle charm in that art whose exponent is the grotesque. This metamorphosis of taste which induces us to rave over the many astounding conceptions of Mongolian art is happily only an affectation, as is evident from our preference for such unaccentuated principles as are expressed in Satsuma and Kioto ware.

We Americans, who are as yet mere imitators

in the fine arts, have felt obligated to accept the fiat of taste which has gone forth from the seat of distinguished creative power. We have honestly tried to assimilate our preferences to a proscribed ideal, and, conscious of our shortcomings, we have snatched at the least offensive objects presented for our admiration. Supreme among these have been the two varieties of Japanese porcelain before alluded to. In them are to be found qualities which, while they are only lightly esteemed by the ultra-artistic, yet entitle them to be classified with the new *régime*. At the same time, they have certain features in which we trace the lineaments of a much-beloved but outlawed style, and which



A SOFT PORCELAIN VASE.



A MANDARIN VASE.

are a gracious concession to our outraged taste. To use an expressive though degenerate phrase, they are not too grotesque—just grotesque enough.

A somewhat self-sufficient connoisseur in ceramics observes of Satsuma ware, from which Kioto is hardly to be distinguished :

"Many of the products are very ingenious in form and odd in effect ; but the ware has little to commend it either in beauty or national characteristics."

But here we beg leave to differ. To our thinking, the rich, creamy tints of Satsuma, its curious *craquelé* enamel, and bamboo twigs in bas-relief, with their slender leaves heavily gilded, are much more pleasing to the eye than the intermingled roses and ribbons, cherubs and doll-faced adults, which are the outgrowth of the French school, or the most fanciful creations of that art whose fundamental principle is the distortion of nature.

It seems hardly necessary to enter upon a description of these wares ; but, lest the omission be noted, we will venture a reminder that, compared with other kinds of Japanese porcelain, their ornamentation is simple and scattered. The ground is invariably a rich cream, which is the natural color of the clay as it is brought out and enhanced by a clear vitreous enamel. In Satsuma ware, which is the more highly prized, the rarer and more expensive of the two varieties, the coloring of the clay is paler ; but this difference is hardly appreciable unless the *faïence* be closely compared with a piece of Kioto. The enamel, which is traversed by a myriad of minute cracks, is one of the strong points in both wares. This *craquelé* effect is a special achievement of Japanese art, as the wonderful *cloisonné* enamels have likewise been. It was first applied to Satsuma ware, which was manufactured under the patronage of a



A NANKIN VASE AND COVER.

long line of mikados. This variety of porcelain had an origin most remote, and it is therefore possible to occasionally pick up pieces of Satsuma

a free hand in the famous Chinese black. The drawing itself is more effective than it is correct, and many are the improvements (?) on nature which the decorator achieves with his fearless brush. I have noticed, however, that the artists of Satsuma and Kioto do not discard symmetry in their unique designs; but their idea of symmetry does not signify similarity. Each design has a central figure or object of special prominence, which is flanked by a number of details the sums of which appear to have about the same specific gravity; but on one side there may be two cranes *volant*, and on the other a single ornithological nondescript of twice the size. There is, however, a suggestion of equilibrium in the various parts of the design.



No. 1.—A marine-blue and white round pot and cover for rose-leaves, decorated with dragons and flowers.
No. 2.—A mandarin vase richly decorated with gold figures, flowers, and birds.
No. 3.—Chinese gray crackle vase decorated with blue birds and figures in relief.
No. 4.—A Hsuan vase with elephant head for handle.

of real antiquity; but it is a *faience* which preserves so well the semblance of youth that the dubious question of its age can hardly be discussed with satisfaction. Kioto is nothing more than an imitation of Satsuma; but so perfect is it, and so like the genuine, that its depreciation has no basis save in the over-nice discriminations of connoisseurs who are apt to assign a fabulous value to mere age, and who discard all imitations, no matter how meritorious.

The colors used in the decoration of these two kinds of *faience* are, for the most part, pure, and are offset by patches of gilding. They run through an octave or so of the chromatic scale, but are applied in such judicious quantities that their variety produces only a pleasing effect. The decoration is wholly superficial, being applied after the enamel has been hardened, except where the fancy of the potter has prompted him to raise in bas-relief a sprig of bamboo, the pinion of a bird, a blade of grass, or an anomalous flower.

The pigments used are mixed in a peculiar way, or it may be that after they have been applied they are coated with enamel; at all events, they are smooth and shining, being used merely to fill in the outlines of figures and objects drawn with

I have in my possession a *table-d'hôte* set of Kioto which I regard as particularly beautiful. It consists of a small tea-pot, a sugar-bowl, a cream-pitcher, two cups, and two saucers, the whole being arranged on a lacquered tray. To convey some idea of the relative cost of this ware and Satsuma, I will say that my *table-d'hôte* set cost me only ten dollars, tray included. The same thing in Satsuma would cost about three or perhaps four times that price. This set, however, is very simply ornamented. The more elaborately decorated pieces are more expensive. Its design is nevertheless a typical one, and, in my opinion, one of



No. 5.—A Miao flower-pot, pale-lustrous brown, glazed ground, and white flowers in high relief.
No. 6.—A quaint Nankin blue and white vase.
No. 7.—A Kioto vase, blue ground, white medallions, colored flowers, some enriched with *cloisonné* enameling.
No. 8.—An Awaaji vase, brilliant green, purple, and white "splash" glaze.

the most graceful. The shapes of the various pieces are very comely, the cream-pitcher in particular having a form of unique beauty. This little vessel has been fashioned in accordance with

one of the strangest fancies of the Kioto potter, who has deftly bent back the sides of the mouth

madness of the Japanese artist which enables him to venture upon the most startling and inharmonious effects in color, and yet produce an ensemble of pleasing character.

It is hardly possible for the collector or the every-day buyer to fail to recognize Satsuma and Kioto ware. True, he is more than apt to be at loss to determine which is which, but he is morally certain to know whether or not the article he purchases is one of the two. Their style is unique. The characteristics I have pointed out in them are combined in no other *faience*. Their cream-colored clay and *craquelé* enamel is not to be mistaken. More than once, I imagine, some unconscionable dealer will cheat you with Kioto when you wish to buy Satsuma. It really makes very little difference. It is quite as pretty. Only, on principle, one doesn't like to be deceived in



9.



10.



11.



12.

No. 9.—A jar and cover in Hizen porcelain, ornamented in blue and white with "Hawthorn" design intermixed with bamboos.

No. 10 is similar in decoration to the preceding one, and No. 11 shows a Pekin pilgrim bottle, in enameled colors, painted figures, medallions of birds, flowers, etc., in relief.

No. 12.—A Chinese vase, with white ground and pencilled drawings.

when the pitcher was yet soft clay in his hands, and left them to harden into two curled lips that quaintly droop over the sides. You will see that little touch frequently given to the rims of vases, to dishes in basket shape, and to many small pieces of varied utility.

The handles of the Kioto tea-cups which are now before me, and of a tall vase that is standing by, are odd little elbows of porcelain bamboo, colored a vivid green and with the joints gilded. The cups and the rest of the tea-set represent what appears to me a shallow marsh. In the foreground there is a plant with long reedy stems and dull-red flowers. Overhead a number of parti-colored cranes, and gilt-winged birds are circling amid sparse little patches of gold clouds. That is all. But the effect is singularly pleasing.

The vase, on the other hand, is literally overrun with flowers which are not unlike our clematis blossoms, but are colored brick-red, and a muddy plum. Down in one corner I see a knot of something that looks like violets, and overhead there is the inevitable stork in giant proportions. The centre of the design consists of two shoots of bamboo, with its long-fingered gilt leaves in bas-relief. I wish I could discover what method it is in the

such a matter. But what are we going to do about it? Study Japanese, perhaps, in order to be able to decipher the variable hieroglyphics which constitute the trade-marks and reveal the names of the manufactory and the maker? I hardly think so. Nor will we be likely to institute such careful and tedious comparisons as alone can teach us to tell the one ware from the other. We will buy Kioto and Satsuma indiscriminately, as we buy some of the beautiful Jones Majolica, and fancy it is the product of the world-renowned manufactories of Majorca or Faenza. And shall we be less aesthetic,



13.



14.



15.



16.

No. 13.—A Pekin vase, with colored enamel painting in medallions.

No. 14.—A dark-blue Quasa vase, decorated with white flowers.

No. 15.—A Pekin vase, covered with ruby glaze.

No. 16.—A Nankin gourd-shaped vase, with blue and white scroll decoration.

because of this? We opine not, since few can distinguish the true from the false.

THE ANGLING OPTIMIST.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"I IN these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me,
By whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice."—WALTON.

IZAACK WALTON, sometimes called the angler optimist, was born at Stafford in 1593, and passed his early manhood in London, where he carried on the business of linen-draper. In his fiftieth year he retired from trade with a competency sufficient to satisfy his modest desires. It was probably his marriage with a sister of Bishop Ken that brought him in contact with so many eminent men of his day; and so exquisitely pleasing was his manner, and such the simplicity of his character, that it is not strange that what might have been a mere transient acquaintanceship soon became a solid and life-long friendship. He died on the 15th of December, 1683, at the great age of ninety, in the house of Dr. Hawkins, his son-in-law, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, and was buried in the vault of that sanctuary. It has been truthfully said that no character, whether personal or literary, is more perfectly enviable than that of Walton.

His first publication was the "Life of Dr. Donne," which was followed in order by the lives of Hooker, Sir Henry Wotton, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson. The lives, though far less widely known than "The Complete Angler," are, in their way, not less exquisite and unique. Wordsworth dedicated a beautiful sonnet to them, in which he speaks of the five saintly names of the subjects of them as

"Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

These biographies are unlike any other biographies; they charm us with their simple grace, their unaffected fervor, their personal attachments, their undisguised piety.

"The Complete Angler; or, Contemplative Man's Recreation," was published in 1655. A *fac-simile* of the original edition was issued in 1875, and, from first to last, more than fifty editions have appeared. As a treatise on the art of an-

gling, it may almost be regarded as obsolete, but it continues to be read for its charming simplicity of manner, its pastoral freshness, and the pure, peaceful, and pious spirit which is breathed from its quaint old pages.

The title-page of the first edition contained the following verse from John xxi. 3: "Simon Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, we also will go with thee."

The following is a verbatim copy of the first advertisement of the book. It appeared on the back of an almanac published for the succeeding year:

"There is published a Booke of Eighteen-pence price, called *The Complete Angler*, or, *The Contemplative Man's Recreation*, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing. Not unworthy of perusal. Sold by *Richard Marriot* in *S. Dunstan's Church-yard, Fleet street.*"

It was certainly a very unpretentious announcement. A second part was added to the book by Charles Cotton, his friend, and his rival in the passion for angling. It is somewhat inferior, but breathes the same spirit, and contains many simple yet exquisite lyrics. Cotton owned a fine estate in Derbyshire, upon the river Dove, celebrated for its trout. Walton spent considerable of his time there, and the two friends were very congenial. Shaw gives Cotton a place in his "Manual of English Literature," seemingly for two reasons: first, because he was best known as the friend of Walton, and secondly, because he wrote the "Voyage to Ireland," which, Campbell remarks, to a great extent anticipated the manner of Anstey in "The Bath Guide." The latter was published in 1766, and became the most popular work of the day. It was not the dry, statistical, overpractical book which might have been inferred from its title. No one was more agreeably surprised than Walpole, who pronounced it "a set of letters in verse, in all kinds of verse; . . . so much wit, fun, poetry, and originality never met together before."

"The Complete Angler" is something almost absolutely unique in literature, because of its inimitable descriptions of nature, quaint dia-

logues, pious philosophy, and evident gratitude for the sweet enjoyments of life. The expressions are as pure and sweet and graceful as the sentiment, and the occasional occurrence of a little touch of old-fashioned pedantry only adds to the indefinable fascination of the work, "breaking up its monotony like a ripple upon the sunny surface of a stream." "The slight tincture of credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works," says Mr. Mills, "gives them a finer zest and more original fervor, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight."

This genial optimist, this lingerer in the sunset hour, this loiterer in the soft gray dawns, caught his inspiration from nature. Nature is man's best teacher, for she is wisdom's self. It is through her that we view nature's God, for

"She has made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man."

His organism appreciative, his heart full of love, his observation keen, his life quiet and unobtrusive, no wonder he appropriated so much that was pleasing and instructive in the rural scenes around him.

"Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that genius gave;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave."

Oh, how much that is sweet and fair and pure Walton saw and heard in those long, almost numberless days which he spent by purling brook, placid lake, and silver-sheeted river!

The dusky dells, the torrent-torn ravines, the breezy hills, "where cliff on cliff like fiery ramparts rise," the pathless woods, the daisy-starred meadows; the silent, bright-hued, perfume-breathing flowers, beneath which "so many tender thoughts are lying," and whose "daintiness touches us like poetry;" the sluggishly-drifting clouds, "softly shaking on the dimpled pool prelusive drops;" clouds massive, black, portentous, "the angry gleam of the red lightning cleaving the frowning folds;" the sun dispelling the mists of the dawn, "bannered with glory and burnished with gold," or its last red rays lost in the gathering twilight; "the nightingale the only vesper bell;" the tinkling of streamlet, the roar of cataract, the wash of restless waves; the whistle

of the quail in the stubble; the song of the thrush, "running through the sweetest length of notes;" the wood-lark, "shaking from its throat such floods of delicious music that woods and waves seem to listen;" the whippoorwill "singing his fitful hymn in the drowsy watches of the night;" the caw of rook, the scream of jay, the hoot of owl; the winds sweeping the skirt of some green-spreading wood, "its music not unlike the dash of ocean on his winding shore;" each tree a natural harp, each different leaf a different note, "blent in one vast thanksgiving."

Spending so much of his time among those sweet secluded spots where

"The murmuring brooklet told its babbling tale
Like a sweet under-song,"

he, indeed, could have exclaimed with Cowper:

"——meditation
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without her books."

Or, with Emerson:

"Laugh at the love and pride of man,
At the sophist's school and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

Walton knew how to appreciate life; he did not regard it as a mazy web of circumstances. It cannot well appear mean to one who uses it nobly. Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed. His charming little book was not the product of an idle thinker, but rather of a thinker's idleness. The most pleasant things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art of life is to have as many of them as possible. Walton's thoughts were intuitions that came to him in the patient practice of his out-door propensity. Is it any wonder he wrote so prettily about the things to which he was wedded, any more than that Æschylus should recount in imperishable language the overthrow of the Persians, when he himself "was one of the gallant band who charged down the plain of Marathon in the decisive battle of the world?"

Bovee says: "Our impressions usually relate to what is visible to us. Out-door thoughts are, therefore, apt to be more comprehensive than indoor thoughts. Our in-door thoughts are usually

subjective, introspective, or retrospective; our out-door thoughts are objective or prospective, and healthier in their tone."

Emerson must have had the same idea in his mind when he wrote:

"We go out daily and nightly to feed the eye on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. . . . The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet."

In contradiction of this idea some might instance the fact that Goldsmith wrote "The Deserted Village" just under the shadow of Newgate Prison, or Washington Irving his delightful legend of "Sleepy Hollow," so full of rural scene painting, by the light of a candle, during one of the dullest and darkest of London fogs. But the contradiction is robbed of all its force when we remember that merely the mechanical part of both works was accomplished under such seemingly adverse and non-suggestive circumstances. Both writers simply reproduced from prepared negative plates, as it were, all the delightful scenes which at other places and under other circumstances had awakened all that was thoughtful, appreciative, and appropriate in their natures.

"The finest productions of the mind," some one has said, "are not the fruits of hasty impulse, the unfolding of a sudden thought, the flashings of intuitions, or the gleamings of fancy." It may have taken but three hours to compose the article; but the reflections of three years, perhaps of thirty, may have been tending to that result. The mere words are no part of an author's labors; they but represent long previous mental action. The observations of the world are matured in the silence of the study. A man can speak with authority only of that which he has himself felt or known. "A man cannot paint portraits," says the country parson, "until he has seen faces." Emotions will be very poorly described by one who takes his notion of them at second-hand. We can have the faculty of expressing pleasing thoughts pleasantly. Warm affections are as necessary to the writer as a clear intellect. The greatest intellectual brilliancy, unless vitalized by kind and genial feelings, imparts merely the glitter of frost-work. Walton had a brilliant intellect and a warm, throbbing, sympathetic heart, and that is why his writings charm us so much.

WAGES.

I.

It was a merry brook that ran
Beside my cottage-door all day;
I heard it, as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song allway.

I span my thread with mickle care;
The weight within my hand increased;
The spring crept by me unaware;
The brook dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Among the sunrise clouds so red;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wondrous near;
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on;
Then autumn came; the summer fled;
The music that I loved was gone;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

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III.

I wove on with a steadfast heart;
My web grew greater, fold on fold.
I bore it to the crowded mart;
They paid my wages in good red gold—

Red gold, and fine. I turned my back.
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track;
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise and rush and heat.
The gold was red like minted blood.
Oh! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me, and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone;
The gold within my bosom lay;
My woven web of dreams was gone!

Did the gold pay me? No; in sooth.
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coined dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone! The gold is mine.
And they who bought it, can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me? F. C. A.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Civil-Service Reform.—It is very wrong, as all will admit, that a man should be put and kept in office without regard to his fitness, and simply because he is a personal or political friend of somebody who has influence with the appointing power. But what are we going to do about it while politicians are enabled by this means to discharge debts of friendship, or to reward those who have secured or aided in securing their election?

The partisan spoils system, so thoroughly engrafted upon the body politic of our Republic, has proven a sore bane to the vitality and political condition of the Government. Public sentiment has been awakened, and is pointing out the evils and absurdities of such a system, and is canvassing the possibilities of a better one. Statesmen and writers are giving their best thought to the subject, and if some plan is not eventually devised which will be better than the wretched eleemosynary system so long in vogue, it will not be for want of passionate and able discussion.

We are not discouraged with the impracticabilities of the question, and still firmly believe that the time will come when some such system as the *merit* system will supersede and utterly remove all vestiges of the objectionable one now in operation. True, it requires some effort of the imagination to get a clear idea of the manifold effects in detail of the profound influences upon the relations of citizens to parties and to office—of the stimulus to education, and to independent, manly thought, speech, and action which such an exchange of systems would cause. Where now we see all thought, all hope, all influence, all effort, concentrated upon partisan cliques, upon jobbers in influence, upon official and unofficial patronage mongers, upon what good-natured citizens may be unduly persuaded to recommend in aid of an unworthy office-seeker, henchman, or dependent, we should see exertions to educate one's self up to the standard needed for official duty, concern to keep one's character above danger of attack at a public competition, encouragement to independence in politics, study of whatever would contribute to the acquirement of a just distinction for ability and efficiency in the discharge of official duty, upon which all promotions would depend.

With the greater ability and higher character which such improved methods would bring into the public service, its self-respect and its public estimation could not fail to be enhanced. Our politics would tend to rise from the degradation in which vicious and corrupt methods have involved them, and to take the position befitting a science which deals with the greatest affairs of a nation and the profoundest human interest of a people.

It is not essential that we should refer in detail to the evils which result and have resulted from the practice of making appointments, promotions, and removals in the subordinate civil service, on the basis of official favoritism or partisan interests. Sufficient to know that they have at length arrested public attention, and have excited the indignation and the fears of all thoughtful men. Public senti-

ment has been aroused, and it demands a change from a system so subversive of true popular government.

Deeply impressed with the importance of eradicating an evil whose growth has been so recent, and yet so rapid, and which threatens not only the utter demoralization of the civil service, but the intensifying of partisan strife of the lowest character, to the point of danger to our institutions, many of our most eminent public and private men, as well as writers of distinguished ability, are giving their time and labors to its accomplishment. And in their honest efforts in this direction they should have the earnest support of all upright and right-thinking men.

All too soon have we had a fearful example of the results of this pernicious "spoils" system in the assassination of President Garfield. But if this one act, deeply deplored as it is, shall bring the American people to a realizing sense of its pernicious and degrading character, we might safely say that this brave and worthy man has died, if die he does, for the good of his country. But we pray that this bitter cup may not pass to his lips, that the tedious and agonizing sufferings through which he has already passed, and which may yet be in store for him before entire convalescence, should he recover, will sufficiently atone for the evil influences and pernicious results of the system.

No man, more than President Garfield himself, realized the magnitude of the evil attending the spoils system. In 1877, in writing upon the subject, he said, "The present system impairs the efficiency of the legislators; it degrades the civil service; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal." And in closing, "To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship."

In the light of this fact, together with the many evidences given of his determination to correct these abuses, since his induction into office, there can be no doubt as to what the result would have been, had he not been so ruthlessly stricken down upon the very threshold of his administrative career. What it will be, should he survive the assault and be restored to his wonted strength of mind and energy of body, may also be assumed; but should he die! Would civil-service reform meet with a set-back? or is public sentiment so actively imbued with the imperative necessity of a change that his successor would fear to brave it? This is the question of the hour, and it behooves proper consideration.

Nihilism.—It has become the fashion of late days to dispose of high officials in a very off-hand manner. If you do not like the governor, blow him up! This may be all well enough for the belligerents, but it is hard on the governor. Besides, it is a question whether assassination is ever productive of good results. Can a crime so mean, cowardly,

and contemptible bring prosperity and peace in its train? It is doubtful.

Two wrongs will never make a right; and, while it is admitted that the Russian Nihilist is oppressed and has cause for complaint, we do not believe dynamite to be the proper instrument of redress. When a body of people have taken it upon themselves to right a national wrong, let them rise in open and honorable revolt if they will, use force of arms if force be necessary, and in thus securing their freedom possess the honest sympathy of their fellow-men throughout the world.

But who can look upon the cringing assassin without a feeling of contempt as he glides on his bloody errand with wary, noiseless steps and frightened glances through the darkest alleys and most unfrequented thoroughfares? Where can any one find the semblance of an honest man in such a picture?

The Irish as well as Russian agitators have adopted this mode of redressing their grievances, and are now threatening to blow up English merchant vessels and destroy innocent life if their terms are not speedily accepted.

Italian bandits are no worse than this. They simply enclose a captive's nose or ears in a letter to his friends if the ransom is not forthcoming at the proper moment, while the destruction contemplated by Irish Land Leaguers is on a more extended scale and no less diabolical in its conception.

So long as such questionable means are resorted to, the cause, be it ever so just, will fail, and deservedly so, since the reverse would prove a premium upon the foulest grade of crime.

It is a pleasure to note as an index to popular opinion on the matter of assassination, that Mr. David Dudley Field moved a resolution, at the Conference at Cologne, providing for its exclusion from the category of political crimes in all extradition treaties and for the denial to assassins of the privilege of asylum.

The resolution was carried by general acclamation, and if the worthy example be followed in turn by the law-making powers of other nations, asylums for political cranks of this character will be wiped out, and we shall hear less of such schemes against the lives of the rulers of men.

College Criminals.—The reflecting gentleman of to-day, I think, rises from his reading of "Tom Brown's School Days" in England forty years ago, somewhat cynical in his remarks upon the young men and the schools of that time and country. If he has not enjoyed the higher educational facilities, he upbraids Tom and Co. with a criminal waste of opportunities which he thinks he would have made much of for good; and, thinking of his own sons at school, he closes with a bit of American self-esteem, "Well, I'm glad that boys at school nowadays, and in this country, don't thus badger their betters, bully their juniors, torment their teachers, and fool away their time generally."

Now, I am not going to either moralize intensely on this average father's conclusion, or write a college story; but I will lay you out a row of skeletons which you may galvanize into stories as long as Tom's, if you like. (Or do you, too, think to find no "skeleton" in the closet of the modern American college?) And by these simple bones of scenes

under my own eye, and chiefly within the year 1880, I think to convince you that to-day's non-resident of the college town, trusting to his imagination for his facts, is mistaken; and that the traditional evils of England's boys corraled at school have been generously transmitted to the present, and some of them invigorated by a sea-voyage.

Clustered within one educational town stand a college of arts and sciences of good rank, a theological seminary, a department preparatory to both, and that popular "annex" of our day, a college for women, the classmates of young men in all studies. Here are all the ages between fifteen and its double, and, over all, that theoretical charm against ill-conduct, co-education. Another fact which one might think the pledge of steady habits, is that the majority of the students are of country parentage, many of them thus offered the rare food their fathers pined for. Still stronger tonic for peace, and antidote to youthful depravity, should be, perhaps, its religious character. The group of schools form one university of a large denomination of Christians. Surely, you say, no wild capers and social crimes can climb in at windows thus nailed down.

But see, father, what mischief to screen folly your heir-apparent can invent! Recitations have scarcely worn out the opening month, when he holds them a day at bay for all his three hundred fellow-students. Having completed the week's appearance before professors at noon of Friday, your Charley (his mother is very proud of his morals at home) and his chum hammer the afternoon out of mind with a game which they call "old sledge," spend Saturday and night questionably away at a city, sleep on Sunday, and realize at lamp-lighting that they have no lesson learned for Monday.

This is their folly. What is their malicious mischief? Why, too proud to utterly fail and stand black-marked, too "honorable" to feign sickness, they bring "genius" to bear on the emergency—also a pot of plaster of Paris and a dark lantern. At an hour when industrious students sleep, they enter the hallway, whence open all the rooms for recitation, and "genius" deposits damp plaster in every key-hole. Monday at nine o'clock it is beautifully hardened. The young men are a success—in their line. Janitor Joe puts the forenoon and some profanity into the key-holes to expel the plaster. No classes recite to-day. It is one day annihilated to three hundred students and a score of teachers. The boys you and your neighbor are spending money to make gentleman of have robbed their fellows of a year's time! And, perhaps, the saddest of it is that they do not see it. The stolen time is worth one thousand dollars. This crime they call fun. "Nothing mean about it, just a crackin' good joke."

These moral buds of the intellectual future scorn failure; they will not sham sickness and cloak it with a lie—only steal a day from each of three hundred and twenty innocents. There was no act meaner, more hostile to morals and culture, in English schools forty years ago.

Is this the spirit of the average American youth who is sent to college? Let us seek answer in further and assorted facts. An election of national importance has occurred. Those who win rejoice, and the rudest citizens of the town resort to a night fire of barrels and boxes. Intelligence

must excel ignorance. The village simple must, of course, be clouded by the college vandal. The latter musters two hundred strong, and at bed-time they burn the kitchen relic of a past fire, with condiments of tar and oil added, resist the fire department, and hack its hose. Yet whenever young men become gentlemen it is not by the "fire-bug" spirit, but by getting over it.

Meantime, some spirits of the "annexed" walk abroad and are loud in very common, if not coarse, campaign songs and political soprano cheers. Is this a natural crumb of co-education? Would not Tom and Co., forty years ago, have quit roguery and turned back blushing to see their sisters thus far following?

Again, an unknown quantity of collegiate genius plants powder beneath an inferior campus structure, wasting corporate funds and awakening the town at midnight.

Anon the night-watch within the boarding-hall for girls slumbers, while its great side-board is plundered of all pastry—"nothing mean, just a joke." Other burglars may say the same. And four years of arduous devotion to "jokes" gets a diploma that is "just a joke."

The dean was dreaming of the hour
When youth, his knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at her power;
When, lo! through street and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror—

four hundred feet of fencing from before the Ladies' Hall—another ancient barrier between the sexes gone! Also gone another barrier to mischief among future men.

And the learned jesters are no respecters of days. A brace of intellectual athletes, having left the ladies' parlor by Sabbath gas-light, with "mittens" in their experience, gallantly return at 10 P.M., resolved that "the girls" shall have "company" of one sort, if not another. They have caught the public goat, and, muffling his bell as far as the threshold, they introduce their substitute within the main corridor, and send him up the stairs at a jingling gallop. A trait as apart from manhood as nadir from zenith—revenge for fair defeat—is thus fostered. True, the act is varnished, "a joke;" but the young man who grows up nothing better than a joker is a sham, a despicable neighbor, and favorable soil for crime. Indeed, a premeditated jest that wounds has no palliation; a crime may have.

The old English system of "fagging" has no part in our American college; but where the old class system remains, there bullyism exists by classes. Are freshmen about to partake of a private class supper, their "superiors" raid them, and carry off their supplies and their pleasure. Are they about to give a public entertainment in oratory, their speakers are kidnapped and confined till the "entertainment" is spoken of in the past tense. Nor is Tom's old theory, that "teachers and students are natural enemies," left unapplied among us. That the practical motto of many in school is, "anything to get through," is a fact as plain as the college tower.

"Ponies" of Latin and Homeric mane have their private stalls, and are often out for exercise. As I see it, "cribbing" is still a very common release from hard study—and from close knowledge. Even English composition is second-

hand furniture. For instance, is an essay on "Hamlet" called for, the professor gets, not undergraduate thought upon the play, but the digest of a critic's essay or an editor's notes. And a student in theology starts out to teach the world the good, the true, and the beautiful by "cribbing" his graduating oration from a bishop's sermon, without the loss of a single flower!

Many crooks and follies in collegiate life have been charged upon the dormitory system. But this system does not prevail at the seat of these episodes. And if there was more elaborate fighting behind the chapel in Tom's dormitory days, there was also the safer system of putting every youth into his room at nightfall, and into bed at a seasonable hour. With us many nights are largely given to carousals by squads of "congenial souls" in rooms remote from all guardianship. A cold lunch, bottled beer, and cider, cards, pipes, oaths, and unclean stories, are their night's bill of fare—a wretched deformity upon the generous desires of those who "foot the bills."

These "eccentricities" of college life in its very latest year are not at all what I surmise, but what I *know* to be within the record of an educational precinct whither many look for an educational model. That institution does not stand alone on this line, either.

Stepping backward a few years, and beneath the caves of a more noted American university, I see a sophomore's room broken into at night by seniors, and its inmate bound and sheared of all his headlocks, because he loves them long. There, too, I see a freshman's room entered by false keys, the victim carried quickly from bed to an old buggy, pinioned there by two sophomores in masks, and, by other "educated" asses, hauled a half mile through the town and abandoned to a winter's midnight walk home, clothed in the simple folds of a cotton nightgown. Yet another freshman I see beguiled, by the aggravated lie of "a telegram from home," into opening his door in the dark, whence he is rushed under the pump, ducked, and deposited in the centre of the sandy street. This last was the "amusement" of a dozen from the junior class. And more might be told.

Is there not room for reform still in our college customs and management?

J. C. A.

President Garfield.—The removal of the President from Washington to Long Branch was successfully accomplished, and it now remains to be seen what effect a healthy and invigorating atmosphere will have upon his greatly debilitated system. It is very certain he was not removed any too soon from the malarious influences which surrounded him at the White House. The fact that malaria must be combated became only too apparent to his physicians, and the risk of a removal was forced upon them as the *dernier* resort.

Our hopes for his final recovery must now depend upon the effect which a change of air and locality may produce, with the aid of the invigorating stimulus which the salt water breeze so materially affords to all enervated systems. And we are inclined to believe that our hopes will be realized. The wonderful vitality shown by the man through every stage of the disease, thus far encourages us to the belief that he will in the end come out the victor in the great struggle he is now making. His has been a life of struggles indeed,

and in the last, the greatest of them all, he has not only the sympathies and prayers of a nation of fifty millions of people, but of the whole civilized world.

The Succession.—Since the assassination of the President, much discussion has been entered into, both by individuals and the press, as to the rights and duties of the Vice President in the premises; and, judging from the importance given to the subject, one is led to believe that there is room for grave doubts as to the proper course to pursue in the case of the President's inability to act. Even statesmen, in a number of instances, we observe, have expressed themselves in direct antagonism to one another upon this point. Why this should be we cannot account for on any other hypothesis than that partisan bias is present.

Now, if any person will take the trouble to examine the Constitution of the United States, under Article II., Sect. 1, he will find the words, "In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or *inability* to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or *inability*, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, *until the disability be removed*, or a President shall be elected." Here we have, as one of the contingencies, the *inability* of the President to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, in which case the "discharging of the powers and duties of the said office" shall devolve upon the Vice President. Is there anything in the language of this clause which indicates that this duty shall devolve upon the Vice President permanently, as in the very nature of things it would, in either of the other contingencies mentioned? By no means. While, on the contrary, the closing words of the section, "until the disability shall be removed, or a President shall be elected," only too plainly indicate the meaning and intention of the framers of the Constitution. And just here we will state further that no Vice President can ever become President *de jure* in either of the above contingencies. He is elected as Vice President, and goes out of office as the Vice President-elect. Under the letter and spirit of the Constitution, "the discharge of the powers and duties of the said (Presidential) office" devolve upon him, and as the "Vice President-elect" he is simply *acting* as President *until the disability is removed, or a President shall be elected*.

We are aware that it has been the rule in past cases to accept and recognize the Vice President elect as *the* President, but this has clearly been in opposition to the letter and spirit of the law. Neither Tyler, Fillmore, nor Johnson were more than Vice Presidents, with the powers and duties of the President's office devolving upon them, *until a President was elected*. So, it follows clearly, to our mind, that in the event of the death of President Garfield, should such a contingency occur, from that moment "the discharge of the duties of the position" devolves upon Vice-President Arthur. It will not make him President *de jure*, and he cannot of right be *sworn into* the office as such, but only to faithfully discharge and perform the duties of the position while *acting* President.

As to the question of inability to perform the duties of his

position, much has been said *pro* and *con*. It is asked, very naturally, Who is to determine this? A natural course of reasoning would lead us to the conclusion that the President's attending physicians would, after all, be the ones to determine the question of his inability. Conceding this, and presuming they had pronounced him so much disabled as to be unable to properly perform his duties as President, what becomes the status of the Vice President? Clearly, in the language of the Constitution, the performance of these duties devolves upon him. There is no avoiding or shirking it.

The argument advanced, that Congress alone can make provision for such a contingency, is not borne out by the letter of the Constitution. Congress may by law provide only for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice President, and declaring what officer shall then act. But in the case of the President alone, the law is explicit when it says that the duties shall devolve upon the Vice President. He is pointed out and designated by the Constitution in express terms as the officer whose duty it is and shall be to assume the functions of the Presidential office, in cases of removal, death, or resignation, until a President shall be elected, and, in cases of inability on the part of the President-elect, shall continue to act in the performance of the Presidential functions, until such inability shall have passed away, and of which the President himself must be the judge.

The argument, that such a construction would establish a fearful precedence for a counterpart of Aaron Burr, is simply the vaporing of a species of croakers who are ever prognosticating consequences dire and dreadful. But these are false prophets, and their predictions cause but a slight disturbance of our political equanimity. Usurpation could never meet with public sanction in this country, and the man that would brave the will of the nation would simply bury himself politically deeper than plummet ever sounded.

A word as to Vice-President Arthur, and we shall have done. For ourselves, we have no reasons to doubt his ability to perform the duties of the position with credit to himself and to the honor of the party which elevated him to the position he now holds; and, furthermore, we believe, that, should the contingency arise, he will be, equal to the occasion. That he will place himself in antagonism to the well-defined policy of the present administration, we do not believe. On the contrary, public opinion of men and political measures is too thoroughly comprehended by him, that he should be likely to inaugurate a new line of policy in direct antagonism to the one which meets such general and almost universal approbation at this time. His extreme conservatism and well recognized patriotism ought to be an assurance of much weight with the American people, and lead them to feel that should God in his providence see fit to remove our beloved President from his post by death, they need have no cause for anxiety on his account. Presidents have died in office before, and the "ship of State" has weathered the gale under far greater adverse conditions than exist to-day. Such a crisis now would have none of the conditions which existed in 1865, when the lamented Lincoln succumbed to the assassin's bullet. Therefore there should be no fears for the national safety. Whatever the day may bring forth, it is always well to remember that "the Government still lives."

LITERATURE AND ART.

A Brief History of Ancient Peoples, with an Account of their Monuments, Literature, and Manners. *New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Company.*

This is the latest of Barnes's one-term series of school histories. The book fills a want in a sphere in which few text-books have as yet been prepared. Our schools have, at most, up to this time, mainly concerned themselves with modern nations, as though history had no meaning but in so far as its results could be measured by the material prosperity of the present.

This book takes the scholar or common-school pupil—for though it may mostly be used in the higher schools, there is no reason why schools of intermediate grades should rule it out of their curriculum—this work conducts the pupil through the most interesting fields of ancient history, giving an account of the ancients in Egypt, the centre of the archæologist's interest at present; Babylonia and Assyria, the birthplace of mankind; Phœnicia, that proud maritime people; Judea, the parent of true religion; Medea and Persia, the symbol of despotic power; India, the wise; China, the conservative and selfish; Greece, the refined; and Rome, famed for law and triumph of right; and in its course holds the attention breathless.

Its contents are a marvel of information and afford food for thought—a feature so lamentably absent in most school-books. The illustrations are of the finest, as indeed is the typography of the book throughout. The manners and customs of the people invest the dry detail of slaughter and conquest by fire and sword with a living interest, and relieve the work of that strangely painful impression commonly made upon the young mind, that history is but date and fact and incident, with no human men and women who figured in them. The maps are useful and generally correct.

It is singularly free from the useless embellishment of figure and phrase, and it is almost incomprehensible how, in one instance, at least, the author could allow himself to be betrayed into what, in view of the Biblical narrative of the miraculous darkness brooding over Egypt at the time of the exodus, may prove misleading. "For about four hundred years a darkness as of night rested over the land," is merely a figure for abject slavery on the part of the people. Such *lapsi penne* are very few, and happily so.

Altogether the work cannot fail to awaken an interest in ancient history in our schools, and that interest once excited will find itself to a large extent satisfied by the book before us.

No Laggards We. By ROSS RAYMOND. *New York: George W. Harlan.*

This little volume carries with it the refreshing breezes from "old ocean," smacking extensively of the fashionable watering-place, and inducing divers visions of dips in the "briny deep." It treats essentially of that most ancient and mightiest of human passions, love; is bright, vivacious, and brimful of interesting situations. And, be it said to the

author's credit, the "old, old story" is here told once more in a new guise. The characters introduced are well drawn and skillfully manipulated; and the plot, though not a deep one, will excite the reader's sympathies in its development. The heroines—there are two—are beautiful, of course; the heroes all that could be desired in man, and everything is made to turn out happily in the end. From first to last it is entertaining, witty, and in many places the author adds a touch of pathos.

Valuable Cooking Receipts. By THOMAS J. MURREY, *late caterer of Astor House and Rossmore Hotel, of New York, and Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.* *New York: George W. Harlan.*

Judging from the practical experience which the author of this work must have had in the culinary art, we should consider him quite competent to furnish both practical and valuable recipes. Some of those which he furnishes have been tested, we are given to understand, and were found to be of a most excellent character. Unlike the majority of cook-books given to the public from time to time, this commends itself wholly through the extreme simplicity and practical character of its details. It is a work that should fall into the hands of many of our would-be cooks.

Monsieur, Madam, and the Baby. By GUSTAVE DROZ. *Translated from the French by REAVEL SAVAGE.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*

In this series of essays or sketches, each independent of the other, the reader will find considerable pathos and dreamy philosophy. Slightly off in some points, we are, nevertheless, pleased to see that there is a writer among the French who possesses some philosophy not wholly repugnant to our better moral nature.

In speaking of the family, in his last chapter, he says, "If the word 'sacred' has still a meaning, in spite of all the offices it has been made to perform, I cannot conceive of a better position for it than beside the word 'family!'"

"We speak of progress, of justice, of the general well-being, of politics and of patriotic devotion—very proper subjects of conversation, I acknowledge, but the entire golden horizon is covered by those three words, 'Love thy neighbor,' and, in my opinion, at least, it is precisely this that is most neglected.

"To love one's neighbor is as simple as 'good-morning;' but to discover one who entertains this most natural feeling requires a lantern with a more powerful reflector than that reputed to have been used by Diogenes. There are people who exhibit to you the seed of this affection in the palms of their hands, but seedsmen are the very last persons to show you the plant in full bloom.

"Well, dear reader, this little plant which ought to thrive in France like the corn-rose amid the grain, this little plant, which we never see higher than the water-cresses of the spring, but which ought to grow taller than the oaks, this

little plant, so difficult to find, is—I will tell you where: It is at the family fireside, between the shovel and tongs, and beside the pot of boiling soup. It is there that it is perpetuated, and it is to the family that we owe its present existence. I love nearly all the philanthropists and protectors of humanity; but I have faith in none but those who have learned to love others by kissing their own children.

"We cannot remodel man to suit humanitarian theories; he is selfish, and loves, above all things, that which pertains to himself. This is the human and natural feeling, and we should encourage, extend, and cultivate it. In one word, in the love of family is included the love of fatherland, and, as a consequence, the love of humanity. It is the fathers who make good citizens."

Then, again:

"Scoff at marriage, if you will; it is easily ridiculed. All human contracts are faulty, and faults always seem ludicrous to others than the victims. There are husbands who have been and are deceived; that is quite certain. But the first thing we do on seeing a man fall—no matter if he break his neck—is to laugh heartily. Hence the immense gayety that invariably greets Sganarelle!

"But let us give the matter more serious attention, and we will find that, hidden beneath all this misery, all this dust of disappointed vanity, all these ridiculous errors and comical passions, lies the very pivot of society. And we must acknowledge that all this is for the best, since family love and protection are not only the basis of the world, but also its greatest sources of consolation and joy."

"God Bless the Little Woman."—This is the title of new song and chorus, just published by F. W. Hilmick, music publisher, of Cincinnati, and a copy of which has just reached us. The song is founded upon the following incident, the circumstances of which are, no doubt, familiar to all of our readers. Immediately after the President was shot, he dictated a telegram to his wife, informing her of the sad occurrence, remarking in a most affectionate manner to those beside him, "God bless the little woman." The song refers to the noble wife of the President, who has stood by her husband so faithfully during the terrible struggle for life in which he has been engaged since July 3, cheering him, encouraging him, urging him to keep steady, persevere, and he would yet conquer. The following words constitute the chorus of the charming little song:

CHORUS.

Stand by him, little woman!
Stand firm and brave and true!
And, remember, little woman,
We will always stand by you.

Fiction.—Under the caption of "Fiction," we have a new candidate for public favor. It is an attractive weekly of thirty-two pages, quarto size, printed on heavy white paper, in large, legible types, and contains installments of two interesting serials, and two bright short stories, all original, but printed anonymously. It is the venture of the Messrs. Keppler and Schwarzmann, publishers of *Puck*, and bids fair to meet with success.

How Some Authors Work.—Intelligent people are generally curious about authors and authorship. They long to know how certain ideas originated in the minds of the writers. Was such and such a book composed under the influence of sudden inspiration, or was it the slow product of laborious thought? Was it written off at once without stop or stay, or was it corrected and revised with years of anxious care? There are indeed few things more interesting, though few more difficult, than to trace the growth of a book from its first conception till it develops into full life and vigor. For the growth is different in different minds; and authors are peculiarly chary of lifting the veil, and letting outsiders penetrate behind the scenes.

It is only comparatively recently that we knew to a certainty how the idea of "Adam Bede" began to arise in George Eliot's mind. The usual report was that the Quakeress, Dinah Morris, was literally "copied" from Elizabeth Evans, George Eliot's aunt, who had been a female preacher at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. But from George Eliot's own account, given in her letter to Miss Sara Hennell, we find what the facts of the case really were. She only saw her aunt for a short time. Elizabeth Evans was then a "tiny little woman about sixty, with bright, small, dark eyes, and hair that had been black, but was now gray;" of a totally different physical type from Dinah. For a fortnight Elizabeth Evans left her home and visited her niece in Warwickshire. One sunny afternoon she happened casually to mention that in her youth she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution. "This incident," adds George Eliot, "lay on my mind for years, as a dead germ apparently, till time had made a *nidus* in which it could fructify. It then turned out to be the germ of 'Adam Bede.'" We may take this very remarkable account as a fresh proof of the adaptive faculty of genius. A slight newspaper paragraph, a passing word in ordinary conversation, a sentence in a book, a trifling anecdote, may suggest ideas which will eventually blossom out into volumes of intense interest. That germ is, however, the root of the matter; it is the mainspring on which the whole depends.

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, tells us that when he was a very young man, and had very little experience, he was reading on a coach-box an account of some gigantic trees. One of them was described as sound outside; but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. "If a boy should climb up, bird-nesting, into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first, and never be heard of again." "Then," he adds, "it struck me what an appropriate end it would be for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coach-box, I had thought out 'Lost Sir Massingberd.'" Such a process lasted for a shorter time with Mr. Payn than with the majority of novelists; with many, the little seed might have germinated for years before it brought forth fruit. Yet Mr. Payn is remarkable for the clearness and coherency of his plots; they always hang well together, and have a substantial backbone.

Other writers do not lay so great a stress on plots. Dickens's plots are rambling and discursive in the extreme. They resemble a high-road that winds, now into a green lane, now up a steep hill, and now down to a broad valley,

while we are quite unable to tell how we arrived there. His personages are his strong point; it was they who haunted his imagination day and night. He wrote under strong pressure, and with an intense consciousness of the reality of his men and women. For the time being he lost his own identity in that of the creations of his brain. The first ideas that came to him were at once eagerly seized and committed to paper, without any elaborate circumspection, though he was at infinite subsequent pains to revise and correct both MS. and proof. With regard to Kingsley, we learn from his "Life," that none of his prose fictions, except "Alton Locke," were ever copied, his usual habit being to dictate to his wife as he walked up and down his study. Hence, probably, the inequality of his writings. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, generally out in the open air, in his garden on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words. And these, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered.

Charles Lever was one of those authors who hated the drudgery of copying and revising. He says himself, "I wrote as I felt, sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad, always carelessly, for, God help me! I can do no better. When I sat down to write 'O'Malley,' I was as I have ever been, very low with fortune; and the success of a new venture was pretty much as eventful to me as the turn of a right color at *rouge-et-noir*. At the same time, I had then an amount of spring in my temperament and a power of enjoying life, which I can honestly say I never found surpassed. The world had for me all the interest of an admirable comedy." Lever had remarkably little of the professional author about him; and his biographer tells us that no panegyric about his last book would have given him as much satisfaction as an acknowledgment of his superiority at whist!

It constantly happens that authors themselves prefer those of their books which the public fail to appreciate. This was certainly the case with the late Lord Lytton. In one of his letters to Lady Blessington he says, "I have always found one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I felt in the deepest despondency about 'Pompeii' and 'Eugene Aram,' and was certain, nay, most presumptuous about 'Devereux,' which is the least generally popular of my writings." In the same way, George Eliot was far more anxious to be known as the author of "The Spanish Gypsy" than of "Adam Bede." It is quite natural that authors who make composition a study should pride themselves on those books which have cost them most pains and trouble. But these books are not always their masterpieces. The comic actor who is full of the idea that his forte is tragedy suddenly and unexpectedly finds himself hissed.

Hardly any form of composition seems as easy as a good comedy; yet those theatre-goers who smile at the sparkling dialogue of "The School for Scandal" would hardly believe the amount of thought and labor it cost Sheridan. The characters were altered and recast again and again. Many of the speeches put into the mouths of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are so shifted and remodeled from what they were in the first rough draft, that hardly a word stands in the same order as it originally did.

Of all literary workers, Balzac was certainly the most extraordinary in his *modus operandi*. At first he would write his novel in a few pages—hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few columns of print, pasted in the middle of half a dozen blank sheets in such a way that there was an immense margin left all round. On this margin Balzac would begin to work, sketching the personages of the story, interpolating the dialogue, perhaps even completely altering the original design of the book. Horizontal, diagonal, and vertical lines would run everywhere; the paper would be scrawled over with asterisks, crosses, and every kind of mark. The dreams of the unlucky printers must surely have been haunted by those terrible sheets, besprinkled with all the signs of the zodiac, and interspersed with long feelers like the legs of spiders. To decipher such hieroglyphics must indeed have been no enviable task. Four or five times this process was repeated, until at last the few columns had swelled into a book; and the book, in its turn, never went through a fresh edition without being revised by its over-scrupulous creator, "who sacrificed a considerable portion of his profits by this eccentric plan of building up a book."

Harriet Martineau at first believed copying to be absolutely necessary. She had read Miss Edgeworth's account of her method of writing—submitting her rough sketch to her father, then, copying and altering many times, till no one page of her "Leonora" stood at last as it did at first. But such a tedious process did not suit Miss Martineau's habits of thought, and her haste to appear in print. She found that there was no use copying if she did not alter, and that if she did alter she had to change back again; so she adopted Abbott's maxim, "To know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that come to you."

We have a very different style and a different result in Charlotte Brontë's toil in authorship. She was in the habit of writing her first drafts in a very small square book or folding of paper, from which she copied with extreme care. Samuel Rogers's advice was, "To write a very little and seldom—to put it by—and read it from time to time, and copy it pretty often, and show it to good judges." Another contemporary authoress, Mary Russell Mitford, frankly confesses that she was always a most slow and laborious writer. "The Preface to the Tragedies was written three times over throughout, and many parts of it five or six. Almost every line of 'Atherton' has been written three times over, and it is certainly the most cheerful and sunshiny story that was ever composed in such a state of helpless feebleness and suffering."

Every author must choose the mode of composition which suits him or her best. With some, copying may be but a needless labor; but to beginners it is almost indispensable; and the work which is not subjected to such careful consideration and revision is not likely to serve more than a temporary purpose. From this may be excepted the work of daily journalists and others whose writings are demanded as fast as they can be penned; but on the part of those who would aspire to do work that seeks a permanent place in the world of literature much care as well as never-ceasing diligence is required.

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Power of Home.—Women who have sons to rear, desiring them to grow up into useful manhood, and who dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, should strive to thoroughly understand the nature of youth. It is excessively restless; it is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for continuous action, by longings for excitement, and by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways.

In a boy of sixteen some satisfying occupation is as constantly necessary as the air he breathes, because his whole being is boiling over with the electricity of youth.

If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with ideas of the straight-jacket, and with everything that is disagreeably stiff and uncongenial, if you rear them with the idea that home is only a place to eat and sleep in, and that when they enter the house they must leave their natural instincts outside, you will be sure to throw them into society that, in any measure, can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public-house for love of liquor, at first—very few people like their first taste of liquor; they will go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover supplies the desired action for their minds, and does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breast. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness.

Bar-rooms are not the most comfortable places in the world, and sand upon the floor is not the most attractive carpet; but these are accepted in lieu of those sweeter attractions at home, because they bring with them no sense of painful primness or galling restraint.

Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables; have music and entertaining games; banish the demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in their stead mirth and good cheer.

Invent occupations for your sons; stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions, and, while you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood as useful men, with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends upon you, and upon the influence for good which you *may* weave around them if you will.

Do not blame miserable bar-keepers if your sons stray from the straight and narrow path. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever; rearing them to be a pride and comfort in her old age—a stay in her declining years.

Hand-shaking.—The different modes of shaking hands will delineate human character better than any other single act can do, and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom.

Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will give two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent as upon an “itching palm”?

The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a genial disposition, and of a heart full of sympathy for humanity.

How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying friend when the tongue has ceased to speak?

A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth and ardor, while a soft, lax touch, without grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a “whole-soul” expression most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits.

But when a man presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers, feeling very much like a dead fish, and expects you to do all the shaking, it will naturally make you think of the hospital, and other cheerful things.

Contrary to this style, there is a habit among a rude class of giving your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases, there may be great kindness, and “strong” affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty.

If the grasp is warm, ardent, and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, formal, and without emotion, so is the character. If it is magnetic and animating, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands, so we feel, so we are.

But why do we shake hands at all? It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. We read in the Bible that Jehu said to Jehonadab:

“Is thy heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand.”

And it is not merely an old-fashioned custom. It is the contact of sensitive and magnetic surfaces through which there is, in something more than merely a figurative sense, an interchange of feeling. The same principle is illustrated in another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings, we are not content with the contact of hands, we bring the lips into service.

Are we Deteriorating?—Somewhere in Oriental countries the traveler is shown a prodigious footprint in solid rock, which the natives aver was left there by our ancient progenitor, Adam, when the rock was soft earth. It is about twenty inches long, and, if really the footprint of Adam, would indicate that this gentleman so famous in Bible history was a giant compared with the puny specimens of humanity to be seen at the present day. It is true there are some pretty large feet around even now, but the bodies attached cannot compare as favorably in size as they did years ago.

Be that as it may, of one thing we are certain, the human race has greatly degenerated physically since ancient times, and physical deterioration is bound to bring about a corresponding mental incapacity. That we are daily growing “weaker and wiser” may be true as to the “weaker” part;

but, if we are increasing in wisdom, it is more because we benefit by the knowledge of those who have gone before than from any growth of brain-force in ourselves.

To prove the truth of these assertions it will only be necessary to compare the average longevity of man to-day with that of the ancients. Abraham lived one hundred and seventy-five years; Moses, one hundred and twenty. From that time the allotted term of existence dwindled down to three-score and ten, from which it has gradually receded until at the present time it is doubtful if the average will reach three-score at most.

To account for this is not difficult.

We are continually practicing many things in direct violation of the rules of nature; and nature's laws are inexorable. If we outrage them, certain consequences must ensue; we will suffer for our temerity. Whether in ignorance or otherwise, it matters not. A child may innocently enough thrust its hand into the flame, but will not be saved from a burn simply because of innocence. Neither will we, when daily and hourly violating nature, be saved from direful consequences, nor can we expect health and long life until some serious reform is attained and our habits made to conform to the principles of existence. That we may live and properly enjoy the good things our beneficent creator has provided, fresh air and exercise are paramount necessities; but how few of us get either! On the contrary, a majority of the great mass of humanity is employed in ill-ventilated workshops or foul factories from sunrise to sunset, while others toil in consumptive postures over counting-room desks, no less slaves than were the negroes of the Southern States before our late rebellion.

What is the result of this confinement? A miserable race of dyspeptics, with long-drawn faces and a host of complaints too numerous to category; in fact, it would be difficult to discover in any of our great cities a dozen men who are not afflicted with some ailment.

You meet your friend Brown on the street. He is a merchant in a small way, tolerably prosperous, but very attenuated from close confinement over musty ledgers for ten hours every day. His mouth is drawn down at the corners, his face is sallow, and dark rings encircle his sunken eyes.

You say to him:

"Why, Brown, you're not looking well."

He sighs a weary, sickly sigh, and replies in mournful accents:

"No, I'm not feeling very well; the doctor says it's dyspepsia."

"Why don't you take a run in the country and get some fresh air?"

"Oh, I can't do that; I can't leave the store. I'm taking some of Quackem's antiseptic instead."

And then, with languid steps, he passes on, a candidate for the coffin.

Along with his drudgery at the desk this same Brown combines a habit of eating too hastily, and in this one respect he represents a large class of business men who lunch down-town near their places of occupation and eat heavy dinners later in the day, when they should be partaking of a light repast.

The American is noted for his energy and vim. He is

always in a hurry; but never more so than at lunch time.

When the clock hands indicate noon, he starts up, smashes his hat on, and races for the nearest chop-house, putting his arms in his coat-sleeves as he runs. The establishment is generally in a cellar, and at the imminent peril of breaking his legs he dives down into it, drops into a seat, and gives his order all in one breath. The desired viands being brought, the performance—it is nothing more—begins.

"S-l-o-u-u-p!" The coffee has disappeared.

"Slap—dash—gulp!" The meat is gone.

An instant later his mouth opens again, there is an unearthly sound, quite impossible to transfer to paper, and a batch of potatoes has also disappeared in the same way.

Then, with a mouth crammed full of bread-and-butter he fires a twenty-cent piece at the waiter, hops lightly into outer air, buys a cigar, and goes back to his labors as if a load was off his mind—transferred to his stomach.

Yet this man will possess the impudence to tell a friend that he has "a lazy liver."

As to the female portion of our community, they are trying hard to ruin health and reach an early grave in divers ways. Tight-lacing is the principal mode in vogue at the present day, and has ably aided old Father Time to "nick the thread" of life in numerous cases.

If you were to wrap your hand with a cord until it gave you pain and you could move none of your fingers, it would scarcely be expected you could produce with that hand, so hampered, any delicate or beautiful piece of workmanship. No more, then, can your vital organs perform their proper functions when forced from their proper places and crowded one upon another.

For this evil we are indebted to Fashion, since a slender waist is considered the perfection of human grace. Perhaps it is; but I am inclined to think the Creator of us all is capable of judging beauty better than Fashion, and that we will never be able to improve on his handiwork, in design or any other respect.

Would that the incidents I have cited were all the ways in which we are constantly violating nature's laws.

There are many others; but every one is so familiar with them, it would be useless for me to mention them here; and it is only a wonder, in this age of societies, that philanthropists have not taken the matter in hand long ago, and started some sort of Physical Improvement Association.

If we go on as at present and our children follow in their parents' footsteps, it is no more than reasonable to suppose that at the expiration of another thousand or so of years the human race will live as the butterfly, for one brief season only, and then pass away.

T. T.

Eating should be a fine art. Our tables should be spread as if the Immortals were to sit at the board and consecrate our necessities. Doubtless we eat too often and too much, degrading the sweetness of life with undue kitchen servitude, devoid of those æsthetic intimations which nature is herself so careful to suggest. She paints the commonest vegetable with colors that vie with the rainbow; golden carrots, creamy turnips, purple beets, and rose-tinted potatoes. Nothing is utterly exiled from the realm of beauty that is designed for

a wholesome nutriment to man. The fruits revel in an atmosphere of gorgeous coloring, from the lowly-trailing crimson cranberry up to the delicious sunny-sided peach and glowing apple, as if it were a sin to devour for appetite's sake, and not ascend therewith into a diviner element.

I have great admiration for the vegetarian, so-called, and have at various intervals totally abjured the "flesh-pot," however savory; but the inconvenience of it has been in the way of entire devotion to the vegetable world, as well as the lack of entire conviction on the subject; a theory also of utilitarianism supervening, whether it may not be wiser and better to submit my grasses to the wholesome chemistry of the bovine mill, at least in part. Perhaps, too, a certain lumbering, disagreeable conceit on the part of a multitude of men and women, who reject animal food, may have created something like repulsion, as if their feed inclined them to a mannerism akin to the herbivorous creature.

I remember to have more than once feasted at the table of our modern Plato, Benson A. Alcott, presided over by his most queenly wife, where the condiments were worthy of the servitorship of the cup-bearer of the gods. Purely vegetable, except cream, all so delicately compounded, and so artistically presented, that the memory of it is a distinct pleasure, even as the memory of a peach causes the mouth to water.

Milton had an æsthetic sense of the delight to be derived from a table spread with becoming taste and wholesomeness, and scorns not to make his beautiful Eve careful of the elegant rites of hospitality when preparing a feast for her angel guest:

"Fruit of all kinds
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink, the grape
She crushes, inoffensive most, and wreathes
From many a berry; and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams; through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odors, cassia, nard, and balm:
A wilderness of sweets."

Among modern poets, Keats is pre-eminent in this delicious sensuousness, turning our ordinary hunger into a delicate internal sense, akin to the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus. Spreading a feast in hope of awakening dreams of her lover on St. Agnes Eve, he says:

"Soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold and jet.
And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon."

Elaborate as is this description, and appealing mainly to an inferior pleasure, so delicately does the poet keep within ideal prescriptions, that the imagination revels in Arcadian dreams and tropical munificence, and is scarcely conscious that these luxuries are to be eaten, not dreamed over merely.

It is the vice of the age to undervalue the mission of the poet, but it is nevertheless true that all that is refined, beneficent, and ennobling have received their onward progress from the inspirations of the seers, prophets, and poets, for the terms are synonymous.

E. O. S.

An astute observer will find food for reflection even in a shoemaker's shop. There is much significance, if we have but the wit to perceive it, in a pile of half-worn shoes whose honorable holes, like dumb mouths, do ope their leathern lips to beg the noise and utterance of our tongues. Silent they may be, but their silence is eloquent in dispraise of the abuses to which a horde of inconsequent owners have subjected them.

The lowliest disciple of St. Crispin can tell you that a well-made shoe is constructed upon a beautiful hypothesis. Those parts which receive the worst usage are made most durable, and their relative strength so nicely proportioned that, presumably, on the foot of a person who does not maltreat his shoe leather, neither the sole, nor the toe, nor the heel, nor any other part will show special signs of weakness, but that the whole shoe will wear out at once. But, fortunately for the cobbling trade, very few people justify this presumption. *Entre nous*, I suspect the wily shoemaker is not without an eye to the main chance. What a millenium this would be for the pedestrian, if the man of boots and shoes were disinterested enough to ask his customer whether it was the toe or the heel or the ankle that he wished most strongly fortified! "That were a consummation devoutly to be wished." But we must live and let live. By making our shoes in accordance with his fine theory, the shoemaker knows, perhaps, that he is laying a trap for custom. Not one person in a hundred wears a shoe as the present system of manufacture presumes that he does. The consequence is that the greatest strain, the roughest usage, is often brought to bear upon the weakest parts of the shoe, which naturally give way, and lo! the shoemaker plies his art of patching, or he has an order for a new pair of shoes. But would it not be more reasonable for us to learn to wear our shoes aright, than to ask or expect that those which we buy should be adapted to our faulty steps?

It is too nice a point to admit of international comparisons, and we have no opportunity of judging exactly how we stand alongside of our neighbors and foreign friends in the science of pedestrianism. What I say I know from observation, and certain I am that, however it may be with other people, with us Americans each individual seems to have his own peculiar way of getting his money out of his *chaussure*, and that for this reason the condition of a man's shoes may be safely accepted as an exponent of his gait. It is the indubitable evidence of the cobbler's bench that deprives us of the last hope of vindicating our claims to be considered a nation of pedestrians.

Do you for one moment imagine that the person who runs down his heels to the right or the left, behind or before, can walk with a stately step, or even with proper dignity? Of course he cannot! He is too indifferent as to the manner in which his feet come down. He lets them wiggle to one side, and, worst of all, he projects the weight of his body, not on his toes, where nature designed it to fall, but on his heels, forsooth! But how many of us wear our heels off square and smooth? How many of us are there whose shoes bear witness that we do not wiggle when we walk?

Nor is the man who is down at the heel our only pedestrian anomaly. His mode of locomotion is not more eccen-

tric than that of the man who wears holes in odd places through his soles. This man must walk like an elephant. He sets down his feet with singular emphasis. He is a careless walker, and it is not long before his suffering shoes show the effects of the persistent pounding they have received against every jagged obstacle that lay in his path. He is one of your ponderous walkers. The heels of his shoes have not so much as the ghost of a chance to perform their function, which was to give additional elasticity to the plantar arch. He is sure-footed, perhaps; but how ungraceful.

One of the most unfortunate of pedestrians is the man who does not lift his feet, but shoves them along, like a human locomotive afraid of getting off the track, or drags his heels like a Latin spondee, and stubs his toes perpetually. He is "slouchy" beyond a doubt. He walks like a man who has neither physical nor moral backbone; but don't the shoe-makers dote on him! The ways in which he abuses shoe leather are too numerous to mention. He has a rival, however. It is the man with the tip-tilted toes, who flings his feet like a fractious filly, and gives a thousand inadvertent kicks at unkickable objects till he succeeds in supplying his shoes with a sky-light. This is one of the men who, in his childhood wore copper toes, and for whom, later on in life, the protecting "box" was happily invented.

There are those among us, though, who have still another way of walking. The representative of this class makes it a point of honor to keep his foot forever parallel with the curb-stone, while he holds his legs like a closed compass rubbing off the nap of his pantaloons, and worrying a hole in each of his shoes at the ankle. This man may walk fast, but he looks about as graceful as a peripatetic bean-pole. Nor is he the last or the queerest of the kind. But the mind grows weary of so many instances. Let us sum up the evidence. It brings us to the conclusion that if we have any curiosity to know how our friend's new shoes will look six months hence, we have but to watch how he walks. Conversely, if we wish to know what kind of a gait a man has, we need but to look at his shoes.

It is somewhat surprising that we Americans, among whom professional pedestrianism is so highly esteemed, should be individually such poor walkers. (I refer more particularly to the quality of our walking). Ah! but you see, this is an independent country and an independent people. The primary privilege is "go as you please," and in every-day life, we don't take much stock in legs. That seems a great pity, though, does it not? The average American, lithe, sinewy, and active as he is, would have a great deal of spare capital to invest in a good gait. Speed he has already attained; he has even gone beyond the desirable limit, as many a slow-going foreigner will testify. But this is only of a piece with his general conduct. He does everything with a rush and with lightning rapidity, a fact, which, if remembered, would often serve to tranquillize phlegmatic Europeans, who, as they saunter leisurely along our thoroughfares, are confused by what seems to be myriads of detached arms and legs shooting past them like meteors. Oh, we can go! But what unsightly pieces of mechanism we are when we are set going!

In childhood we are merely taught locomotion. The

science of walking we pick up for ourselves, and naturally we do not become very proficient in it, especially as we change our gait from time to time to make it accord with "the latest thing in walks." So often does fashion exact these changes that, by the time we are old enough to scorn such caprices, we are quite demoralized, and our movements are an unhappy combination of all the artificial graces we have successively practiced.

What could be more objectionable, in an artistic sense, than the style of walking so popular with the young ladies and gentlemen at present? The revival of eighteenth-century costumes has been signalized by the invention of a new gait. It is quite heart-breaking to notice the persistency with which the many pretty girls who array themselves in the scanty drapery, the picturesque hats towering with plumes, the embroidered kerchiefs and long-wristed gloves to be seen in the famous portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, do so completely destroy the effect of these quaint but exquisite toilettes by their unnatural and ungainly walk. I confess that I experience a feeling very much like disgust whenever one of these affected pieces chanced to approach me, with her body inclined forward so that a vertical line dropped from her nose would touch the earth a foot or so in advance of her toes; with her chest contracted and her shoulders rounded, arms akimbo and hands stiffly crossed over a satin reticule which she carries in front; with a mincing step, nodding her head like a toy donkey with every foot she advances. I say to myself: This woman has perverted all the beauty and grace of her sex. May the Lord forgive her! Of her it could never be said as of the mother of Æneas when she met her son on the shores of Africa, that "by her gait was revealed the true goddess." This fashionable crick in the back is more of earth than heaven.

Seriously, though, is this silly demoiselle any more than her bejacketed escort who executes that bow-armed, bow-legged evolution called "doing the English"? Are they not both in "d—euced bad form, you know"? There have been many atrocious styles, of which, perhaps, the memorable "Grecian bend" was the most notorious; but none of them surpassed in ineffable ugliness the present pedestrian mode. Think, too, that in acquiring it we have not relinquished our hold on any of the others. Souvenirs of their supremacy are still to be found among a crowd of promenaders. There have not been wanting enough consummate fools to perpetuate these libels on nature. The newest walk comes to us not as a substitute, but as an addition. It has gained the popular approval in spite of many a caricature and satire, in spite of the outcry of physicians, and the sharp criticisms of the æsthetically refined; and there is nothing to hinder its efforts to control the movements of quasi-fashionable society.

Many a person may consider this too strong a statement of the case; but let such a one judge for himself. Let him station himself on one of our prominent thoroughfares on any warm week-day afternoon, except Saturday; that is the sauntering-day when society is on dress-parade, and its movements are self-conscious. Choose a day when people are more likely to be out for business than pleasure; then in the space of a half hour carefully count the number of persons you see who are really good walkers, who hold themselves erect, carry the chin close to the neck, keep their eyes

to the front, support the arms gracefully without pinioning them to their side or swinging them like pendulums, their hands supine, meanwhile, and their toes turned out not much more or less than an angle of 45°. If you are anxious to vindicate your fellow-citizen, the result of this brief observation will be painful in the extreme. By far the vast majority will be found to amble aimlessly over the pavement, to stride as though shod in seven-league boots, to turn their toes too much out or too much in, to swing their arms like

pump-handles, to stoop as though they were about to perform a salaam, to thrust the chin forward as a vanguard for the rest of the body, or to violate in some one of the many other ways the harmonious laws of nature. Whatever individual peculiarities such an observation may make known to you, the general impression they will create will be one of uniform awkwardness, which the most lenient critic can hardly reconcile with the idea of fine pedestrianism.

E. M. H.

POT-POURRI.

Good example is infectious, as in the case of a bright boy in Galveston, who reads the papers. The other morning the old man asked Patrick, junior, why he didn't return the change from the marketing. There was no answer, except that the boy muttered, "The toirant!"

"Have you fed the pig, Patrick?"

A stony stare was the only reply. Then, for about fifteen minutes, there was a vision of a son closely pursued by a bareheaded father, revolving around the house until the former overtook the latter, and yanked him over a water-barrel.

"I was only thrying Boycott on yez, feyther; for the sake of ould Ireland, lave me alone."

"It's a boy caught, ye are," panted the old man. "I'll tache yer to thrife wid a home ruler," and he reached out and gathered a barrel-stave.

The application of coercive measures could be heard four blocks off.

Some astonishing disclosures are sometimes made in court-rooms. A fellow being called as a witness in one of the English courts, the judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"

"A horse chanter, my lord."

"A what?"

"A horse chanter."

"Why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain yourself."

"Vell, my lord, I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I jest steps up like a teetotal stranger, and says I, 'Vell, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound,' says I; 'e's got the beautifulest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' says I. 'Only look at 'is open nostrils—'e's got vind like a no-gomotive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a 'undred miles a day, and never vonce think on't; them's the kind of legs as never fails.' Vell, this tickles the gen'man, and 'e says to 'imself: 'That ere 'onest countryman's a rare judge of a 'orse;' so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im, and trots off. Vell, then I goes up to the man vot keeps the stable, and axes 'im, 'Vel, vot are you going to stand for that ere chanty?' and he gives me a sovereign. Vell, that's vot I call 'orse chanting, my lord. There's rale little harm in't; there's a good many sorts on us. Some chants canals, and some chants railroads."

Caution is a good thing when not carried to excess, but Jake, our porter, usually carries it to excess. We saw him nailing up a box the other day containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents, we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage; so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused "*This side up!*" etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake.

"Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get them safely?"

"Every one broke!" replied Jake sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the express company!"

"Did you put on '*This side up,*' as we told you?"

"Yes, I did; for fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver, I put it on the bottom tew—confound 'em!"

The following incident is illustrative of the way many promises made in prayer are kept.

A French peasant saw in the river a floating egg. He thought he could catch it with his hand, but, in the attempt, fell into the water, and the egg escaped him. The water was deep and he could not swim. In terror, he believed that God was thus punishing his greediness. To propitiate his fate he vowed that if he escaped he would never eat another egg. Instantly a branch of a tree presented itself to him, by means of which he gained the banks of the stream. Shaking himself, he said, "I suppose, O Lord, that you, of course, understood me to say raw eggs."

The sailor is always ready with his yarn, and never lets an opportunity slip of telling one. One evening, when the clouds looked wild and whirling, I asked the mate if it was coming on to blow.

"No, guess not," said he; "bum-bye the moon'll be up, and scoff away that loose stuff."

His intonation set the phrase "scoff away" in quotation-marks as plain as print. So I put a query in each eye, and he went on: "There was a Dutch cappen onct, an' his mate come to him in the cabin, where he sot taking his schnapps, an' says:

"'Cappen, it's agittin thick, an' looks kin' o' squally; hedn't we's good shorten sail?"

"'Gimmy alminick,' says the cappen. So he looks at it a spell, an' says he, 'The moon's due in less'n half an hour, and she'll scoff away ev'ythin' clear agin.'

"So the mate he goes, an' bum-bye down he comes agin, an' says:

"'Cappen, this ere's the powerfulllest moon ever you did see. She's scoff'd away the maintop-gallants'l, an' she's to work on the foretops'l now. Guess you'd better look in the alminick agin' an' fin' out when this moon sets.'

"So the cappen thought 'twas 'bout time to go on deck. Dreadful slow them Dutch cappens be."

Mr. Alison, English Envoy in Persia, was a man of uncommon abilities and brilliant powers, though with a vein of eccentricity which made him many enemies. He was a great favorite with the Turks, however, and especially the Grand Vizier, Reshid Pasha, who made quite a spoiled child of him.

When this great Turkish statesman retired from his position, he was succeeded by a fanatical old fellow by the name of Raouf Pasha.

Mr. Alison, having to transact some official business at the Porte, was received very differently from what he had been accustomed to. So marked were the respect and cordiality entertained for him by the former Grand Vizier, that he would meet him at the top of the principal staircase, take him by the hand, and conduct him through the crowds in the antechambers to his own room. On this occasion there was nothing of the kind. A servant led him to the presence of the great man, to whom he was announced simply as a Secretary of the English Embassy. Raouf Pasha took no notice. Mr. Alison put his hands in his pockets and began whistling a tune, while he looked at the pictures on the walls. The servant ran up to him, saying that the pasha on the sofa was the Grand Vizier.

"Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Alison in Turkish. "That must be some flunkey. The Grand Vizier would receive me like a gentleman."

Raouf Pasha stood up in apparent astonishment. Mr. Alison took a seat, and in his most patronizing manner invited the great man to sit down. He then explained the case he had to lay before the Porte. After a long discussion of it, the Grand Vizier looked at his watch, said it was the hour of his prayer, and knelt down at the end of his sofa, as the Turks delight in doing in the presence of foreigners. The Mussulman prayer winds up with a damnatory clause against all infidels, and Raouf Pasha rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if leveled at his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The Grand Vizier then returned to his seat, and resumed the official interview. When the affair under consideration was settled, Mr. Alison in his turn looked at his watch, remarked that it was his prayer-time, and went to the other end of the sofa, where he went through a variety of gestures and genuflections, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks, Mussulmans, and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith, declaimed in pure Arabic, as understood by all pious Mahometans. He then walked out of the room without taking the least notice of the astounded Grand Vizier.

Snake stories are becoming quite common of late days, and some are appalling in their strict adherence to truth;

but the following, told by a farmer of the far West, is a forcible example of that old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." It is to be hoped no one will have the temerity to doubt what this Western man says:

"While my wife and I were busily engaged back of our log-cabin, clearing the ground, our little four-year-old girl had strayed away from the house into the deep, dark forest. We looked all that evening for her, but could find no trace of her whereabouts. We came back, but sleep was far from us; we sat and speculated all night. The next day several of the neighbors joined in the search, but to no avail. We camped out that night, and at midnight were aroused by many and loud hissings and rattlings. We jumped up and followed in the direction whence the sound came, and had not gone far when we all stopped suddenly, as if we had been rooted to the ground, for before us we beheld our little girl, surrounded by three dozen of rattlesnakes, varying in size from three inches to fifteen feet, the larger ones standing on their tails in a circle with erect bodies and necks curved down toward the head of the infant in the centre.

"We looked on in horror, but could do nothing, the girl was in too dangerous a position. But soon after, the snakes having, as we supposed, danced their war dance and sung their war song, the largest ones made each for the lowest branch on one of the trees in a direct line with our cabin. Wrapping one end of their bodies around the branch, they dropped the other end toward the ground. In the meantime, two large snakes had wrapped their bodies around the child, so that one of their heads was on one side, and the other on the opposite side. One of these snakes then tied itself with the one hanging from above; they then swung themselves, together with the child, till the other snake on the child could catch the snake hanging on the adjoining tree, when the former let go and the latter swung the child to the next. During this novel proceeding, the other snakes kept up an incessant jubilee rattle till the child was landed inside our cabin, safe and sound, when they once more repeated the scene in the woods by dancing around her, after which they left."

Visitors in foreign lands who do not speak the language are often placed in embarrassing positions. An Englishman in Paris went into a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef-soup. This was very well, and when it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him a vegetable soup.

"Rather more soup than I want," thought he; "but it is Paris fashion."

He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The

intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of toothpicks! This was too much; the Englishman paid his bill and left.

A writer who has traveled in the Western States has discovered the scale by which titles are given:

A speaker at an American "Convention," being addressed as "colonel," declared he was not even a captain.

"Don't you live in Missouri?" he asked.

He owned that he did, and in a house with two chimneys.

"Then I was right," exclaimed the man. "Over there if a man has three chimneys on his house, he's a general; if two, he's a colonel; if only one, he's a major; and if he lives in a dug-out and has no chimney, he's a captain, anyhow."

The power that lies in a name is instanced in a striking manner by the following anecdote:

Mr. Rushum was a peculiar man in one respect. He never had any money, never paid a debt if it was possible to avoid it, and yet he managed to owe almost every one who knew him, and it was astonishing what a number of acquaintances he had and how often they called on him.

"My dear sir," Rushum would say, with a benevolent smile to a creditor who called for money, "I mean to pay that little bill; in fact, it should have been paid before, but I was disappointed in not receiving some money which I had calculated on. Mr. Cash owes me money, and I have expected it every day for a month. When he pays up, I'll pay you."

At the mention of Mr. Cash's name the confiding creditor always pricked up his ears and appeared to take courage, and in this way, continually keeping Cash's name in the foreground, Rushum was enabled to move along and contract new debts.

One day, Cash, who was noted for his wealth, called on Rushum.

"Look here," said the former, "I owe you ten dollars. Give me a receipt and I'll pay you."

"In the name of heaven I beg of you not to do it!" cried Rushum in alarm, all of his cool assurance leaving him.

Cash looked at the man in astonishment.

"Don't want your pay?" he gasped.

"Not a shilling of it. Keep it for me, and don't pay me until I tell you that I am in earnest in wanting it!"

"What is the meaning of it?"

"I'll tell you," replied Rushum, in a confidential tone. "By the means of that ten dollars which you owe me, I am enabled to get credit for a thousand, besides bluffing all my old creditors."

Cash turned and walked away, marveling at the power of a name.

There is nothing like making sure of results. During the war between Augustus Cesar and Marc Antony, when all the world stood wondering and uncertain which way Fortune would incline herself, a poor man at Rome, in order to be prepared for making, in either event, a bold hit for his own advancement, had recourse to the following ingenious expedient:

He applied himself to the training of two crows with such diligence that he brought them to the length of pronouncing, with great distinctness, the one a salutation to Cesar, and the other a salutation to Antony.

When Augustus returned conqueror, the man went out to meet him with a crow suited to the occasion perched on his fist, and every now and then it kept exclaiming, "*Salve, Cesar, Victor, Imperator!*"—Hail, Cesar, Conqueror and Emperor! Augustus, greatly struck and delighted with so novel a circumstance, purchased the bird of the man for a sum which immediately raised him into opulence.

OVER THE BANISTER.

Over the banister bends a face,
Darlingly sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace
And watches the picture smiling.

Over the banister soft hands fair
Brush his cheek like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress,
She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
But over the banister drops a Yes,
That shall brighten the world for him alway.

A common inscription in front of Neapolitan wine and macaroni houses is "*Domani si fa credenza, ma oggi no.*" "To-morrow we give credit, but not to-day."

A new way of paying old debts: There had been a great deal of bad feeling between two Galveston families; hence, there was much surprise when they intermarried. A friend in speaking to the father of the bride, asked if the families had made friends. "Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my son-in-law's body." "Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?" "To get even with him. I guess you don't know that girl's mother as well as I do."

"My 'sperience in dis life," said an aged colored individual, "has taught me dat de man who swaps mules wid his eyes shut am sartin to git the wust of it. Brudderly feeling goes a good ways in case of sickness or want or death, but it seldom reaches down to a hoss trade. If I war buyin' a mule of a man I had knowed all my life, I should begin at de hoofs an' look dat animile ober cla'r up to de point of his nose. I shouldn't spect him to tell me dat he had filed down any teef or puttied over any hoof cracks. My advice am not to lie or deceive in tradin' mules, but to answer as few qeshuns as you kin an' seem sort o' keerless whedder your offer am 'cepted or not."

The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight till she missed him in a

passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather over-dressed lady. Making sure from the distance that this man was her husband, she came suddenly up and, without a word of warning, gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round she discovered her mistake, and, at the same time, caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady.

"Why, she boxed my ears, and then fainted," exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman.

"She is my wife!" shouted the angry husband, "and would never have struck you without a cause."

And worse than angry words would probably have happened had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it all happened.

Here is an instance of wit gaining the day in a courtroom:

A liquor case was being tried, and as a part of the evidence a pint of whisky was produced by the Commonwealth, and it was clearly shown that the identical whisky was seized from the premises of the defendant, who had it there with intent to sell, and whom we will call Michael McCarty. It was not a very extensive seizure, but still the intent was just as bad. When the district attorney arose, he stated the case; said that he had no doubt but that his brother on the other side would make fun out of it, as was his wont, and ended by charging the jury to dispassionately try the case simply on its merits. As he sat down, Michael's attorney arose.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "the learned district attorney says he wishes you to try this case on its merits. So do we. Michael McCarty, take the stand."

Michael did so. He was a great, burly man, with a jolly countenance and exceedingly red nose.

"Michael," continued his lawyer, "look upon the jury. Gentlemen of the jury, look upon Michael McCarty. Notice his beaming countenance, his jolly, rubicund face; and now, gentlemen of the jury, do you believe, and are you prepared to state on your oaths, beyond a reasonable doubt, that if Michael McCarty had a pint of whisky he would sell it?"

It is needless to say that they didn't.

Too Old.—Mr. and Mrs. Jones were starting for church. "Wait, dear," said the lady, "I've forgotten something; won't you go up-stairs and get my goats off the bureau?"

"Your goats!" replied Jones; "what new-fangled thing's that?"

"I'll show you," remarked the wife. And she sailed up the stairs and down again with a pair of kids on her hands. "There they are," said she.

"Why, I call those things kids," said the surprised husband.

"Oh, do you?" snapped the wife. "Well, so did I once,

but they are so old now, I'm ashamed to call them anything but goats."

Then they went to church. The next day Jones's wife had half a dozen pairs of new gloves in a handsome lacquered box of the latest design.

A severe repartee is recorded of Foote, the comedian, who, in traveling through the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote.

"Except the mayor," cried the landlord.

"I do not except anybody whatever," said he.

"But you must!" bawled the host.

"I won't!"

"You must!"

At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

The power of becoming invisible has often been displayed by the heroes of fairy tales, and it was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of the fern. Put on any very *seedy* suit of clothes, and walk about in the streets, you will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

Some people do not seem to take a proper interest in anything. A lightning-rod man drove up to a fine new house, out West, and told the man sitting in the door that he ought to have lightning-rods on it. The man said he had not thought about it, but had no objections. So the lightning-rod man put a rod up on one corner, and asked the man, who was still reading the newspaper, if he had any objections to his putting up rods on the other corners, and the man said no. When the job was done, the peddler presented his bill.

"What's this?" said the man, yawning, and folding up his paper.

"Bill for the rods," explained the peddler.

"Rods! I didn't order any rods!"

"Why, certainly you did."

"Not at all. I only said I had no objection to your putting them up. And I hadn't. This is the county courthouse. I don't even live in this house. Of course I had no objections."

She murmured to Adolphus, while her eyes were all a-dream, "I hear the merry jingle of the peddler of ice cream;"

But she looked as black as thunder, and her rapture did explode,

When she learned the bell was jingled by a heifer down the road.

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ALONG THE MOSELLE AND THE RHINE.

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



KOCHER, ON THE MOSELLE.

WE are gliding down the Moselle to its junction with the Rhine. The spot where a tributary flows into the main river is always noteworthy. Here the hills are of various formations, and the waters intensely green and of a crystal clearness. Ehrenbrietstein rises from the river in steep terraces opposite, and is cut out from the other heights by a narrow valley on either side. It is imposing and apparently impenetrable. Casemates yawn from each terrace, and the whole surface is intersected by massive walls and occasional stone stairways.

Glancing up the Rhine!

"Within whose broad, mellifluous tide
Inveterate souvenirs abide,

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Of saintly trust, of knightly pride,
Going forth as dread invaders,
Perpetual visions crowd its banks
Of stalwart steeds with blazoned flanks,
That Eastward bore, in tireless ranks,
The old hardy-thewed Crusaders!"

On the left shore are steep hills planted with grapevines and crowded with forests, and there remains only space enough for a railroad and highway between their base and the stream. Here and there, where a brook forces its way through a narrow cleft in the hills, a village nestles, with one row of houses to the Rhine, while the others crowd up the tiny valley. On

the right shore, where the Salm flows into the Rhine, the hills are lower and the valleys broader, but they soon push forward to the river, and where the eye glides up the steep and sterile rock, to which Marxburg clings dizzily, they have left but a few narrow fields at their base. Above Marxburg the hills crowd past each other, and cut off the Rhine from our view; but it is still long traceable through the day by the conical hills which guard its shores, and in the evening by the silvery veil which floats above its surface. The Moselle is visible but a short distance above its junction, where it sweeps in a large curve around the city of Coblenz. Upon the low, sloping hills of the further shore are several pretty villages and well-tilled farms. With the exception of Rolandseck, this is regarded by many as the most beautiful spot on the Rhine.

"What Christly influence wraps this stream,
With delicate sanctity supreme,
Like slumberous mists that brood and gleam
When summer dawns are breathless!
What songs its haunted bosom sings
Of reverend legendary things,
In soft, mediæval murmurings,
Melodiously deathless!"

Who that has once heard the soft ripple of the green Rhine can ever forget it? And how beau-



RUIN OF VIEBENZ.

tiful is the scene when the pear-trees are whitening, the valleys and the apple-blossoms are gleaming in the sun; when the golden sheaves are scattered over the table-lands, and the heights are wreathed in the crimson shades of autumn, and when it all

sleeps dreamlessly under the winter snows! These scenes haunt the traveler for years. The day before, I had crossed the market-place of Coblenz, threaded my way into a side street, and soon came out to the Moselle. Pausing on the middle arch, I watched the clear green flood, eddying and foaming round the stone piles, and listened to the murmurs of the waves which had washed the base of the low hills and the edges of fertile fields, all the long way from sunny France. The eager little wavelets trembled impatiently against the shining stones, over and over each other, and past whirling bits of wood, nor were they quiet till they sank with a faint murmur beneath a white line of foam into the arms of the Rhine flowing gently past. At the right lay the city. Old patrician houses looked over the low stone wall bordering the river; here a balcony crowded between outjutting buildings, there a bay-window hung airily upon a commanding corner, and upon slanting roofs arched and pointed dormer windows crouched as if weary from a long flight. Many a window was open to the sweet spring air, and as muslin curtains swung back and forth, revealing blooming hyacinths and budding camellias, my thoughts went back nearly a hundred years. I almost wondered that I did not see some of the beautiful women of the French emigration, who were one day fleeing from the guillotine, and another day on their knees, begging German rulers to lead them back to the pleasures and—alas!—vices, to all the emptiness of a crumbling Past. How many a slender form may have leaned hungering and shivering in these high-perched dormer windows! How many a darkly-glowing eye may have faded while gazing up the blue Moselle for news from a quiet France, driven back into the traces of despotism.

Coblenz was the headquarters of the Emigrant army, and the small city was filled with arrogance and weakness. A friendlier vision also appeared to me while gazing into the swift, green waters. In one of these side streets stands the house where Henriette Sontag was born, the great songstress, the pure but unfortunate woman. There were two sisters, but one immured herself in a convent, and she had the greater talent of the two. Which may have been the happier? The woman whose voice rolled up the dim aisles of convent chapel and broke in silence the fretted roof, heard only by a few bent nuns and sallow priests, and perhaps

by the angels, or the one whose public life was a march of triumph over two continents, her voice still ringing down the aisles of time, but whose private life, shared with the dissolute Count Rossi, led to poverty and renewed effort, and a grave in a foreign land? The whispers of the tumbling waves were unintelligible to me, and I cannot say whether a secret consciousness of great power is not sweeter to a proud spirit than all the applause which men can give. So musing, I returned to my hotel.

And now the waning glories of the sunset warn me that my river excursion must speedily end if I would join my companions at tea, and I turn back into the city by the nearest way, feeling that I had looked upon this lavish beauty for the last time. And with a sigh I bid the familiar heights, the lovely valleys, my favorite mountain, all good-bye.

Augusta, the Queen of Prussia, passes much of her time in Coblenz, and rules over the hearts of its inhabitants. She has contributed large sums toward beautifying the "Anlage," a promenade, stretching from the city a long distance up the Rhine and thickly strewed with natural and artistic beauty. She is known to be a woman of superior intellect. The first years of her life were spent at the Court of Weimar, and her first impressions were formed and trained by the "Meistersaenger" Goethe.

Just above Coblenz is the quaint town of Rhens, famed as the spot where the German emperors were elected in the olden time.

The next morning dawned clear and beautiful, and we were up betimes to take the train. Friends gave a last greeting, and almost like one in a dream I found myself at the depot, and we were soon fairly off again, wife and I, rushing along between frowning fortifications; our destination, Heidelberg. It seemed scarcely a week since the rainbow that greeted us as we rolled over the Rhine bridge had faded into blue air, yet more than a fortnight's light and shadow had been flung upon the mighty stream, winding among its storied hills, since we had entered Coblenz.

A bend to the right, and bridge and moat flew behind, and then the Rhine lay beside us, dancing in sunlight and dreaming where graceful branches bent above. For an hour and a half we skirted the shore, except where this was not possible, when we swept suddenly into a tunnel and out

again, and the train passed under the shadow of Stolvenfels, caught a glimpse of the delicately-traced chapel hanging upon the steep rock, then turned from the dark and dripping walls to the gleaming river, the friendly Lahn Valley, and the



RUINS OF GRAFENBERG.

old town of Lahnsstein, lying quietly under the guardianship of the gray castle Lahneck. In another quarter of an hour the train had swept round the bend in the river, one wave of light broke upon the tinned roof of Lahneck's tower, another upon Stolvenfels, then familiar balcony and cornice and chapel-spire slipped behind the wooded hills. The vineyards crept in serried ranks up the steep hill-side, and from their crests old castles frowned down upon the attack. Rough promontories pushed out defiantly into the stream, but we slipped under them, and the locomotive came out with a shrill laugh of triumph upon the other side. We cannot keep the details of the countless ruins which crown the Rhine hills, but will try to here and there catch a voice full of melody from the Past and give it words.

The "Brothers" are two ruins near together, with a high blank wall between them. The story is simple and natural. There were two brothers who quarreled, swore deadly enmity, and built a high wall and broad between their two strongholds. Years passed, during which neither saw the other's face. They had grown old, and were weary of tournament, song, chase, and war; the flow of their emotion turning back upon itself, rested again in their childhood. One morning the elder brother climbed up to the top of the

intervening wall, if possible, to catch a glimpse of him whom he only remembered as a young, stalwart knight, whose blonde hair fell in long curls upon his gleaming armor. At the top he stood suddenly face to face with an old man who had climbed up on the other side. Two old men whose hair streamed long and thin upon the wind. "Art thou Rupert?" "Art thou Wolfram?" They crept down again, a door was cut in the dismal wall, the old offense was forgiven and forgotten, and the former harmony was restored. We ought to regard it as true, for we were shown the two ruins, the blank wall, and the doorway in it!

Making a sharp curve, the train enters a tunnel and comes out into a beautiful basin, walled on either side by high, perpendicular rocks, and closed above and below by a bend of the river. This is the far-famed Lore-Lei basin, and the opposite rock, which protrudes semicircularly into the stream, is the Lore-Lei rock. The poetic legend attached to it is the most curious of all that the river offers to travelers throughout its course. At this place the river becomes narrow and dark, its current is more rapid; for, in a distance of five hundred paces, its waters have a descent of five feet. The Lore-Lei rises like a gloomy promontory, and above the surface of the water appear the points of rocks which have rolled down its sides, and have strewn the place with dangers. On the summit of this mountain dwelt the fairy Lore.

She was a beautiful young girl of seventeen or eighteen years, so fair that the boatmen descending the Rhine forgot, at the sight of her, the care of their boats, so that they were dashed against the rocks; and not a day passed that there was not some new accident to deplore. The bishop, who dwelt in the city of Lorch, heard of these accidents, and, regarding them as the effect of some fatal influence, when the relatives of those whose death she had caused came, in garments of mourning, to accuse the fair Lore of magic, he commanded her to appear before him. He was prepared to question her severely, but hardly had he seen her, than, yielding to the universal charm, he fixed his eyes upon hers, and his accents betrayed the pity he felt for the young girl. She denied being an enchantress, for she had no charm to retain her lover, and only sat day and night on the summit of the rock waiting for him,

and singing the song he used to love. She then began to sing the ballad, and the bishop perceived that she was mad. For her spiritual welfare he ordered her to be conducted to the convent of Marienburg. Mounted on the gentlest horse that could be procured, with her conductors she set forth, and all went well until they came in sight of the rocks where she was accustomed to sit, waiting for her lover. Then she asked permission to ascend them, that she might look out once more upon the Rhine, and see if he, whom she had so long awaited, would not appear. Her guards assented, and two of them followed her a few steps to detain her if she attempted to escape. But scarcely had she touched the ground than she began to run so lightly that she seemed like a swallow skimming over the earth. She reached the summit of the mountain where it overhung the river, in a moment, gliding like a spirit rather than a being of earth, and, advancing to the extreme verge, she took up the harp she had left there the day before, and with that plaintive voice which cast a spell over those who heard it, she began to sing her accustomed ballad. The song ended, she pressed her harp to her bosom, and raising her eyes to heaven, with her hair floating in the wind, she slowly descended, not like a body falling, but like a dove flying away; at the same instant those who accompanied her uttered a loud cry; the beautiful Lore had disappeared beneath the flood.

On hearing of this the bishop sent for a learned man versed in affairs of magic, who, on consulting the stars, told him that Lore was indeed dead, but that, as her death had been a crime, she was condemned to revisit the place where she had dwelt when living, and that she would re-appear thus till she met a young knight who should make her forget her first love. This continued for more than a century. The bishop died. The generation who had known the poor Lore in life disappeared, leaving her story to the generation which followed.

Still the years rolled by. The Emperor Maximilian reigned in Germany, and Roderic Borgia, of terrible memory, was pope at Rome. One evening a young hunter, having lost his way in the valley of Ligrenhof, came suddenly to the opening of the valley in view of the Rhine. It was a warm summer twilight, and the cool, limpid water tempted him to bathe. Wishing to apprise

his companions of his whereabouts before going down to the river, he sounded his horn; immediately the notes were repeated, so distinctly that he thought some huntsman had answered him. Another flourish was reproduced so perfectly that he began to doubt. After a third trial, he shook his head, saying, "It is the echo," and, placing his horn on the ground, he threw off his clothes and plunged into the river. The name of this young swimmer was Walter, son of Count Palatine, not only the handsomest, but the bravest and most accomplished lord who dwelt on the banks

time, and by his strength and skill he regained the shore. He soon found his companions, and all the hunters set out for the castle together; but while every one else gayly talked of the exploits of the day, Walter was silent, and thought of that grateful apparition which had lasted but for an instant but which had left so deep an impression.

The next day, and for days after, the fishermen looked in vain upon the Lei; no fairy was to be seen. One afternoon the young lord's hounds were pursuing a roe, and he had dismounted to follow it over the steep paths, when suddenly he



THE VALLEY OF THE MOSELLE.

of the Rhine. At the sight of this youth, whom she had first mocked by returning the sound of his horn, the fair Lore experienced a sentiment which she had long since believed dead in her heart. He perceived her seated on a rock, and began to swim toward her. Lore joyfully saw him approach, and began to sing that ancient ballad which all around her had forgotten. Suddenly the fairy bethought herself that, between the young swimmer and herself, was the abyss in which so many unfortunates had been overwhelmed. She at once ceased singing and disappeared, and silence and darkness fell on all around. Walter saw that he had been the sport of an illusion, and while he felt attracted in spite of himself, he remembered the gulf. Happily, there was yet

became bewildered, and it seemed to him that, by some unaccountable magic, objects had changed their form. But, as if impelled by an unseen power, Walter still went on. He walked thus from nightfall till midnight, hearing constantly the sound of a harp, whose music receded as he advanced. Then he found himself on the summit of a high mountain which overlooked the Rhine. On right and left the river glided through the valley, like a broad, silver ribbon. On a lofty peak he beheld a female seated. She held in her hand the harp whose music had guided him; a soft light like that of the dawn enveloped her, as if she could only breathe in an atmosphere different from ours, and she bent on him a smile of wondrous sweetness. Walter recognized at once

the mysterious being whom he had seen on that night when he bathed in the Rhine. His first impulse was to approach her, but after taking a few steps he remembered all that had been told him of the Lore-Lei, and made the sign of the cross. Instantly the light vanished, and she from whom it had emanated uttered a cry, and disappeared like a shadow. But though vanished from his sight, she was, from that moment, present to his spirit. He fell into a deep melancholy, for, in comparison with this image, constantly present to his thoughts, no woman appeared lovely; he felt instinctively that he yearned for something which was not of earth. One day his father announced to him that he was to prepare to set out for Worms, where the emperor held his Court. War was to be made against the King of France, and Maximilian had called to his aid his bravest knights. Walter's eye sparkled for an instant with joy at the idea of the glory he might achieve, and he declared his readiness to set out. The next day, however, he fell again into his accustomed melancholy. The night before his departure he told his squire that, before leaving the country, he had resolved to have one more fishing on the Rhine, and asked him to accompany him.

It was a lovely evening; the breeze had a strange melody, and a mysterious perfume floated in the air. The river reflected the heavens like a mirror, and the falling stars traversing the azure sky seemed, amid the universal calm, to rain literally upon the earth. Old Blum cast in the nets; but Walter, instead of attending to the fishing, was watching the heavens, and left the boat to drift with the current. Suddenly a well-known melody fell on his ears, and there, in her accustomed place on the rock, sat the fair Lore, with the strange harp in her hand. It was the third time that she had appeared to him; and this time, as he had come to seek her, he had no thought of retiring; he seized the oars, and began to row toward her. At this unexpected motion, which distended the nets, the squire raised his eyes, and saw that the barque was steering directly toward the gulf. It was too late to seize the oars, and he begged his master to leap into the water with him, and make for land. But Walter's arms were extended toward the magic apparition, which seemed to be gliding down the mountain side to meet him. Repulsed in his attempt to grasp

him round the waist and plunge with him into the river, the faithful servant, seeing that he could not save him, resolved, with a prayer on his lips, to die with him. The fairy Lore, enveloped in the soft light within which burned a flame, drew near with a sweet smile, extending her arms toward the young man, as his were extended toward her. Light as a mist, she seemed to glide over the water. The boat trembled and shivered like an animated being which approaches its destruction. Poor Blum had only time to make the sign of the cross, for his head having struck against a rock, he felt that he was losing consciousness.

When he came to himself it was broad daylight, and he was lying on the sand at the bottom of the rock. He called for Walter, but the mocking echo of the Lei alone replied. Sorrowfully, and as best he could, he made his way back to the castle. He besought the count to let him choose men-at-arms and attempt to rescue his young master from the accursed enchantress. The count bowed his head, and hurried to his oratory, where for hours he was heard weeping and sobbing. With his picked seneschals, Blum returned to the scene of disaster; but when he saw and threatened to avenge upon the form of the fairy his lord's death, she gently raised her head, and said:

"I am but a spirit, and the young count belongs no more to the earth. He is my wedded lord. He is the king of the river, as I am its queen. He wears a crown of coral, he has a bed of sand strewn with pearls, and a lofty palace of azure, with pillars of crystal. He is happier than he ever would have been on earth; he is richer than if he had succeeded to his parental inheritance; for he has all the wealth the Rhine has engulfed, from the day of creation till to-day."

"Thou liest, wicked fairy," answered Blum; "thou thinkest to escape my vengeance."

So saying, he drew his sword, and approached her.

"Wait," replied the enchantress, in a thrilling voice.

She detached her necklace from her snowy neck, and took from it two pearls, which she threw into the river. Instantly the waters were agitated, and two enormous waves, of that uncertain and fantastic form which is ascribed to sea-horses, rose to the summit of the rock. On

one of these sat a beautiful youth with pale face and floating hair; Blum recognized the young count, and became motionless with amazement. Meanwhile, the two waves had risen till they bared the feet of the fairy. Lore seated herself on the other, and entwining her arms about the youth, kissed him. Then the waves began to recede, and, seeing that the fairy was about to escape him, Blum would have followed her. But the youth looked at him, smiling, and then said:

"Blum, go and tell my father to weep no more, for I am happy."

With these words, he returned the kiss of his bride, and both disappeared in the river.

Since that day no one has seen the fairy Lore, and the boatmen may no longer hear her siren song. All that remains of her is a mocking echo, which repeats four or five times the notes of the horn, or the national air which the pilot does not fail to sing in passing the rock of Lore-Lei. How true it is that the poetry of a primitive people clings to rock and tree and stream long after the decadence of science and culture.

Centuries hence, when men have forgotten that the rocks have been blasted and the channel deepened, the traveler will be thrilled through and through with the melody of this pass.

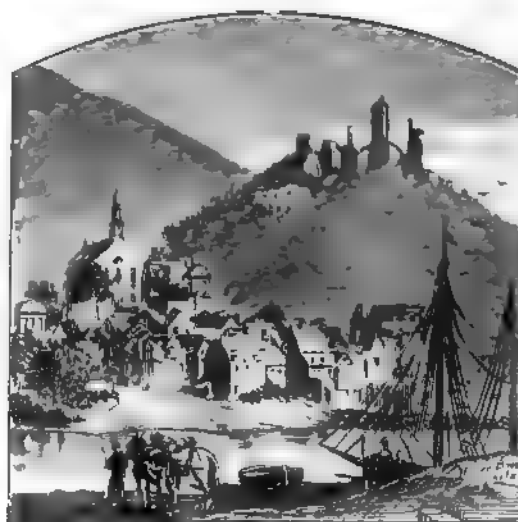
"The aromas of romantic lore
Yet linger round this sacred shore,
Where ghostly nixies combed of yore
Blonde locks that coiled and glistened!
Ah, still gold-haired Gunhilda tells
The undying tale of Drachenfels;
Through Zündorf still, by darksome spells,
The wasurman spreads deep sadness."

Now the train whizzes past the Pfalz, crowning a rocky mass in the middle of the Rhine, past the Mouse Tower, nestling upon the other islet, past the rapids at "Binger Loch," and then comes to a stand under the depot in the suburbs of Bingen. An hour's rest, and we are again journeying toward Heidelberg.

When the banks of the Rhine were governed by the Electors Palatine, Heidelberg was their capital. It has as much history as any place of its size in Europe. But its magnificent scenery is the hinge on which turns the secret of the charms that cluster about the old town. It would be called a city in the United States. Like the good old German dame on Christmas eve, Heidelberg has a gift for all who will visit her. It is a bouquet

of many various flowers. True, there are no Raphael Madonnas or Canova busts; but that castle is worth them all. Here is no Rigi or Mont Blanc or Lake Lucerne, but the heights back of Heidelberg and the playful Neckar are worth going far to see.

There is a sad contrast between the natural beauties here unrolled and the dark deeds that men have done in the midst of them! There have been places where nature, in her quiet landscape and wild grandeur, has conquered the conqueror. Yes, even art conquered Napoleon several times. But the beauty of Heidelberg seems to have been its curse. When the heart is alive with



HEIDELBERG.

a religious feeling and the sword lifted in a religious cause, war is always most terrible in its ravages. This is why Heidelberg is hardly a skeleton of its former self. High hills rise on the north as well as the south side of this beautiful place. The hills flatten to the right, and the country becomes a broad plain, which is only limited by the distant mountains of France. The train crosses a part of this plain, and here we are dropped in the vine-covered station of Heidelberg. It is at the western end of the town, and by following the main street by cab a mile and a half we reach the hotel on a market-place, the Prinz Carl, a few yards to the left of the great church that stands on a line with the bridge.

We find that Heidelberg numbers less than twenty thousand inhabitants, and yet it has been

the scene of more bloodshed and heroism, and romance, too, than any other place in Europe oftentimes its size. It has been Bunker Hill and Bladensburg, Gretna Green and Whitehall, Berlin and Wittenburg, altogether. It has now been likened to old Coventry and lovely Kenilworth.

In the days of the Counts Palatine, nature, science, and royalty held Court here together; but it was one of the many fair spots in Germany which was blighted by the Thirty Years' War; and it is sad to remember that that long contest, which divested the popes of so much of their power, should have stripped Art of so many of her laurels. Bloodthirsty Tilly besieged it in 1622. He conquered; and what mercy could you expect of him who cruelly butchered thirty thousand Magdeburgers, without regard to age or sex, and then boasted in the dispatch announcing his triumph, that, "since the destruction of Jerusalem and Troy, such a victory had not been!" He gave his soldiers three days to sack Heidelberg, which was like a lion taking a day to devour a lamb.

After the Imperialist soldiers had remained in possession of the place eleven years, Gustavus Adolphus came at the head of the Protestants to recapture it. They succeeded; and near where we are stopping is the public-house whose landlord can show you the very room in which the great Swede slept. Scarcely had a half century elapsed before Louis XIV. sent Turenne with an army of French soldiers to punish Charles Louis, the elector, for a piece of independence. It is said that the elector watched the progress of the army from a window in the Heidelberg castle, as the smoke of burning villages all along the plain announced the approach of the invader. Soon he reached Heidelberg. The elector's defense was weak; he challenged Turenne to single fight. The marshal refused the challenge, and Heidelberg was chastised for its master's spirit. As soon as Charles Louis died, the French emperor sent another army to Heidelberg to take possession of the Rhine provinces. The cruel Melac headed the forces, and burnt Heidelberg in 1688. For years after this the French besieged the ruins that their predecessors had left. Chamilly was leader then, and his inhuman barbarities even surpass the cruelties of Tilly, and deserve to be compared with the bloody ferocities of Attila, Nero, and Tamerlane. The Protestants were

butchered without mercy, and the banks of the Rhine became French territory. The houses, of course, with few exceptions, now bear no traces of any great antiquity, nearly all of them being the work of the last century. There is but little of that sombre look about the place which is so peculiar to old Brunswick and Nuremberg. But Heidelberg is the German students' land of promise; their hearts are fit to burst with enthusiasm about its beauties, and during the Franco-Prussian war their voices sang the praises of the Neckar and the German Rhine nightly.

"It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervor with its wine.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the glorious Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine."

Happy the one who has yet to take a first view from Heidelberg Castle! It is the first view that pictures itself upon the mind. Subsequent visits may afford a clearer sky and more acquaintances, but the first view is the standard picture. Future views are judged according to their approach to that first one. "Mountains are a feeling," says Byron, and it is not more so with mountains than anything else in nature. Every time you see the same beautiful scene another link is formed which binds you to the spot. But the first view you remember longest.

Let us cross the market-place and then take this little path up the hill. The ascent begins in earnest, not by the path to the left above the town, but by another, through the thick fir and linden-trees that grow between the town and castle. The outer gateway is reached. By passing through it and a subterranean, or, rather, sub-castle passage, we emerge from its gloominess into sunshine again. All at once, without expecting it, we stand upon one of the front balconies of the castle. The view from where we stand was described in the "Halle Year-Book" a number of years ago.

Looking down with unaided eyes ourselves upon the town, we can but feel that Heidelberg has no need to boast, through its many lovers, of its charming situation. Woods and plains, smiling and fertile fields, the shining Neckar, its banks

vocal with music, all disclose a scene of remarkable beauty. The university is about equidistant from the two large churches; standing in a market-place, and is an unpretentious building. It was founded in 1386, and is, therefore, one of the most ancient of the many German universities. The library numbers over 120,000 volumes. It is said that the Palatine Library contained many rare and choice books, but when the town was captured by the united Catholics in the Thirty Years' War the most valuable portion of it was sent to Italy as a present to Pope Gregory XV., in token of a Roman Catholic triumph. They

honor list in the universities of Germany. The students board and lodge in the town where they please. So the universities are thus but little more than examining and lecturing bodies. Looking in the faces of the students, you are surprised to see how many of them are disfigured by long scars and patches. You might almost imagine that they had all been engaged in a battle with furious cats, and that the cats had had the best of it. Your astonishment is increased by learning that the students are proud of these scars on their faces, and regard them as so many badges of courage and honor. They receive them in the duels



MARIENBERG CASTLE.

were placed in the Vatican and there remained almost two centuries, and were finally restored by Pope Pius VII., in 1815. This library contains Luther's manuscript translation of the Psalms, his "Exhortation to Prayer against the Turks," and his notes written in an old Heidelberg catechism. When Tilly sacked the city, he made beds for his horses of the elector's Library, and it was not a generous heart or conscientious scruples that prevented him from putting as speedy an end to all the books as Cæsar did to the first Alexandrine Library, or as the Caliph Omar did to the second.

The university is far less imposing than the picturesque and hoary old college palaces of Oxford and Cambridge, nor will it compare with cosy Harvard and Yale edifices and greens. There is no compulsory degree, but only a voluntary

which they are in the habit of fighting, a custom quite frequent, and no less disgraceful, among German students.

In 1817, when the German nation was beginning to recover from the terrible disasters it had suffered at the hands of France, two professors conceived the idea of uniting all German students into a military body for the protection of the country. This notion was readily adopted by the universities, and corps and Burschenschaften, the chief peculiarity of German student-life, were ultimately formed. The lecture-rooms of the university are on one side of the square, in the rear are the museum and reading-room, while opposite the lecture-rooms is a row of jewelry, clothing, confectionery, and other shops. The German students have ever kept alive a spirit of liberty and

devotion to the Fatherland which cannot be too much admired. Some of their corps songs, notably those which have come from the meistersaenger, are extremely beautiful and possess an historical interest. The fervor of lofty patriotism and fiery courage breathes in every note.

A short distance from the southwest corner of the square in which the university stands is St. Peter's church. A shapely little spire identifies it. It was the first one built in Heidelberg, and John Huss nailed his theses on its doors. "He there expounded the Reformation doctrines to a large multitude of hearers assembled in the adjoining church-yard." In this church may be seen the tomb of Olympia Morata, the female philosopher of Italy, a remarkable and attractive woman. The quiet town of Ferrara was her home, and she was instructress to the Duchess of Ferrara, but, espousing Protestant principles, her presence became odious at Court. Owing to her father's death, she was obliged to take charge of her three younger sisters and one brother, in whose education she took especial interest. A German student, who was attending medical lectures in Ferrara, became greatly enamored with this gentle lady, and she gave him her hand and heart in 1548. Returning with him to Germany, she delivered lectures in the University of Heidelberg. She died at the early age of twenty-nine, and after her death her works, comprising many volumes of a literary and religious character, were published at Basle, in Switzerland.

The church of the Holy Ghost, which contains the dust of the electors, and is divided by a partition, so that the Roman Catholics worship in one part and the Protestants in the other, is the largest in Heidelberg. On the outskirts of the town, to the left, is an English grave-yard, and the names of many Americans are there. That hill which rises so high upon the opposite side of the Neckar is the Mountain of the Saints. At the foot of it are the remains of the little house where Luther rested on his way from the Diet at Worms. This mountain was once crowned with a Roman fort. Subsequently one of the French kings had a summer residence there, and with a telescope we can still see the ruins of the castle and church of St. Michael. A visit will reveal the trenches which Tilly dug for besieging Heidelberg.

The Philosopher's Path for centuries has wound

up amid the vineyards toward the summit of the Heiligenberg, and is still the favorite promenade of many of the German thinkers. This was Hegel's chosen walk, and some believe it was here that he conceived his pantheistic essays. In one of the string of houses on the opposite bank of the Neckar lived Chevalier Bunsen, and, close by, the melancholy Strauss, the author of the rationalistic life of Christ. He is said to have once been a room-mate of our venerable Dr. Nast, but how different was their old age! Nast grew old in beautifying the temple which Strauss spent his life-time in trying to deface and ruin.

The different parts of the famous castle display the different taste of the German princes, as well as the style in vogue in the several periods when they were built. The statues in the niches of the façade are the representations of Charlemagne's successors. How fierce their thick armor and heavy battle-axes make them look! They are carved from red sandstone, and the ivy vines are winding more of their arms around them with every passing summer. There is an intelligent female castellan who will lead the visitor through. It is said that Mr. Longfellow spent many a day in the different parts of this castle, and here he wrote a large portion of his charming "Hyperion." He gave a choice copy of his book to the guide who was so willing to be his fair attendant. We must some time visit the Golden Star Inn, down in the town, where Longfellow roomed. He was always a great favorite in Heidelberg.

We are now to be conducted to the most beautiful part of the castle. Walking through the central court, we pass into the second and through an old gateway whose portcullis holds its fierce and jagged teeth above our heads, and then into an adjoining court by another gateway. This latter gateway is quite unique. The sides are knotty and gnarled to represent cedar posts, though composed of red sandstone. They were chiseled more than two hundred and seventy years ago, and yet so natural are those pillars and so delicate and perfect the tracery of the leaves and branches of the parasitical ivy, that you are inclined to question the fact the longer you behold it. Our conductress calls it the "triumphal arch," which calls to mind a bit of English history.

The Elector Frederick V. married an English princess, Elizabeth Stuart, a daughter of James I. of England, and granddaughter of Mary, Queen

of Scots. This gateway was built by the elector for the reception of his English bride. Awhile after their marriage the elector was tendered the crown of Bohemia. At first he refused to accept it; but Mrs. Jameson, with a few master touches, gives the whole picture:

"When her husband hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, this high-hearted wife exclaimed, 'Let me rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at the board of an elector;' and it seemed as if some avenging demon hovered in the air to take her literally at her word, for she and her family lived to eat dry bread, aye, and beg it too, before they ate it; but she would be a queen!"

Away up the Neckar, all along its banks, are castled ruins clinging to the rocks. No one knows their history. They are much older than most of the Rhine castles. It would certainly be a wise man who could write a true chapter in the history of a European castle. If we sometimes regret the absence of such grand legacies as the Middle Ages have bequeathed to Europe on river bank and mountain peak, we may be thankful that we have none of their dark history. With what secret dungeons, what instruments of torture, what unheard mercy-cries, is every old castle ruin associated! Well that those old stones can never tell the world what they have seen! The Rhine is the home of legendry, the Neckar is a string of antique pearls, and as such the world regards them—let the bright side of the picture greet our vision ever.

Now we stand upon the point to the right of the castle, and yonder are the blue mountains that rise as the eastern bulwark of France. It is almost sunset; the last rays of the sun are now leaving our feet; now they slide down the mountain sides; now they make the winding Rhine a row of golden-sheened mirrors; now they take their leave of the Schwebsingen poplars; now they say "good-night" to the spire at whose base lies the dust of the Hapsburgs; now they tinge the prison walls where *Cœur de Lion* was caged; now they cast their parting smiles upon the Mannheim spires; now they reach—they pass the hills of France.

And now, as we leave this romantic spot, the ladies of our party say we must slip away, tomorrow, toward Weimer, *via* Bingen—"fair Bingen on the Rhine." We submit with graceful obeisance.

Back again to Bingen, and here we are in the very heart of the wine lands! A low headland near Bingen yields the golden Scharlachberger; directly opposite, on the bare, blank promontory, Rudesheimer and Assainushäuser clasp hands, the one covering the hills up and the other down the river, both laying claim to the sunny slopes of the vertical chasms. These are known to be the best red wines of Germany. Below Bingen the stream is narrow and swift, winding among steep hills all the way to Bonn, but above it widens into a placid sea. The left shore falls back in gentle undulations to the horizon, while the right rises more abruptly to a range of hills, the spur



BERNKAUSEL.

of the Taunus Mountains. A short distance up the river a sudden eminence stands out of the general slope, bearing upon its brow a beautiful and modern palace. This is Johannisburg. It was formerly a monastery, but during the Napoleonic wars it changed hands, and now belongs to Metternich, late Austrian Minister to the French Court.

It was a wonderful scene which met our gaze. The land, darkly-spotted with patches of pine forests, sloped evenly down to the river, two miles distant, upon which two islands lay still and brooding. The Tunnel Mountains, rising steeply out of rye-fields and vineyards on the other side, traced pale purple lines against the dim eastern sky. The whole Rheingau, rich and fertile, was visible from Mainz to Bingen, the sun-rays kissing each trembling wave!

Glorious old Mainz! The principal stronghold

of Drusus twelve years before Christ! Yes, the Roman Emperor Augustus sent this, his step-son, to the province of Gaul as long as then, to begin at the Rhine the work of conquering Germany.

Between here and the North Sea he erected fifty citadels, but they were all destroyed in 70



STREET SCENE IN BERNKASTEL.

A.D., by an uprising of the Germans, to be rebuilt by Trajan in 97. Then Attila, with his half million rapacious Huns, swept by here! After him came the Franks and built palaces upon the ruins. Pepin lived in the palace at Ingelheim, and here his son Charlemagne was born, in 742. Charlemagne built the "Reichs Palast," but all that remains of this palace are the Basilica and two cellars, in one of which are two stones with Roman ornaments. The Basilica consists of part of a choir niche and the cornice of an arch of triumph. After this palace was destroyed by the fiendish armies of Louis XIV., in 1682, its hundred marble, granite, and sienite columns were scattered over Germany. A certain number were carried to Heidelberg, and placed in the castle we have described. Four of them stand round the "Schloss Brunnen." A sienite column ten feet high stands by the well on the Schiller place in Mainz. The large space which this palace once covered in Ingelheim is still called by the villagers the "Saal."

But the swiftly-gliding train is now bearing us on again toward Frankfort, and our retrospect must end, for the ladies whisper among themselves that their escort is lost in a fit of abstraction. I once more give them my undivided attention,

and in due time we reach Frankfort. Here we stop for the night, and the next morning at early dawn are bound for the little city of Weimar. From the station, one-fourth of a mile north of this home of Schiller and Goethe, we look down upon the quaint little place nestling among the trees. The houses are plain and unpretending. Half a dozen tall spires are distributed among them, while a low range of hills appears stretched out for miles beyond. The wooded eminence behind is Ettersberg, which was the summer residence of the grand duke, where the plays of Goethe and Schiller were often acted beneath the trees by members of noblemen's families, unencumbered by the trappings of costume and art which were regarded essential in the theatre.

We resign ourselves and luggage to the care of a dapper, honest-looking young German porter, who escorts us to the Golden Eagle Hotel. As soon as we had lunched, we were out to see the city. On the esplanade at one side of the town stands the poet's house, an unadorned, two-story edifice, plastered on the outside, and painted yellow. On the front was inscribed, "Here lived Friedrich Schiller." Only one suite of rooms in the upper story is shown to visitors. The other rooms are occupied by a family. For myself, I could not, without deep emotion, cross the sill of this modest dwelling, mount those well-worn stairs, trodden for years by his feet, and enter the room consecrated by his genius. Years and years ago I had been charmed by his characters and scenes, which now stood forth like a gallery of pictures in the halls of memory, and most sincerely sympathized with him in his youthful struggles with poverty and want, as he rose from humble life to the highest place in the temple of fame. In this unpretending home his greatest works were written, and here the noble son of the muses, "to whom the gods had given the kiss of immortality," finally breathed his last.

Goethe's house, situated on another street only a few rods from Schiller's, is closed, except to occasional visits. It is more stately and imposing than the humble dwelling of his brother poet. In the front hall are two bronze figures of men and a deer, and a grayhound between them, suggesting one of Goethe's favorite sports. His study-chamber is still kept with scrupulous care, furnished similarly to, yet more richly than, Schiller's.

The streets on which their houses stand are in both cases named for them. Schiller is the favorite author in the schools of Germany, and next to him, Goethe. Schiller is more popular with readers under twenty-five years of age, and Goethe after that. This is owing to the fact that Schiller has more of the impulsive feeling of youth, Goethe more of the calm dignity that characterizes matured age. Millions of copies of their complete works are scattered over the land in cheap editions, but for some reason Schiller undoubtedly gets more readers at the present day.

On the Theatre platz, in the south part of the city, in front of the theatre, a plain building where their dramas used to be enacted, stand the bronze statues of the two poets, side by side, like two loving brothers, as they were, their feet resting on a solid granite pedestal. Schiller is slightly taller than Goethe, his left hand bearing a scroll, his eyes looking up as if gazing upon the divine ideals of his own creation; Goethe stately, dignified, his eyes looking straightforward like Michael Angelo's in Overbeck's "Triumph of Belgium in the Arts," turned neither up nor down. These two postures illustrate the nature of the two poets. Goethe was of the earth, earthy. He dealt in purely secular themes, while Schiller, with

"The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

Both were true poets; but the latter dwelt more in celestial spheres. Goethe's right hand holds a wreath with which he is about to crown his brother poet, who died some twenty-seven years before him. They are worthy monuments of two noble, genial spirits.

Goethe and Schiller learned to understand, appreciate, and love each other. They walked, meditated, talked, wrote, ate, slept, planned, wept, and rejoiced together. Their mutual intercourse was most delightful to both. Goethe was ten years the senior of his friend, and his views may have been more matured and fixed when they first met, but this seemed not in the least to diminish their mutual friendship. Coolness and distrust marred not their intercourse after they fully understood each other. They loved even unto the end. Hence it is fitting that their statues should stand upon the same pedestal. Though Goethe outlived Schiller more than a quarter of a century, yet finally their bodies rested in the same

vault near where they lived, labored, and closed their eventful careers.

One of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world lies in the eastern suburbs of the city. Flowers, shrubbery, tall grass, evergreens, grow among the simple gilt and iron crosses which mark the mounds. Near the centre of the plot rises up a little chapel with four Egyptian towers surmounted by elegant domes. The interior of the chapel is adorned with paintings of Scripture scenes indicating cheerfulness and hope; statues, bas-reliefs, and carved work. From a large opening, surrounded by a balustrade in the centre of the room, we descend to the vault where repose the remains of Goethe, Schiller, the Grand Duke Charles Augustus, their patron, and other members of the ducal family. The monuments are beautiful, the vault light and free from dampness. The bodies of the two poets lie side by side about three feet from the ground, enclosed in plain cherry caskets. Faded wreaths cover them, which have been placed there by pilgrims who have come to the shrine of genius. A rich silver wreath lies at the head of Goethe's. The duke requested that his body might be placed between those of Schiller and Goethe, whom he so generously befriended in life. But Court etiquette forbade it,



STREET SCENE IN ENKIRCH.

and he was placed by the side of his father, his good mother Amelia, and his wife Louisa, in another part of the vault. The royal tombs lie neglected, while those of the poets, adorned with a hundred wreaths, are honored by the presence of admirers from foreign lands. The un-

adorned tombs of Luther and Melancthon in the centre of the old Castle Church at Wittenberg are visited by thousands, who scarcely deign to look at the stately statues of the electors John and Frederick in the front part of the same church. Such is the way of the world; it suffers factitious notoriety and high rank to pass into oblivion, but persists in expressing its admiration for genius.

On our return from the cemetery, we pass by the colossal bronze statue of Wieland, the author of "Agathan and Oberon," and the first translator of Shakspeare into German. Herder is another great name in Weimar. His house, the parsonage of the city church, is unknown to tourists as the place where "lived, labored, and died Johann Gottfried Von Herder," according to the inscription on the front tablet. The church is a large building with a quaint roof, and a spire on each end, erected in 1400. Herder rests in the nave of the church, and his statue stands directly in front, with a scroll in his hand, on which is inscribed the German words, "*Licht, Lieben, Leben*"—Light, Love, Life. This church contains some of the finest paintings by Cranach.

The grand ducal palace, erected under Goethe's superintendence, contains some good frescoes. There are four rooms named from these four literary characters: Schiller's, containing illustrations from "Wallenstein," "Marie Stuart," etc.; Goethe's, illustrations from "Egmont," "Faust," etc.; Wieland's, scenes from the "Oberon;" Herder's, adorned with symbolical characters of his different professions. The whole is remarkably rich and suggestive, like the best illustrative engravings

of a celebrated author's works. Here also is shown the armor and other relics of Grand Duke Bernard, one of the Protestant leaders in the "Thirty Years War," who died in 1639, and was buried in this city church. Thus have the rulers of Saxe-Weimar remembered and honored the men who have contributed to the greatness of their realms. Charles Augustus was the Mæcenas of German literature. He made little Weimar "the Athens of Germany," and the parks that to this day add so much to the picturesqueness of the city have been to Germany what the groves of the Academy were to Greece.

The park extends along the charming banks of the Ilm, containing trees and shrubbery, fountains gushing forth from the living rock; *Denkmels*, or rude stone monuments; bowers and summer residences, and the beautiful *Romische Haus*, built in the form of a Grecian temple, standing in the midst of a grove where Goethe used to spend the warm season. A botanical garden adorns the centre of the park, and a fine old avenue of trees connects it with the palace-like chateau of Belvedere. The ducal library is a fortress-looking building with a quaint old tower of the mediæval style on one end, and contains nearly one hundred and fifty thousand books and MSS., and busts and portraits of distinguished men who have resided at Weimar. It also contains some interesting relics, the gown worn by Luther when a monk, Goethe's Court uniform, the belt of Gustavus Adolphus, and other curiosities pertaining to literature and history. The most brilliant period of Weimar's history seems to be opened to view here. It is veritably a school of genius and lofty valor.

"NICHT VERSTEH'."

"ANY broken ware to mend to-day?"
Said the German who rang the bell;
"I will make it strong, and mend it well,
And the sharpest eye can never tell
Where lies the seam in the mended clay."

"Now tell me, sir, if you have the art
Not only cracked dishes of clay,
But things that are fairer by far than they—
Treasures now crumbling fast away—
To join so firmly they never will part?"

"The shining links of a golden chain
I fondly thought for aye would hold
The friend to me more precious than gold,

Dearest of all in the days of old—
Can you join these broken links again?"

"Now tell me the truth, good man, I pray;
Have you the skill, the mystic art,
To keep from snapping, ere life depart,
The jangled chords of a broken heart?"
But he only answered, "*Nicht versteh'.*"

And he smiled as he turned from me away,
Trudging along with might and main,
Happy each day a pittance to gain.
The song of his life has this refrain:
"Any broken ware to mend to-day?"

EGBERT L. BANGS.

ELECTRICITY—THE FORCE OF THE FUTURE.

By JOHN A. BOWER.

WHAT is electricity? This is a question which has always perplexed us and perplexes us still. This perplexity is, however, of little consequence, for we have of late years made enormous strides in the application of this subtle force. We are now getting a fair acquaintance with electricity, and this acquaintance is giving us lessons as to the sources from which it can best be obtained, and how it can be employed.

We read of the old philosopher Thales rubbing a piece of yellow amber on his rough baize garment, and then picking up with it bits of down and floating feathers. This experiment of the old Greek philosopher, dated 600 years before Christ, seems to have no connection whatever with the elaborate plans now adopted for developing electricity that gives us light of such intensity as to compare with the sun for brilliancy, and heat so intense that it can even volatilize refractory carbon. In both cases, however, the force is the same, the difference is in the intensity. Thales not only rubbed the amber and lifted up light substances by its influence, but he endeavored to explain the cause. He said the amber held a soul or essence which was awakened by friction, and went forth from the body in which it had previously lain dormant, and brought back the small particles by the invisible effluvium which it emitted. This was the first hint given to the world of this subtle force which resides in everything and is as universal as gravitation itself; and from this substance, amber—electron—the name electricity itself is derived.

We have after this no more direct notice of this force till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Dr. Gilbert announced to the world a list of about twenty substances, which he rubbed, and with them attracted not only light floating bodies, "but all solid matters whatever, including metals, water, and oil."

We next hear of Mr. Boyle and Otto Guericke making experiments, and to the former is accredited the first seeing of the electric light, while the latter was the first to make an electric machine. This machine consisted of a sulphur ball which was turned on an axis, and the hand was pressed

near it to serve as a rubber. From this the delighted philosopher obtained not only flashes of light, but the snapping of the electric spark. To this philosopher is accredited the discovery of electrical repulsion.

He observed that when a feather or any light substance was electrified and detached from the surface of the body from which it was charged, it would not again go near that body, but was driven away. Upon these experiments of attraction and repulsion, Otto Guericke endeavored to explain the motion of the moon around the earth, and it was not till the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton were made known that this notion was dispelled.

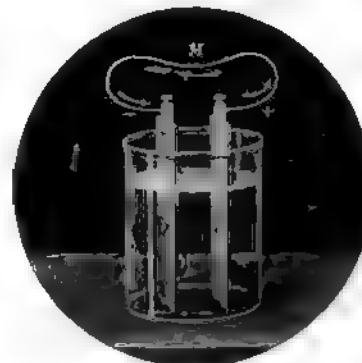


FIG. 1.—THE GALVANIC BATTERY.

Thus little by little more became known. Experiments also proved that certain substances conducted electricity freely and others did not; and that those substances which gave out electricity freely when excited were the very worst conductors, and *vice versa*.

Next came the discovery of the Leyden jar, by which it was found that electricity could be stored up; and a number of Leyden jars were arranged in a series, and thus a battery was formed. With batteries of this description Franklin is said to have succeeded in magnetizing steel needles. This is the first notice of the connection between magnetism and electricity. Among other experiments, he drew electricity from the clouds by means of a kite, and proved it to be identical with that obtained by an ordinary machine.

A new phase was given to the science when, at the end of the eighteenth century, the discoveries of Galvani and Volta led to another method of setting free electricity, by the combination called the galvanic battery. In all such battery arrangements electricity is set free by chemical force, *i. e.* by two metals of an opposite character, one of which readily dissolves in the acid liquid used in charging. A simple cell of such an arrangement we show in Fig. 1.

How, then, is electricity produced? In many ways. If we take the ordinary plate or cylinder machine, mechanical energy must be employed to



FIG. 2.—THE ELECTRO-MAGNET.

work the machine; this energy is changed into electric energy; in the battery, chemical action of acid on the zinc, *i. e.* chemical energy, is changed into electrical energy.

We cannot create force, any more than we can create matter. A force of one kind can only be gained at the expense of another kind of force. Take an ordinary case of rubbing two bits of wood together: they become heated; the mechanical work of friction is thus changed into heat. In the case of rubbing a piece of amber, sealing-wax, or ebonite with flannel, muscular force is used, and the force is transformed into electric force, that gives to the amber, sealing-wax, or ebonite the power of lifting bits of paper, pith-balls, or any light substances. When the force is dissipated, another supply of mechanical energy is necessary to excite the electrical; and we must bear this in mind, that any force generated will give out exactly as much energy as is given to it; but a good deal goes off as heat.

In the ordinary electric machine the electric energy produced is entirely developed from mechanical work; but not all the mechanical work is changed into electricity, for a part of it is dissipated in heat. A very pretty illustration of

mechanical force developing electricity is to take two plates of metal, one of copper, another of zinc; having attached an insulating handle, join to each plate a wire connected with a delicate galvanometer; on gently striking the plates together, a current of electricity is detected by the deflection of the needle, and a similar current is produced on separating them, but the needle will move in the opposite direction. The mere act of stirring up a little milk as it is boiling is sufficient to set free electricity, and even the smallest mechanical action can, under proper control, be shown to produce electricity.

Again, on the other hand, electric action can be changed into mechanical energy or heating energy; and chemical energy can be changed into heat, force, and electric energy.

Take, for example, a current of electricity from a battery: this can be carried by a wire, which must be covered with some insulating substance, several times round a piece of soft iron, as in Fig. 2; the iron at once becomes a magnet. It at once, if free to move, arranges itself north and south, and acts in every way like a permanent magnet. Here the chemical force from the battery is changed into magnetic force, which travels along the wire. In fact, the wire itself acquires magnetic powers, and magnetism is only another form of electricity. If we take a helix of wire by itself, as in Fig. 3, and send through it a current from the battery, the wire becomes strongly magnetized, which may readily be tested. If the N end of a permanent magnet be presented to the N end of the coil, repulsion at once takes place, but if the S end be presented attraction is the result. The wire will also be found to have risen in temperature. A part, therefore, of the chemical force is changed into electrical and a part into heat force.

A bar of iron magnetized from a battery is called an electro-magnet. The difference between a piece of iron that is not magnetized and a magnet is that the former attracts both poles alike, but, in magnets, like poles repel and unlike poles attract.

Several discoveries of the late Sir Humphry Davy were due to the chemical work which he was able to get out of the first really large battery that was made. This was at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, where he put together as many as two thousand cells of copper and zinc couples. With a current from this enormous arrangement,

potassium and sodium were first separated in their elementary form from the salts containing them. With this same arrangement which gave such good chemical results, Sir Humphry Davy first produced the heating effect on two charcoal points at the ends of wires leading from the battery, so as to get a very brilliant electric light. This was the first electric light of any intensity that had ever been witnessed. In this case zinc was being dissolved in the battery by the acid, thus setting free chemical force and heat force of very great intensity. The zinc, in fact, was the fuel employed for supplying the energy.

Still later, M. Gassiot made a much larger battery, consisting of nine thousand couples; but this has been eclipsed by an immensely larger and more powerful arrangement by Dr. Warren De la Rue. This is the largest battery, we believe, that has ever been made, and consists of the enormous number of fourteen thousand six hundred cells, and its results are as magnificent as the proportions of the battery itself.

Electric force developed in this form from batteries at the expense of zinc is too costly for general employment as a mechanical or lighting agent. The electricity employed for all working purposes is more cheaply derived from the combustion of coal, and the battery, for these purposes, has been discarded.

The steam-engine has become our great producer of electric force, and the one object of inventors now is to get out of the engine the utmost electric energy at the least possible cost.

Combined with the steam-engine, we must mention the discovery of the late Dr. Faraday, the discoverer of electro-magnetism, who first contrived a very ingenious machine for showing that not only will a magnet revolve round a wire, carrying a battery current of electricity, but that such a conducting-wire itself will revolve round a magnet. The powerful magneto-dynamic machines that are now used to produce powerful electric currents are the results of the labors of this earnest philosopher. Another important discovery due to Faraday is, that electric currents can be induced or given to wires, or cores of iron, without their being in actual contact with the sources of electricity. The skillful combinations of these principles have been applied in the construction of the Gramme, the Siemens, the Brush, the Bûrgin, and the various other magneto-motor

machines which are now giving us the electric light at a comparatively small cost. A brief description of the earliest and simplest of these machines must suffice for our purpose; the later and more complicated forms are only more complete developments of the same principles.

A very simple experiment will suffice to show even the most uninitiated what is meant by an induced current. If a small permanent magnet be held near to a piece of soft iron, the piece of iron becomes a magnet, and will hold up small pieces of iron or iron filings; on removing the iron from the influence of the magnet, the force disappears, and the pieces of iron no longer cling to it. The same effect is produced if a bar magnet is placed in a coil of wire, also if one coil be inserted within another coil. This was the discovery of Faraday in 1831, and it was very quickly applied in the construction of the various magneto-electric machines. The first was made by causing a magnet to revolve close to a double coil of wire, and this developed in the coil powerful currents of electricity. The next most successful arrangement was that which fixed the battery of permanent magnets and made a double coil of wire to revolve close to and opposite the poles of the

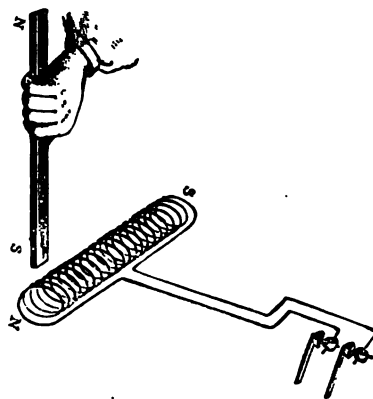


FIG. 3.—A HELIX OF WIRE.

magnet, before which they are rotated with great speed by an endless band carried round the circumference of the axis and of the large wheel. This is known as Clarke's machine, and is shown in Fig. 4. Here again the mechanical energy of turning the handle which rotates the double coil is changed into electric energy, and the more rapid the rotation, the greater the amount of electricity set free.

Just one word of explanation as to how the electric currents are formed.

The cores of the electro-magnets are fixed to an iron plate, so that they really form an electro-magnet of the horse-shoe form. By magnetic repulsion the N end is always opposite the S end of the permanent magnets, and the magnetic intensity is greatest when the electro-magnet is horizontal, as in Fig. 4; but in the course of its rotation it is as often vertical as horizontal, then the current is weakest. Then at every half revolution it will be horizontal, but its magnetism will be reversed, for the coil being reversed, its poles must necessarily be changed. These rotations are, how-

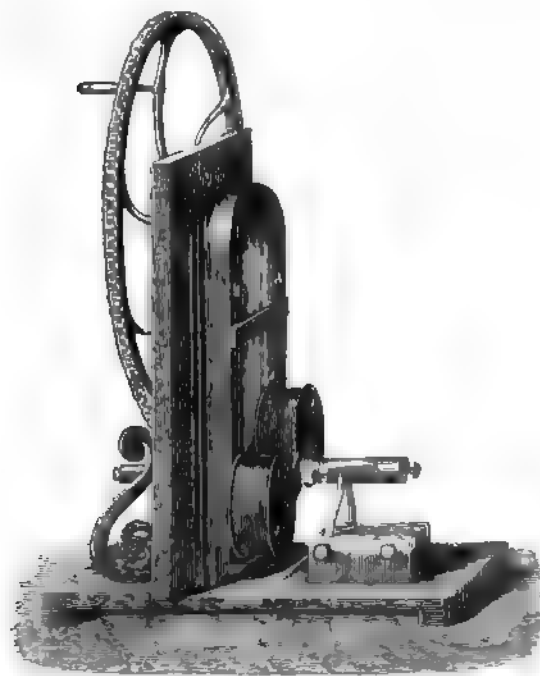


FIG. 4. CLARKE'S MACHINE.

ever, so rapid, and the change of polarity equally rapid, that the effect is apparently to produce a continuous current. This current is conveyed along wires, and can be used for lighting, heating, or chemical work, as may be required. The wires are connected with metallic springs that press continually on the axis of the electro-magnet, which axis is cut in two, and a piece of bone or box-wood inserted, to insulate one-half from the other. The current circulates in one direction only as long as the electro-magnet is passing from one

horizontal position to the other, then it is reversed, and so on during every half rotation.

In this simple machine we have the secret of all the elaborate electro-motors now used for lighting purposes. The permanent magnets are, however, frequently replaced by electro-magnets; or, if permanent magnets are employed, they are generally very weak, for the rapid rotation of the electro-magnet is found to react on the other so that each is immensely strengthened. The magnets are combined in series so as to produce the greatest effect, and the rotation of the armatures in many cases reaches as many as eight hundred revolutions per minute. A small machine of this kind will drive a lathe or work a saw; a large one will give a powerful light, or do such heavy mechanical work as driving looms, turning larger lathes or heavier saws.

As we have referred to both the galvanic battery and the steam-engine as our source of energy for working these machines, we may note this difference. In burning coal a large portion of its energy is dissipated in heat, whereas when a battery is employed nearly eight-ninths of its work is converted into electric energy. One pound of coal, however, will do as much work in a steam-engine in driving a dynamo machine as nine pounds of zinc burnt in a battery; and thirty pounds of coal cost the same as one pound of zinc, which is considerably in favor of coal. We have also several engines well adapted for the purpose of driving dynamo machines, worked entirely by gas. In many respects these gas engines are preferable to the furnace engines in which coal is used, for they are cleaner, and are always ready for work. Falling water may also be employed for developing electric energy. This is not merely an idea, but has been worked out, in fact; for Sir William Armstrong, at Craigside, near New Castle, is now using the water from a running brook to work a turbine which produces a force equal to that of a four-horse-power engine, so, as he says, "the brook lights his house." It has been said that the Falls of Niagara could develop enough electricity to light the whole city of New York, and that the electric current for such a purpose could be brought to that city by means of a small wire. In our sketch we have supposed that the falls are not only able to light the city of New York, but that the electric motors, worked by large turbines, with water diverted from the Falls, could work

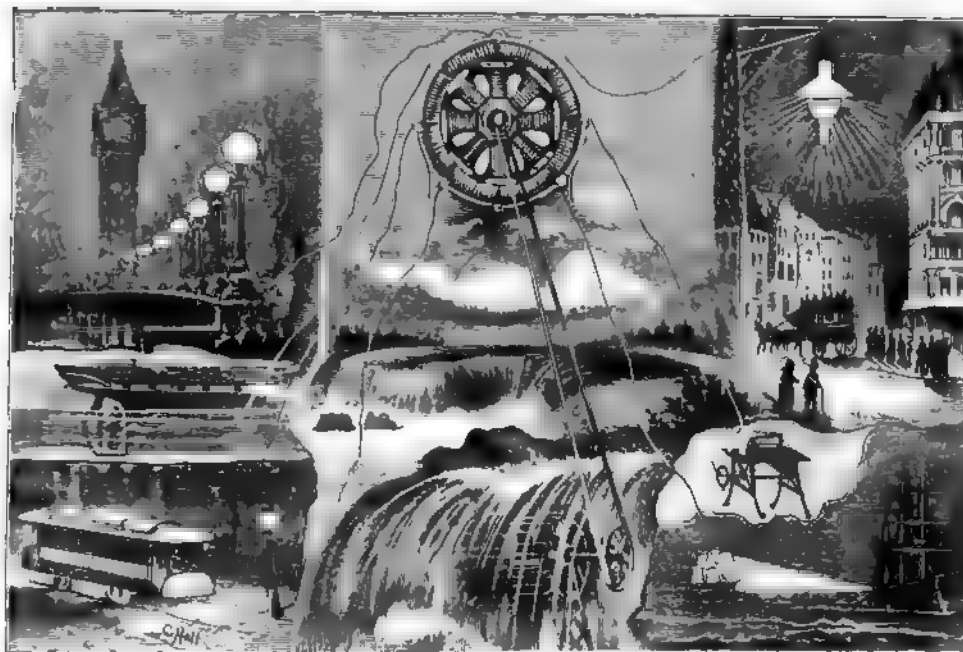


FIG 5—ELECTRIC FORCE FROM THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

looms, drive tram-cars and boats, and supply houses with small currents for working even the sewing machine. On the same principle sufficient energy might be developed by the rise and fall of the tidewater of the Thames to light up a great part of the city of London. With proper application, the greater number of waterfalls and running streams—energy now wasted—could be utilized, and electricity as an illuminator could be cheaply enjoyed. Windmills could even be employed for the purpose; but the uncertainty of this force could not be relied upon, so that as a substitute merely could it be employed.

The various methods by which electricity is best conveyed from the generator to the spot where it is destined to perform its work must be left out here. Some philosophers of the present day have proposed that we should have gigantic central engines to work dynamo-electric machines, and from these wires should be laid conveying a current of electricity to various towns requiring it for work of different kinds. These engines, if steam were employed, should be near to our coal-pits, so as to cheapen as much as possible the cost of production. If placed at the bottom of the coal-pit, the fuel for such an engine could be used

without even the cost of bringing the fuel to the surface.

In our remarks we have confined our attention mostly to electricity employed for lighting purposes. We are not limited to this use, for it is already being employed to drive a locomotive in Paris; and a railway made at Berlin, by Messrs. Siemens, is still successfully at work, while an experiment of the same kind is going on at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham; this may be a mere beginning of its use for putting off our lines the engines worked by steam. Electricity for driving engines on the Metropolitan lines of railway, on our various tram lines, and especially on such a line as is proposed for the channel tunnel scheme, would be a very great advantage over the now old steam-engine system. Not the least advantage of using electricity for purposes of locomotion would be the lighter construction of cars, lines, and bridges, thus cheapening considerably the first cost of construction. Another advantage would be that every car would carry its own motor, and would therefore be more easily controlled, both for stopping and propelling purposes.

When electricity is employed either for lighting or engine purposes, the air is not contaminated by

carbonic acid gas and other poisonous products which make ventilation a matter of so much difficulty in all tunnel schemes. Electricity may also be used for heating purposes—water can be readily boiled by its application.

We have not, in this paper, answered our first question, but we have shown how readily electricity can be developed from other forces, and how easily it can be itself converted into an energy of another kind. What electricity will do for us in the future we will not attempt to predict beyond this, that it admits of being employed in so very many ways that it undoubtedly will do more for us than the most enthusiastic among us have ever yet ventured to hope. Even while we write, we see that a Frenchman has discovered an arrangement by which electricity can be stored in small quantities and made available for household lighting and work-shop appliances.

Sir William Thomson's experiments on this battery arrangement are so interesting and important that we cannot close this paper without taking some notice of them.

The battery itself, which is called a secondary battery because it receives its charge of electricity from either a dynamo machine or another battery, is the invention of M. Faure. It consists of two lead plates covered with red lead enclosed in felt and, to keep them in small space, rolled up. Those sent to Sir William Thomson consisted of four separate batteries, each rolled into a spiral of about five inches in diameter and ten inches in height. They contained alternate sheets of metallic lead and lead-oxide wrapped in felt, moistened with acidulated water. The whole was enclosed in a wooden box of about a cubic foot and weighed seventy-five pounds. The electrodes were flattened down outside the box, and the battery, after being charged by M. Faure at Paris, on a Tuesday, reached Sir William Thomson at Glasgow late on the Thursday evening following, or about seventy-two hours after it was charged. "This wonderful box of electricity," as Sir William Thomson called it, "held in the space of one cubic foot a power equivalent to nearly one million of foot-pounds." Imagine this box, brought all the way from Paris to Glasgow, with its store of electric energy which could be used in any way and at any time, and losing none in its transit!

This storing of preserved energy for use at any

time has long been a problem that electricians have endeavored to solve. As Sir William Thomson says, "It is an aspiration which he scarcely expected, or hoped to see realized." Should the severe tests that this eminent electrician is carrying out prove satisfactory, the problem may then be said to be fairly solved.

One very interesting application was of a surgical kind, and is given by Sir William Thomson as follows: "A few days ago my colleague, Professor George Buchanan, carried away from my laboratory one of the lead cells, weighing about eighteen pounds, in his carriage, and by it ignited the thick platinum wire of a galvanic *écraseur*, and bloodlessly removed a nævoid tumor from the tongue of a young boy in about a minute of time. The operation would have occupied over ten minutes if performed by the ordinary chain *écraseur*, as it must have been had the Faure cell not been available, because in the circumstances the surgical electrician, with his paraphernalia of voltaic battery to be set up beforehand, would not have been practically admissible."

The announcement that this marvelous box contained a stored energy equal to a million foot-pounds seemed startling. As the amount of energy given out by a machine is always reckoned by what engineers call "units of work," it is well to know what it means. The work required to lift one pound one foot high is called "one unit of work," and to raise one pound ten feet, or ten pounds one foot high, would be ten units of work. So the energy of the electricity stored in this small box was capable, by its proper application to a machine, of raising ten thousand pounds one hundred feet high. The wonderful part is, however, that a portion of the energy can be used at one place and a portion at another, and it may be drawn off, as it were, in driblets for purposes requiring small power, and its total results would be equal to a force required to raise one million pounds one foot high. The energy of this battery can be used for lighting, heating, or mechanical work, or it can be divided among all these purposes. We may therefore in a short time probably be able to get in a store of electricity to light our houses, work the sewing machine, turn a lathe, or boil our kettle, and when this supply is finished send the box back to be freshly filled. This store of energy, how-

ever, must be obtained at a cost less than that of gas to make it popular. But we only have to wait.

In Mr. Hunt's most excellent work, entitled "Poetry of Science" we meet with this ex-

pression, which seems to be every year nearer its fulfillment: "Electricity and mechanics promise to subdue both time and space." What, then, will be the future of the energy of electricity?

LORA.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

ELEVENTH MOVEMENT.—REVELATION.

As when the leaves of a rose that has bloomed for its season
Loosen and fall, and the breeze wafts them out of the
garden,

Thus were the petals of sunset from heaven descending,
Drifting away in the twilight, and melting in shadow.
Lora had roamed through the house and the cool, quiet
orchard

Ever since mid-afternoon; for her heart was so restless!
Soon 'twould be time for the tryst; both her parents were
absent;

Also the children had gone to the field with their mother,
Bearing the laborer's lunch, and the pail of cold water.

"I shall be back before sunset," the mother had promised.

"Tend well the toll, and remember to set on the kettle."
So the poor child was alone with her love and her con-
science!

Fiercely they strove, and their arrows of fire pierced her
spirit.

Wounded and driven of both, in her anguish she faltered,
Sank on her knees at the feet of the passionless Virgin,
'Splendent with beads, and embossed on a bright-colored
background.

"Mother of Jesus, befriend me!" she cried to the picture;
But the calm face only smiled on the love-stricken maiden!

Then she arose, and fled up to the dim, silent attic,
Gazed o'er the fields through the four dusty panes of the
window,

Moaning, "Oh, mother! dear mother! come back ere the
dusk falls!"

"Toll!" cried a loud, angry voice. And the maiden
descended,

Undid the gate, and looked down, in a piteous silence,
While the rude trav'ler complained of his trifling detention.
When he was gone, and the sound of the wheels on the
sand-bar

Echoed no more in her ears with remembrance of insult,
Lora looked forth on the water. Behold, in the distance,
Dipped a white sail, like a bird of the wave, in obeisance.

"Love, thou art coming!" she cried; and a passionate
gladness,

Flooding her soul, seemed to rise from the rosy-hued water.

* * * * *
Just as the first evening star to her Hesperus chamber
Silently climbed, and the sombre-browed queen of the night-
time

Swept up the sky, and sat down in the terrible zenith,
Farmer Laroix hastened back, followed close by his children,
Unto the toll-house, and entered the dark, silent kitchen.

There, by the hearth, sat the mother, her gray-sprinkled
tresses

Sweeping her knees, and her face in her meagre hands
buried.

"Theresa! what means it?" the father cried, sharply and
quickly.

"Where is our child?—where is Lora? Speak out, I com-
mand thee!"

Still the bowed figure stirred not, and the silence was painful;
Even the clock on the mantel ticked harder and louder,
Staring with round, frightened face at the faces beneath it!

Thereupon Farmer Laroix seized the hands of the woman,
Tore them away from her face, and with eyes flashing fierce-
ness,

Bade her speak out, by the pledge of her wifely submission.
Then she, obeying, rose up, and the folds of her garment
Straightened and shook, and a paper fell out from among
them

Onto the floor, and was lost in the gathering darkness.
Straightway the father groped round on the floor till he
found it;

Then, by the light of a candle, they all read together:
"Lora's last words to her parents and brothers and sisters:
I have gone forth, and am no more of your part forever.
God bless you all! is the prayer of your daughter and sister."

"Now may great God hear *my* prayer!" cried the suffering
father;

"Grant me Thine aid, and conduct me to him who beguiled
her!"

Straightway he dashed from the house, and his steps in the
distance

Died like a furious wind in the forest at midnight.
So he rushed on till he came to the bay of the half-moon.
Southward he gazed, and beheld in the distance a whiteness
Fading away like a face in the veil of the moonlight.

Then o'er the still level tide came the laugh of Luke
Gleason,

Also the creak of the boom, as he drew the sheet tighter.

"So she is gone!" moaned the father; "yes, happy and
willing!

Gone with her lover, and left us forlorn and forsaken.

Thus let it be: from my heart will I cast out the false one.
Others there are who have grieved, all these years, for her
portion.

Poor little ones! how the false, selfish maiden has wronged
you,

Making our love all her own, and then spurning it from
her!

Lora—farewell! thou hast showed me thyself, and I thank
thee.

Thou wert too fond to know aught of the love everlasting!
Smiles and caresses were all that thou gavest thy father,—
Smiles and caresses are all thou canst bring to thy lover.
Sometime, perhaps, thou'lt return, with thy husband, before
me.

Then will I say to thee, 'Child, take my blessing! I owe it;
For thou hast taught me life's lesson,—the hardest, the truest:
Set not thine heart upon idols—they perish with having!'"

(Concluded.)

WILD FRUIT.

BY JAMES SHAW.

How long have our lips been purple and our
fingers pink, stained with the delightful juices of
berries which never clog, plucked beside streams
and woods, and eaten at the same table at which
blackbird and chaffinch dine? No doubt all are
boys and girls, whatever their age, who twist
themselves round the boles of trees, leap over the
mountain torrents with long crooks, crawl up
rough precipices, or thread dripping woods to
cull wild fruits in their season; but the boys and
girls who speak for themselves here are those who
wend their way home from school in the long
sunny days of summer or the soberer evenings of
autumn in rural sections where acres are numerous
and inhabitants few.

With rain-washed faces we went out a-Maying
while our very vacant stomachs had to content
themselves with leaves and roots. So we chewed
wood-sorrel, and dug for earth-nuts, and put cress
between leaves of buttered cake. But by and by
came June and July, and as we groped for trouts
at the edge of mossy, flower-crested boulders, we
espied among tufts of heather, or under fragrant
birches on the snowy banks, that bilberries or
blaeberrries were ripe; so, with cautious eyes for
adders, we unwound our tucked-up trousers,
crawled through beds of sweet mountain fern, or
bruised the perfume out of the thyme which was
making ant hillocks red.

Fingers, tongues, and lips kept time while sunny
showers and rainbows came and went, while larks
were singing in chorus and disks of wild-roses
were growing broader. When parched lips were
sufficiently moistened, we girls folded up stores of
purple berries in our dadles, or long pinafores,
and so many of us boys whose bonnets were not
mere riddles let ourselves down precipitous banks

with southern exposures, and harvested the wild
strawberries.

And now we cross the stream. How warm it
is! Drop a stone into the dark-brown water of
the pool and the sound will tell how deep it is.
It is the signal for a dive, and soon we are screaming
and fluttering, dancing in the fresh flood or
rnnning races over the daisies of the long level
holm, drying ourselves in the sun.

We held out our tanned fingers to August, for
it filled them with varieties. There was a squalling
as of rooks among the bird-cherry or hag-
berry-trees, and amid the crackling of branches
our cheeks, lips, and fingers got inked all over
with the juice of the astringent little black dots,
many of whose stones slipping over the gullet
gave gastric juice a hard pull. Roadside, wood-
side, burnside meantime glowed with raspberries or
hindberries, of finer flavor than those in gardens;
and were it not for greedy worms that breed
within them and the persistent demand for them
made by parched haymakers and traveling tinkers,
who spoil as much as they pluck, we could have
lived all day on bread, milk, and raspberries, and
taken others home in rush-woven baskets for the
babies.

September and vacation-time has come, and the
wild cherries, or geans, as we call them, are get-
ting first glittering red and then glittering black
and ripe. Few were the songs of blackbirds and
thrushes in spring, for the frightfully cold winter
seemed to have nearly killed them out, and so
the dainty wild cherries have been plentiful this
year.

There is no wild fruit like geans. Our throats
are as black as the back of an oven with them,
and we can never get enough. What trees are



yon, looking rusty-red at bow-shot distance, though the change of leaf has not yet come? We know what gives them that color. It is the berries of the rowan, or mountain-ash, that are now growing ripe and gay. How often this tree grows just where landscape-painters would have planted it, hanging over



cascades or holding on amid the clefts of the rocks! In spring we girls stuck the globe-flower in our hair, having first unfolded its petals, that seem unwilling to share the light. In summer we pinned dog-roses to our breasts, and now we have necklaces of rowan berries as red as coral. But when we eat our necklaces they set our teeth on edge, they are so sour. The berries of the guelder-rose, dog-berries, in our parlance, are as pretty and as lustrous, but they must not be eaten; and after all, they taste like water with ever so little sugar.

October, with shorter days, creeps over our woods, making the trees by the water-courses and around the fine houses like the colors around the setting sun. But still the pastures are as green as they were in May, and afford a fine setting for the colored foliage and the russet hues of the withering brakes. Wayside and woodside bramble-berries slowly begin to get red and then dark and delicious, and at the end of the month we might have of them to preserve, but that in spring the bushes are mercilessly cut down, because their long thorns tear the wool off the sheep. Choops—that is, the heaps of the wild-roses—oval or round, smooth or hairy, must not delay us too much, for twilight comes too soon. What time the haws of the thorn-trees get soft and mealy, when you see the blackcock and squirrel among their branches, ere the Evil One has touched them on All Hallows Eve, you may, after eating to pleasure, have bushels of them to adorn toy-houses or patterns sculptured in the river sand.

Do you ask who these are, with little pillow-slips over their arms, all zigzagging in the direction of the hazel covers?

These are boys and girls making for the nut harvest. When the harvest is plentiful, we attack the scraggy wood as soldiers taking a city by assault. Mounted on each other's shoulders, we shake the trees, we bend the branches, and by hook or by crook we gather the nutty clusters in. The wood-cutters on the other side of the glen and the old woman and girl raising potatoes in

the croft below have stopped work to look at the half dozen roebucks whose noontide nap we have broken, and who are now bounding over grassy glade and winstone fence far more gracefully than any horse over a hurdle.

The crab-apples and the bullaces have also their admirers, but they grow only in favored spots, far apart, and are not ripe until the time of turnip-raising. The bullaces this year are in the middle of a field grazed by an uncanny bull, whose bellowing is as those of Bashan. Who dare tack and veer around those awful horns? None but the brave, and that by setting sentinels, as rooks do when plundering our potatoes in spring.

Girls only care for the crab-trees' beautiful blossoms, but boys eat anything, and will go miles for juniper berries, and dangle by each other's legs down the sides of precipitous linnns for stone-brambles, or climb high hills and lose themselves in mists for cloudberrries. Have you ever seen them? Knot-berries, we call them; color of an orange and taste of a plum. They fled to the hills when the warm period set in after the glaciers went away, and won't come down to grow in the vales.

As the year draws to a close, berries and berry-hunting wear past, except the sloes, that are never palatable till touched with frost, unless you pull them and ripen them in meal. Close on Christmas big brothers apprenticed in towns scour the woods for holly-berries for the shop windows. On some sunny Saturday in mid-winter the purple bloom feebly revisits our lips and tips our fingers and then fades away, not again to appear until birds are fledged and grasses are in seed. While a drop of ink remains, it may be as well to explain that there are still fairies who are fond of us ragged red-cheeked urchins, with our disheveled locks, touching with their wands our banquets in the fields and giving them a bloom, flavor, and perfume inexpressible; but if you exchange rags for silks, and sit on cushions ready to be served, or even offer money, the fairy won't touch the choicest fruits that ever boy or bird desired, and so the charm of them passes away.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXIV.—"WINTER OF PALE MISFORTUNE."

AT Yoresett House the winter promised to be a winter indeed; a "winter of pale misfortune." For three days after her conversation with old Mrs. Paley, Judith maintained silence, while her heart felt as if it were slowly breaking. She had revolved a thousand schemes in her mind. Strange and eerie thoughts had visited her in her desolation. She loved her two sisters with all the love of her intense and powerful nature. She cherished them, and always had done; she was capable of self-immolation for their sakes. But her reason, which was as strong as her heart (which combination made her what she was), told her that in this case self-immolation would be vain. Rhoda might be left unconscious and happy for the present, but Delphine must know the truth, and that soon. Immolation would be required from her also. Judith shuddered as she thought of it. When her younger sisters casually mentioned Randulf Danesdale's name, and laughed and jested with one another about him, Judith felt as if some one had suddenly dealt her a stab, or a blow, which took away her breath.

Was there no help? she asked herself. Could this sacrifice by no means be avoided? if *she* kept her lips forever sealed, sacrificed her own future, let them go their way, and took upon herself never to leave, and never to betray that mother who—she resolutely refused, even to herself, to call her mother's deed by any name, repeating, "It was for our sakes, I suppose; it was out of love for her children, as she thought." Would not that do? Were Delphine and Rhoda to bear the punishment for a sin which had been committed before they were born?

More than once a gleam of hope crossed her spirit; she almost thought that her plan would answer. Then came the argument:

"No. You must not allow this affair to go farther. You must not allow one of *your* family to enter that of Sir Gabriel Danesdale, whose unstained name and unsullied honor are his pride and delight. You would let your sister marry a man, for you know he wishes to marry her—she all unconscious as well as he of what hung over

her. You might resolve never to betray the secret, but you can never be perfectly certain that it will not leak out. Some day Randulf *might* discover the truth—and what might he not in his bitterness do or say? Besides, it would be wrong; that is all that concerns you. Do not dally any longer with this chimerical, wicked plan."

She could see no other solution to the question. She closed her eyes—closed her heart, and hardened it against the contemplation of that anguish which was to come; and after waiting three whole days she went to Delphine on the afternoon of the fourth, when the girl was up-stairs with her painting. Rhoda was out. Mrs. Conisbrough was taking her afternoon rest.

Delphine turned a smiling face to her sister. Of late she had bloomed out more lovely than ever. Neither cold nor poverty nor gloomy prospects had had the power to impair her beauty and its development. In her heart she carried a secret joy which was life and light, hope and riches to her. She was going to spend a very happy afternoon. But Judith's presence never disturbed her. She called to her to shut the door, because the wind was cold, and to come and look at her picture, and her voice as she spoke rang clear as a bell.

"Yes," said Judith, "and I have something to say to you which it would not be well for any one to overhear."

She closed the door, and sat down. She trembled and felt faint: she could not stand. It was one thing, and one that was bad enough, to hear the horrid story from other lips; it was another—and a ghastly one—to have to tell it with her own, to her innocent sister. To speak to Delphine about such things—to let her see them near—seemed to Judith to be insulting her. But it had to be done. She gathered up her courage in both hands, as it were, and began.

The conversation was not a long one. It was begun in low tones, which grew ever fainter, and more hesitating. When Judith at last rose again from her chair, and looked at Delphine, the latter looked to her former self exactly what a dead girl looks compared with one living—as a lily after a

thunder-storm has battered and shattered and laid it low, in comparison with the same flower in the dewy calm of an early summer morning.

The elder girl stood with her white lips, and her fixed eyes, and constrained expression, looking upon the other, waiting for her to utter some word. But none came. Delphine—her face blanched within its frame of waving golden hair, her eyes fixed as if upon some point thousands of miles away, to which something she loved had withdrawn itself—was motionless and silent.

Judith at last stretched out her hands and exclaimed :

“Delphine, if you do not speak, I shall go mad ! Give me my due—give me the wretched consolation of hearing you say that I could not have done otherwise.”

Delphine smiled lightly, and her gaze came abruptly to earth again. She saw her sister, and said softly :

“Poor Judith ! No. You could have done nothing else. But you don’t expect me to thank you for it, do you ?”

“Delphine !”

“You could have done nothing, But you see you had nothing to lose. I had all the world—all the world.”

She turned away. Judith went out of the room, away to her own chamber—seeing nothing, hearing nothing. She locked herself up, and, for the first time giving way, cast herself in an utter abandonment of anguish upon her bed, and buried her face in the pillow ; thinking that it would be good for her if she could never see the sun again. If Delphine had known—but she did not know—she never should know. But if she had known—if the story of her sister’s heart for the last fortnight could have been laid bare before her—would she have turned away with a few cold words, as she had done—hugging her own grief—oblivious that others could have any ?

“No, no ! Judith swore to herself, with passionate fervor, her sweet sister could not have been so wrapped, so engrossed in herself. She should not know—it would only add poignancy to the anguish she was obliged to endure. The worst, surely, had been consummated, but she did not dare to think of Delphine alone, up-stairs.

The worst, morally considered, was perhaps over, but there were trials yet to come, which were bad to bear. They heard, as in a tiny

country town everything is heard, of Aglionby’s departure for Irkford. Then November set in, and the days became shorter, darker, and colder. Mrs. Conisbrough grew more and more fretful and feeble, and still talked sometimes of consulting some other lawyer, of disputing John Aglionby’s will, and held forth on Bernard’s greed and injustice in a manner which used to send Judith flying up-stairs to pace about her room with every feeling in a state of the wildest tumult.

It was too cold for Delphine to pursue her work up-stairs. The girls had nothing to do ; nothing on which to spend their energies. When the few domestic things were arranged, they had the whole day before them, with absolutely no pressing occupation of any kind. The situation grew hideous and ghastly to Judith. She and her sisters preserved their physical health by means of the regular walks which, so long as it did not actually snow or rain, they took daily. And Delphine had a fitful gayety which oppressed her sister, while neither long walks nor arduous work nor anything else put the faintest flush into Judith’s cheek nor called any spontaneous smile to her lips.

She took longer walks than her sisters, went out oftener alone ; penetrated to wilder recesses, more desolate spots than they did. She was, in her stature and her strength, a daughter of the gods, and had always been able to tire out both her sisters, while she herself felt no trace of fatigue. She did not fear the strange and lonely hills ; they had a weird fascination for her, and in this her trouble she was wont often to seek their silent company.

One afternoon, in a wilder and bitterer mood than usual, she had gone out, and, walking fast and far, had found herself at last on the uppermost ridge of a wild mountain road. From where she stood she could see on the one hand into Danesdale—her home, dear to her, despite what she had suffered there ; on the other, into grim Swaledale—always dark and wild, but, in this winter weather, savage and desolate beyond description. Just below her, in the mountain-side, were some ghastly holes in the limestone, of the kind known in Yorkshire as “pots ;” all were grim-looking apertures, but close to where Judith sat she saw the jaws of one of them yawning at her : it was the deepest of all—no one had ever succeeded in fathoming it. Both Rhoda and Delphine disliked this spot, which indeed had a bad name, as being dangerous

to traverse after twilight, and haunted furthermore by a "boggart," who dwelt in this biggest and deepest limestone "pot." Judith had never feared the place. She sat there now, casting an occasional glance at the ugly hole, with its ragged jaws, and her thoughts gathered in darkness and bitterness.

She had been reading a book—a biography, one out of several volumes lately sent to her by Dr. Lowther. It was the Letters and Memoirs of a certain great lady, then not long dead. This great lady had been thrown from her earliest youth into the midst of the gay and busy world. She had lived at courts, and for many years her companions had been courtiers. Even that had been a busy life. Even its recital made Judith's heart throb with envy as she read of it; but when the narrative went on to relate how this lady met a great statesman, politician, and party-leader, and married him, and how her house became a rendezvous of every kind of noted and illustrious men and women, and how for the rest of her long career, not a day, scarce an hour remained unoccupied; how to the very last the game of politics, that most thrilling and best worth playing of all games, remained open to her, and she continued to be an influence in it—then it was that Judith felt her restless longings grow into a desire to *do*, so intense as to be almost torture. This afternoon, alone on the hill-top, she thought of it, and reflected:

"Some women have that—they have everything, and others have *nothing*. I do not want that. I should be thankful for a very little—for a few hours of daily work that must be done—but I cannot get it. It is not right—it is not just that any one should be doomed to a life like mine. How am I different from others? I am as much like other women as Shylock, though a Jew, was like Christians. Yet I have to do without almost everything which other women of my condition have; and I may not even work like women who are born to labor. This woman, whose life I have read, was a clever woman—a born woman of the world. I am not that, I know, but I have sense enough and more than enough to do some of the plain, rough work of the world, and to do it well, if I had it. And I may not. I may sit here and wish I was dead. I may take country walks, and save sixpences, and nourish my mind and soul with wool-work. Oh, what *are* women sent into the world for—women like me, that is? Not

even to 'suckle fools and chronicle small-beer' it seems, but to do nothing. To be born, to vegetate through a term of years—to know that there is a great living world somewhere outside your dungeon, and to wish that you were in it. To eat your heart out in weariness; to consume your youth in bitterness; to grow sour and envious, and old and wretched, to find all one's little bit of enthusiasm gradually grow cold. To care only for the warmth of the fire, and the creature comforts that are left—to linger on, growing more tired and more fretful, and then to die. It is worse than that iron room which grew every day narrower, till it closed upon its inmate and crushed him to death—much worse, for that was over in a few weeks; *this* may last fifty, sixty years. If this is to be my life, I had better read no more. To lead that life, and not go mad, one wants an empty head, an ignorant mind, and a contempt for all intelligence, and I am, by some hideous mistake, destitute of all those qualities."

She smiled in bitter mockery of herself: she felt a kind of grim contempt for herself. And she looked again toward the mouth of the hole in the hill-side.

She rose up, went up to it, and stood beside it. A head that was not very steady must have reeled on looking down into the silent blackness of the chasm, from whose subterranean depths strangely tortured pillars of gray rock ascended, clothed near the surface with the most exquisite mosses and ferns, of that delicate beauty only found in limestone growths. A few fronds of hart's-tongue fern were yet green; a few fairy tufts of the cobwebby *Cystopteris fragilis*, and some little plumes of the black maidenhair spleenwort.

"You beautiful little fringes round a sepulchre!" thought Judith. "If I made a step down there, my grave would receive me and hush me to sleep in its arms. No one would ever know. I should rest quietly there; and who could have a finer tomb?"

She looked around again at the wild fells; still, grand, and immovable. From her earliest childhood her imagination had always connected certain images with certain hills. Addleborough, down below there, at the other side of Danesdale, was like a blacking-brush in some way. Penhill was smiling; it reminded her of sunny days and picnics. Great Whernside, looking dim in the far distance, was like an old bald head of a giant.

Great Shunner Fell, at the head of Swaledale, under one of whose mighty sides she even now stood, had always put her in mind of secrets, of death, storm, and darkness; perhaps because of the many tales she had heard of the treacherous river which was one of the streams springing from it. Turning again toward Dalesdale, she saw a tiny corner of Shennamere, peeping out from under the shoulder of a great hill. A faint ray of sunshine touched it. Judith's face changed. Scar Foot was there—and Bernard Aglionby.

"I'm sure his creed never told him to throw himself into a hole when things went wrong with him," she said to herself; and, turning her back upon Shunner Fell and the ugly "pot," she walked swiftly homeward.

As she arrived at the door of her home, a man in livery rode up with a note. It was one of the Dalesdale servants.

Judith took the note from him. He said he had not been told to wait for an answer, and rode away. The note was directed to Mrs. Conisbrough. Judith took it in and gave it to her mother. She opened it, looked at it, and said:

"It seems like a card of invitation. Read it, Rhoda; I haven't my glasses here."

Rhoda read out, in a loud and important voice:

"Sir Gabriel and Miss Danesdale request the pleasure of Mrs. and the Misses Conisbrough's company, on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 31st. Dancing at 8.30."

"R. S. V. P."

"How absurd to send such a thing!" remarked Rhoda, flicking it with her finger. "It is that horrid, spiteful Philippa's doing. I know she hates us, and she knows that none of you can go, so she adds insult to injury in that way."

"Nonsense, Rhoda!" said Judith. "She has simply done her duty in sending the invitation. It is for us to take it or leave it, and of course that means, leave it."

"Of course," echoed Delphine, whose face had flushed, and whose hand trembled so that her work suffered.

"I do wish," observed Mrs. Conisbrough, in a voice of intense irritation, "that I might be allowed to have *some* voice in the regulation of my own affairs. I must say, you all forget yourselves strangely. The invitation is addressed to me, and it is for me to say whether it shall be accepted or not. I intend to go to the ball, and

I intend you, Judith and Delphine, to go with me."

"Mother!" broke from both the girls at once.

Mrs. Conisbrough's face was flushed. There was the sanguine hue, the ominous look in her eyes, which, as Judith well knew, betokened very strong internal excitement, and which Dr. Lowther had repeatedly told her was "bad, very bad." She felt it was dangerous to oppose her mother, yet she could not yield without a word, to what appeared to her in her consternation an idea lit le short of insane. Accordingly, as Mrs. Conisbrough did not answer their first exclamation, Judith pursued gently, yet with determination:

"How can we possibly go?"

"What is there to prevent your going?" asked her mother, trifling nervously with her tea-spoon, and with tightened lips and frowning brows. "We are equal to any of those who will be there, and a great deal superior to *some*."

"Yes, I know; but the money, mother, in the first place. We can hardly present ourselves in spotted muslins, and I really do not know of any more elegant garments that we possess."

She strove to speak jestingly, but there was a bitter earnest in her words.

"Pray leave that to me. I am not so utterly destitute as you seem to imagine. Of course you will require new dresses, and you will have them."

This information was certainly something unexpected to the girls. Judith, however, advanced her last argument, one which she had been unwilling to use before.

"Mother," she said, "you know we—we are in mourning. Uncle Aglionby will not have been dead three months, and—and—every one will talk."

Mrs. Conisbrough's eyes flashed fire.

"It is for that very reason that I shall make a point of going," she said. "I recognize no claim on my respect in that man's memory. I consider the opportunity is a providential one. Half the county will be at the ball, and they shall know—they shall see for themselves, who it is that has been passed over, in order that an upstart clerk, or shopman, or something, may be raised into the place which ought to have been mine and yours."

"Mother!" exclaimed Judith, in an accent of agony, while the two other girls sat still; Delphine pale again, her eyes fixed on the ground; Rhoda looking from one to the other with a startled

expression, this being the first she had known of any dispute between her mother and sisters.

"Be silent!" said Mrs. Conisbrough, turning upon Judith angrily; "and do not add to my troubles by opposing me in this unseemly manner. I intend you to go to the dance, and will hear no further complaints. Please to write to Miss Danesdale, accepting her invitation, and let it go to the post to-morrow. As for your dresses, there is time enough to think about them afterward."

Judith felt that there was no more to be said. She was silent, but her distress, as she thought of the coming ordeal, only augmented, until the prospect before her filled her with the most inordinate dread. In anticipation she saw the eyes of "half the county" turned upon them as they entered, and upon Bernard Aglionby, who of course would be there too. It was exactly the kind of thing from which every fibre of her nature shrank away in utter distaste, which attained almost to horror. The whole exhibition would be useless. It would simply be to make themselves, their poverty, and their disappointment a laughing-stock for the prosperous and well-to-do people who had gossiped over them, and what had happened to them—who would, if they had had John Aglionby's money, received them with open arms as old friends, just as they had already received Bernard as a new one.

And her mother? That was a terror in addition. She knew that Mrs. Conisbrough could not go through such an evening without strong agitation—agitation almost as violent as that which had made her ill at Scar Foot? Suppose anything of the kind happened at Danesdale Castle? The idea was too terrible. It made Judith feel faint in anticipation. But the more she thought of it, the less she could see her way out of it all. She scarcely dared speak to Delphine, who, however, said very little about it. Judith at last asked her almost timidly:

"What is to be done, Del? How are we to escape?"

"We cannot escape," replied Delphine composedly. "The only thing is to let mamma have her own way, and say nothing. The more we oppose her, the worse it will be for us."

She would say no more. After all, thought Judith, it was only natural. She could not expect Delphine to expatiate upon her feelings in advance of the event.

Surely never before was preparation made for a ball by two young and beautiful girls with less lightness of heart. Everything about it was loathsome to Judith. Her heart rebelled when her mother informed her, shortly and decidedly, that out of the small sum of money which she had at different times saved, she intended to get them what she called "proper and suitable dresses, such as no one could find any fault with."

To Judith's mind it was like throwing so much life-blood away—not for its own sordid sake, but because of what it represented. It would have gone a long way toward helping them to remove from Yoresett, and that was now the goal to which all her thoughts turned. But Mrs. Conisbrough was not to be gainsaid. She ordered the dresses from a fashionable milliner in York, and they arrived about ten days before the ball. The girls looked askance at the box containing the finery. It might have held a bomb, which would explode as soon as it was opened. Mrs. Conisbrough desired them to try their gowns on that night, that she might see how they fitted, and judge of the effect. It was a scene at once painful in the extreme, and yet dashed with a kind of cruel pleasure. Mrs. Conisbrough had herself planned and ordered exactly how the dresses were to be made, and she had a fine natural taste in such matters.

Judith put on her garment without so much as looking at herself in the glass, unheeding all Rhoda's enraptured exclamations. Delphine, as her slender fingers arranged the wreath of dewy leaves upon her corsage, felt her heart thrill involuntarily as she caught a glimpse of her own beauty, and thought of what might have been and what was.

"Now, you are ready. Go down and let mamma see!" cried Rhoda, who had been acting as Abigail, in an ecstasy. "Oh, it may be very extravagant, Judith, but surely it is worth paying something for, to be beautifully dressed and look lovely, if only for one evening!"

They went into a bare, big dining-room where there was less furniture and more room to turn round than in the parlor they usually inhabited. Rhoda lighted all the available lamps and candles and called to her mother, and Mrs. Conisbrough came to look at her daughters in their ball-dresses, as a happier woman might have done.

Judith's was a long, perfectly plain amber silk,

cut square behind and before, with sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder, and with no trimming except a little fine old lace, with which Mrs. Conisbrough had supplied the milliner. It was a severely simple dress, and in its rich folds and perfect fit it showed off to perfection the beauty of the woman who wore it.

Judith Conisbrough could not help looking like a queen in this brave attire; she could not help moving and glancing like a queen, and would always do so, in whatever garb she was attired, to whatever station of life she were reduced. She stood pale and perfectly still as her mother came in. She *could* not smile; she could not look pleased or expectant.

The mother caught her breath as her eyes fell upon her eldest girl, and then turned to Delphine, whose dress of silk and gauze was of the purest white, enfolding her like a cloud, and trimmed with knots and wreaths of white heather-bells and small ferns; one little tuft of them nestled low down in her hair.

Delphine looked, as Rhoda had once prophesied unto her that she would, "a vision of beauty." Her face was ever so little flushed, and in her golden eyes there was a light of suppressed excitement.

"Mother, mother! aren't they *lovely*?" cried poor Rhoda, her buoyant paces subdued to a processional sedateness as she circled slowly about the two radiantly-clad figures.

"Of course they are!" said Mrs. Conisbrough curtly, still biting her lip with repressed agitation, but criticising every frill and every flower with the eyes of a woman and a connoisseur. "I defy any of the girls who will be there to surpass them—if they approach them."

She continued to survey them for some little time, breathing quickly, while Judith still stood motionless, her eyes somewhat downcast, wondering wretchedly whether this horrible finery *must* be worn, if this dreadful ordeal was in no way to be avoided?

Raising her eyes, full of sadness, they met those of her mother. Did Mrs. Conisbrough read anything in them? She started suddenly, drew out her handkerchief and put it to her eyes, exclaiming brokenly and passionately:

"Why cannot I have this pleasure, like other mothers? Surely I have a right to it?"

A spasm contracted Judith's heart. No—there

was the rub. She had no right to it. It was all a phantom show—all stolen; wrong, from beginning to end. Turning to Delphine, she said, rather abruptly:

"Well, I'm going to take my gown off again. Will you come, too?"

As they went toward their rooms, she thought:

"It cannot be worse. I cannot feel more degraded and ashamed, even at the ball itself."

During the days that passed between this "dress rehearsal," as Rhoda called it, and the ball, Mrs. Conisbrough's health and spirits drooped, but she still maintained her intention of going to Danesdale Castle. Judith said nothing—what could she say? And Delphine was as silent as herself. Once Randolph Danesdale had called. They had been out, and had missed him. Judith was thankful. They had seen nothing of Aglionby, of course. It was understood that he was away from home. It was quite certain that he was away at Christmas-time.

Three days before the ball came off, Mrs. Conisbrough was too ill to rise. Judith began to cherish a faint hope that perhaps after all they might be spared the ordeal. She was deceived. Her mother said to her:

"I want you to go to Mrs. Malleeson and tell her, with my love, that I feel far from well, and would rather not go to the ball, if she will oblige me by chaperoning you and Del. If she can't, I shall go, if it kills me."

"Mamma, won't you give it up?" said Judith imploringly. "For my sake, grant me this favor, and I will never oppose you again."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Conisbrough angrily. "Understand, Judith, that I have set my mind on your going to this ball, and go you shall. Why are you thus set upon thwarting all my plans for your benefit? How can a girl like you presume to know better than her mother?"

"Don't cry, mother," said Judith sorrowfully. "I will go to Mrs. Malleeson this afternoon."

She kept her word, and found her friend in.

"My dear Judith! What a pleasant surprise! Come to the fire and let us have a chat. How cold and starved you look!"

Judith responded as well as she could to this friendliness, and presently unfolded her errand, with burning cheeks, and a brief explanation.

Mrs. Malleeson professed herself delighted.

"There is nothing I should like better than to

chaperon you and Del. And you know, my dear, I think you take it too much to heart; I do really. Would you deprive your poor mother of all natural feelings, of all pride in her handsome daughters? If I were in her place, I should feel exactly the same."

Judith smiled faintly. Of course Mrs. Malle-son did not understand. How could she? She cheered the girl by her chat; gave her tea, and talked about the ball and the gossip of the neighborhood.

"It is to be a very brilliant affair. Sir Gabriel intends it for a sort of celebration of his son's return home. It is the first large party they will have had, you know, since Randulf came back."

"Yes, of course."

"What a nice fellow he is! I do so like him!"

"Yes, so do we," said Judith mechanically.

"Oh, and we have become quite friendly with Mr. Aglionby, of Scar Foot."

"Have you? And do you like him, too?" asked Judith composedly.

"Very much. I couldn't say that to your mother, you know, but I can to you, because you are so good and so reasonable, Judith."

"Oh, Mrs. Malle-son, not at all! The merest simpleton must see that Mr. Bernard Aglionby is not responsible for my granduncle's caprice. So you like him? He has been at Irkford, I hear, visiting the lady he is engaged to."

Judith spoke coolly and tranquilly, crushing out every spark of emotion as she proceeded.

"Yes. Of course he is going to be at the ball; and Miss Vane, his *fiancée*, is going to be there too."

"Is she?" Judith still spoke with measured calmness. Inwardly she was thinking, "It will be even worse than I expected. But I am glad I came here and got warned in time."

"Yes. Mrs. Bryce, Mr. Aglionby's aunt, is staying at Scar Foot. I think he said he wanted her to live there till he was married—if she would. She is very nice! And he is bringing Miss Vane just for this ball and the Hunt Ball on the 3d of January, and in order that she might see the place, Mr. Aglionby says. He let me see her likeness. She must be wonderfully pretty."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Not to compare with Delphine, though," pursued Mrs. Malle-son warmly. "But then there are not half a dozen girls in Yorkshire to compare

with her. Oh, I quite long for the ball! I am sure Delphine will make a sensation; and so will you, if only you don't alarm the men by your dignity, dear," she added, putting her hand on Judith's shoulder. "Girls don't go in for dignity now, you know, but for being frank and candid and knowing everything, and talking with men on their own subjects."

"I'm afraid Delphine and I will be failures, then, for we know so few men, and certainly we do not know what their subjects are."

"Oh, I didn't say that men liked it; only that girls do it," laughed Mrs. Malle-son, leading Judith to the door. The latter felt now their doom was sealed.

Mrs. Malle-son would not be so kind as to be taken ill before the dance. Judith went home and told her mother of the arrangements she had made, and Mrs. Conisbrough professed herself satisfied with it.

CHAPTER XXV.—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."

BERNARD AGLIONBY'S frame of mind was not a happy one on that evening of the 31st of December; it had been anything but cheerful all day; it waxed drearier and drearier during his ten-mile drive to Danesdale Castle with his aunt, Mrs. Bryce, and Lizzie his betrothed. He had brought Miss Vane from Irkford, and introduced her into the halls of his ancestors, and the presence of his mother's sister, last night. The result, he was obliged to own, had hardly been successful. Miss Vane had done little else but shiver since her arrival. She had failed to make a good impression on Mrs. Bryce, whose home was in London, and who had never met her before. She had treated Mrs. Aveson with a vulgar haughtiness, which had galled the feelings of the good woman beyond description. But she had been very amiable to Bernard, and had confided to him that she looked upon this ball as the turning-point in her destiny. Perhaps it was; it was not for him to gainsay it. His moodiness arose from mental indecision. He had not got to the stage of absolute confession even to himself, that his engagement was a failure. He would not confess it. Much less had he allowed even the idea distinctly to shape itself in his mind, that he was, to put it mildly, thinking with deep interest of another woman. Yet the savage discontent and irritation which he experienced were due, could he have known it, to

these two very facts: that his engagement was a failure and he was beginning to find it out, and that his thoughts, whenever he allowed them free course, were engrossed with another woman. He felt all the miserable unrest and irritation which accompanies mental transition periods, whether they be of transition from good to bad, or from bad to good.

Thus they were a silent party as they drove along the dark roads. Lizzie was shrouded in her wraps, and was solicitous about her dress, lest it should be crushed. Mrs. Bryce was not a talkative woman. Bernard had never in his life felt less inclined to speak—less inclined for a festivity of any kind, for sociability in any shape.

At last they turned in at the great stone gateway at the foot of the hill, rolled for half a mile up the broad, smooth drive, and stopped under a large awning filled with servants, light, and bustle.

Poor Lizzie (whom I commiserate sincerely in this crisis of her fate) felt, as she entered, as if she had crossed the Rubicon. The fears which she had originally felt for herself had in a great measure subsided. With the enduing of her superfine ball-dress, and the consciousness of her triumphant prettiness, all apprehensions for herself had vanished. With such a frock and such a face one's behavior would naturally adapt itself to that of the very highest circles. All that was needed was to be fine enough; and on that point she had a proud consciousness she had never been known to fail. She felt a little uneasiness about Bernard. She hoped he would tone down his brusque and abrupt manners. She remembered only too well the terrible solecisms of which he had often been guilty at suburban tea-parties, and his reckless disregard of semi-detached villa conventionalities, and a deep distrust of the probable demeanor of her betrothed took possession of her soul.

Bernard at last found himself with Lizzie on his arm, and Mrs. Bryce by his side, in the large drawing-room, approaching Miss Danesdale and Sir Gabriel.

Lizzie Vane's only experience of balls had been such as had taken place among intimate friends, the Miss Goldings and such as they, and partaken of by the mankind belonging to them. She had a confused idea, as she went up the room on her lover's arm, that this was in some way different from those past balls.

Bernard noticed that she grew very quiet, and even subdued. He could not know that her soul was gradually filling with dismay as she realized that her pink frock (pink was the color selected by Lizzie for this her *début* in fashionable society), whether "the correct thing," as the Irkford milliner had assured her, or not, was certainly unique: and that she found the crowd of well-bred starers oppressive. Bernard performed the introductions necessary. Mrs. Bryce and Miss Danesdale had already exchanged calls. The latter cast one comprehensive glance over Miss Vane, then, taking the trouble to speak in a voice which could be heard, she expressed her regret that she had not been able to call upon her before the ball, because of her only having arrived so immediately before it; she hoped to have the pleasure later.

"Oh, yes!" murmured Miss Vane, to whom Miss Danesdale appeared a very formidable personage.

Then Bernard led up Randulf and introduced him. Randulf asked if he might have the second dance with her, and, consent having been given, put her name down and departed. Bernard's dancing powers were not of the most brilliant description, but he managed to convey his betrothed safely through the mazes of the first quadrille, and then led her back into the drawing-room. By this time the greater number of the expected guests had arrived, and Miss Vane was beginning to shake off her first timidity. Ambition began to assert itself in her bosom. She looked very pretty. Her face wore a delicate flush, and her blue eyes had grown more deeply blue; at the end of the first dance every one had seen her, and every one who did not know her wanted to know who she was. All the women said, "What a wonderful dress! Do look at that pink frock! Did you ever behold anything like it?" All the men agreed about the frock (possibly for the sake of peace), but no outlandishly pink raiment could blind them to the charms of the wearer's face. Soon Lizzie was enjoying what was a veritable triumph for her. Her programme was full, to the last dance. Bernard's name was down for one other, a square, toward the end of the evening. He had told her not to refuse any dances on his account, "because I am such a wretched hand at it, you know," and she had fully acted up to his suggestion. Randulf took her to dance the second dance, a waltz, with him. After a short time

Bernard, seeing that Mrs. Bryce had established friendly relations with a distinguished dowager, and was in full flow of conversation with her, left the drawing-room and went to the ball-room. There he stopped for a short time, watching the dancers, noting especially the pink dress and the fleet feet of its wearer. Then he found Philippa Danesdale standing near him, also looking on. (To the last day of his life he remembered every incident and detail of that evening as if they had happened yesterday.)

"You do not dance, Mr. Aglionby?" inquired Philippa.

"Very badly. I should not like to inflict myself as a partner on any of the ladies here."

"Then will you give me your arm to the drawing-room? I just came to see that Randolph was doing his duty; but I know that my guests have not yet all arrived."

Bernard gave her his arm, and they returned to the drawing-room. He remained by her side, conversing with her in the intervals of receiving her guests: by and by the music in the ball-room ceased. The drawing-room was at this time almost empty, and still he stood, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, talking to Philippa, when the first couples began to come in from the dancing-room. Randolph Danesdale, with Lizzie, was the first to enter. Miss Vane was flushed; her hair had got a trifle disordered; she looked excited. She was not so far at her ease that she had begun to talk, and Randolph had been malign enough to draw her out a little. Her voice, with its unmistakably underbred and provincial accent, was heard, upraised; on this vision Bernard's eye rested, till he suddenly awoke to the consciousness of his duties, and, going forward, offered Miss Vane his arm.

"You're dreaming, Aglionby," observed Randolph lightly.

"Am I? Very likely."

"I can sympathize," added young Danesdale, "for so am I."

"Of what, or of whom?" asked Aglionby, his more genial smile flitting across his face.

Randolph bent forward to him, having first ascertained that Miss Vane's attention was otherwise occupied, and said in a low voice:

"I'm dreaming of dancing with Delphine Conisbrough. She makes me wait long enough, does she not? She ball hasn't begun for me till—why, there they are!"

"With Del——" Aglionby had just ejaculated, electrified, for he had had no forewarning that any of the Conisbroughs were to be there. His glance followed Randolph's, and he had the sensation of starting violently. In reality he turned rather slowly and deliberately, and looked. His face changed. He bit his lips, and became a shade paler. Every pulse was beating wildly. He was in no state to ask himself what it meant. He watched, as if it had been some dissolving view, and saw how Miss Danesdale, with her prim little smile and her neat little steps, and her unimpeachable etiquette, went forward a little, with outstretched hand, and greeted them. And while she spoke to Mrs. Malleeson, Bernard's eyes looked clean over their heads, and met straightly those of Judith Conisbrough. Exactly the same sensation—only far more potent now—as that which had mastered him when he had taken leave of her at her mother's house seized him—a strong, overwhelming thrill of delight and joy, such as no other being had ever awakened in him. And with it, yet more powerfully than before, he realized that not he alone experienced the sensation. He had the knowledge, intuitive, instinctive, triumphant, that she shared it to the full. He saw how, though she remained calm and composed, her bosom rose and fell with a long, deep inspiration; he saw her eyes change their expression—the shock first, the light that filled them afterward, and—most eloquent, most intoxicating of all—their final sinking before his long gaze. He lived through a thousand changing phases of emotion while he stood still there, looking at her; he realized with passionate delight that it was not only he who found her beautiful, but all others who had eyes to see. None could deny that she was beautiful: her outward form did but express her inner soul. A man behind him murmured to another, and Bernard heard him:

"Jove, what splendid-looking girls! Who are they? Are they from your part of the country, too?"

He watched while the two girls shook hands with Miss Danesdale. He saw Randolph go up to them and greet them, and how the first expression of pleasure which had crossed their faces appeared there. Randolph's dream was going to be realized, Bernard reflected, with wild envy. He could arrange things pretty much according to his own pleasure. Delphine had kept him waiting, as he

said; so much the oftener would he make her dance with him, now that at last she was there.

Then Aglionby became feebly conscious that his arm was somewhat roughly jogged, and that a voice which he seemed to have heard fifty years ago sounded in his ear:

"Bernard, are you dreaming? Here's a lady speaking to you."

With a veritable start, this time he came to his senses, and beheld Mrs. Malleson, in black tulle and *gloire de Dijon* roses, holding out a hand to him, and smiling in friendly wise.

"Mrs. Malleson, I—you are late, surely, are you not?"

"We are, I believe, and I am afraid it is my fault. I hope the men are not all so deeply engaged that the Misses Conisbrough will get no dances."

Here some one came and said to Lizzie that he thought it was their dance. Nothing loth, she suffered herself to be led away.

"That is Miss Vane, I know," observed Mrs. Malleson. "You must introduce her later. She is wonderfully pretty."

She was in her turn monopolized and led away. Aglionby could not have replied had she remained. If he had never known, or never admitted the truth to himself until now, at last it overwhelmed him. Lizzie Vane beautiful! Lizzie Vane *beloved* by him!

It was like awakening from some ghastly dream, to be confronted by a yet more horrible reality. He mechanically passed his hand over his eyes and shivered. When he looked round again, he saw that Judith was standing alone. Philippa was receiving some very late guests. Delphine had been led away, so had Mrs. Malleson. Several groups were in the room, but both he and Judith were emphatically alone—outside them all. Presently he found himself by her side—as how should he not? There was no one else there, so far as he knew. On a desert island even enemies become reconciled.

"I hope you have not quite forgotten me, Miss Conisbrough."

His voice was low, and there was no smile on his face, any more than there was on hers. With both of them it was far too deadly earnest to permit of smiles or jests.

"It would imply an unpardonably short memory on my part, if I had," she answered very gravely, and looking more majestic than ever.

He felt her gloved hand within his, and for a blessed moment or two he forgot Lizzie Vane's very existence. With the actual touch of her hand, with the sound of her pathetic contralto voice, the spell rushed blindingly over him. How had he lived out these weeks since he parted from her? How had he been able to think it all over, as he had done again and again, calmly and without any particular emotion? In one of Terguénéff's novels he relates the story of a Russian peasant woman, whose only and adored son is suddenly killed. A visitor, calling a week or so later, finds the woman, to his surprise, calm, collected, and even cheerful. "*Laissez la,*" observed the husband, "*elle est fossilisée!*" Now Bernard knew that was exactly what he had been—fossilized; unrealizing what had happened to him. For him, as for that peasant woman, the day of awakening had dawned.

He allowed his eyes and his voice to tell Judith that in finding her to-night he had found that which he most desired to see. He allowed his eyes and his voice also to question her eyes and her voice, and in their very hesitation, in their reply, in their very trouble, their abashed quietness, he read the answer he wished for. She had not escaped unscathed from the ordeal which had been too much for him. Twice already to-night he had asked her this question, and had heard this answer—merely with look and tone—without any word whatever, and he wanted to ask it again and again, and to have her answer it as often as he asked it. She was standing, so was he. That last long look was hardly over, when he offered her his arm, and said:

"You are not dancing; come to the sofa and sit down."

She complied; mechanically she sat down, and he beside her; he put his arm over the back of the sofa; she was leaning back, and the lace ruffle of her dress just touched his wrist, and the contact made his blood run faster.

"Mrs. Conisbrough is not with you?" he inquired.

"No, she is not well. She made a point of Delphine's and my coming."

Bernard did not ask her for a dance. He felt a sympathetic comprehension of her position. He knew she would have to dance, unless she wished to be remarkable, which he was sure was no part of her scheme. But he knew that it would be against her will—that she would be more

grateful to those who did not ask her than to those who did, and he refrained.

"You said," he went on, in the same low tone, "that if we met in society, we might meet as friends. I have not troubled you since you told me that, have I?"

Judith paused, and at last said constrainedly: "No."

"No. Therefore I claim my reward now. We are in society to-night. It is the time when we are allowed by your own law to be on friendly terms, and I mean to take advantage of the fact. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me take you in to supper?"

Judith, in her simplicity and surprise, was quite bewildered, and felt distracted how to act. Evidently he had not given up, and did not intend to give up, any scrap of a friendly or cousinly privilege which might be open to him. If her secret in the background had been less terrible and (to her) tragic, she would have been amused at Aglionby's determination not to be set aside. As it was, she replied at last gently:

"Don't you think there is another lady whom you ought rather to take in to supper?"

He opened his eyes as if not understanding, then remarked:

"Oh, you mean Miss Vane. Do not imagine that I am neglecting her. Her partner at the supper-table is already selected. She told me so herself. She is to dance an "extra," I think she called it, before supper, or after, I forget which—but with some man who is to take her in to that repast. Therefore, may I hope for the pleasure? To "confound the politics" of the assembled multitude, if for no other reason," he added. "They are sure to look for signs of enmity between us, and I should like to disconcert them."

"Very well, if you wish it," said Judith gravely, "and if I must go in to supper, as I suppose I must."

"I'm afraid you have not looked forward with any enjoyment to this ball?"

"*Enjoyment!*" echoed Judith drearily; and added, half forgetting the terms she had herself laid down, "Do not think it very strange that Delphine and I should be here. Mamma insisted, and we dared not thwart her. You do not know how unwilling we were, and how it has troubled us."

"I know what it must feel like to you," he

said; and was going to say more. He was going to say that though he knew what it had cost her, yet that he was not altogether sorry, since it had brought them together, and she would not allow any other kind of intercourse. But just at that moment, Sir Gabriel, whom Judith had not yet spoken to, arrived upon the scene. Sir Gabriel had received an inkling of the truth from his son, who had had it from Mrs. Malleson. Randolph had hastily confided it to Sir Gabriel:

"I wish you'd pay a little attention to the Misses Conisbrough, sir. They didn't want to come a bit—to meet Aglionby, you know, and not three months since their uncle's death; but their mother made them, and they dared not cross her—so if you wouldn't mind——"

The hint was more than enough for the warm-hearted old gentleman. Despite his real liking for Aglionby, he had never ceased to shake his head over the will, and to think that Mrs. Conisbrough and those girls had been very badly used. He had just had Delphine introduced to him in the ball-room, and now he had made his way to Judith.

"Miss Conisbrough, I'm delighted to see you here! I have just been talking to your sister, who is the loveliest creature I've seen for twenty years and more. I may say that to you, you know. If she doesn't turn some heads to-night, why, they are not the same kind of heads that used to be on men's shoulders in my days."

Judith's face flushed. She smiled a pleased yet nervous smile. Yes, Delphine was all that the good old man called her, and how delightful this sweet incense of justice, not flattery, would have been—how grateful, if—if only—— She crushed down a desire to laugh, or cry, she knew not which—an hysteric feeling—and answered Sir Gabriel politely, but, as he thought, a little indifferently. But, remembering his son's words, he stood talking to her for some time, and finally offered her his arm to take her to the ball-room and dance a quadrille with her. Aglionby went with them at the same time. So long as he did not exceed the bounds of politeness, he told himself—so long as his outward conduct could be denominated "friendly"—he shook his head back—he *would* not turn himself into a conventional machine to say, "How do you do?" "Good-evening," and no more.

As they entered the ball-room, they were con-

fronted by Miss Vane, more flushed now, more at her ease, and arm-in-arm with a youth who had been introduced to her as Lord Charles Startforth, and who would by his title alone have fulfilled, to her mind, every requisite necessary to the constitution of a "real swell!" She saw Bernard, Sir Gabriel, and Judith enter, and at once inquired of her partner:

"Eh, I say, isn't that Sir Gabriel?"

"That is Sir Gabriel," replied the young gentleman, with *sang froid*. He had found Miss Vane and her provincialisms a source of the most exquisite entertainment.

"I thought so. And there's my beloved with him."

"Your beloved—happy man! Aglionby, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes," said Miss Vane, explaining. "I call him my beloved, you know, because 'Bernard' is too familiar when you're talking to strangers, and 'Mr. Aglionby' sounds stiff, doesn't it?"

"I quite agree with you. Your beloved's aspect just at present is somewhat gloomy."

"My! Yes! He does look as cross as two sticks. But," with sudden animation, "I've seen that girl before who's going to dance with Sir Gabriel. Who is she?"

"She is Miss Conisbrough, of Yoresett."

"Conisbrough—oh, of course! One of those girls who wanted to have Bernard's money," said Miss Vane, tossing her head. "Well, just fancy! only Miss Conisbrough! From her dress, and Sir Gabriel's dancing with her, I thought she must be a *somebody*."

"Miss Conisbrough doesn't go out much, I think," said the young man, instinctively speaking with caution, and unable for his own part to resist looking with admiration at the lady in question. "Your 'beloved' seems to know her, though."

While Lizzie was explaining, her partner advanced and suggested to Sir Gabriel that he and Miss Vane would be happy to be their *vis-a-vis*. So it was arranged, and Bernard retired, after forcing a smile in answer to a coquettish nod from his betrothed. After this dance, Judith found no lack of partners. She was forced to dance and Aglionby saw her led off time after time, and congratulated himself on having secured her promise concerning supper.

As for Delphine, she had not been in the draw-

ing-room after the first five minutes following her arrival. Judith purposely avoided noticing her. She had a vague consciousness that she was dancing a good deal with Randolph Danesdale, and while her reason condemned, her heart condoned, and even sympathized with the imprudence. Even she herself, after a time, fell into the spirit of the dance, and began to rejoice in the mere pleasure of the swift rhythmic motion. Though calm and cool outwardly, she was wrought up to a pitch of almost feverish excitement, and, as is often the case with excitement of that kind, she was able distinctly and vividly to note every small circumstance connected with the course of the evening. She remembered her mother's words, "They shall see who it is that has been passed over," and she could not but perceive that both she and her sister attracted a great deal of attention; that men were led up and introduced to them oftener, on the whole, than they were to other girls—that, in fact, they created a sensation—were a success. She supposed, then, that her mother was right. If they had had that "position" which she so coveted for them, they would not be counted nonentities in it.

Judith also saw, with a woman's quickness in such matters, that which poor Bernard never perceived; the fact, namely, that though Lizzie Vane got plenty of partners, and was apparently made much of, yet that many of her partners were laughing at her and drawing her out, and that they laughed together about her afterward; and lastly—most significant fact of all—that scarce a woman noticed or spoke to her, except Miss Danesdale, who, as hostess, was in a measure obliged to do so.

Gradually she yielded to the spell of the dance, the music, the excitement of it all; to the unspoken prompting within, "Enjoy yourself now, while you may. Let to-morrow take care of itself." Go where she would, dance with whom she would, before the dance was over, sooner or later, once or oftener, as it happened, but inevitably, she met Bernard's dark eyes, and read what they said to her. When supper-time came, and he led her in, and poured out wine for her, and asked her in a low voice if she had ever been to Scar Foot, if she had ever even walked passed it since she had ceased to be his guest, Judith answered, with a vibrating voice:

"No, I could not; and of my own free will I will not."

He smiled, but said little more during the meal. The supper was served in brilliant fashion in an enormous room, at numbers of smallish round tables. Those who had time and attention to spare for the arrangements said it was a fairy scene, with its evergreens, its hot-house flowers, and delicate ferns and perfumed fountains. Judith and Aglionby saw nothing of that; they forced some kind of an indifferent conversation, for under the eyes of that crowd, and surrounded by those brilliant lights, anything like confidential behavior was impossible. Now and then they were greeted by shouts of especially loud laughter from another part of the room, elicited by some peculiarly piquant sally of Miss Vane's, which charmed the chorus of men around her, and gave a deeper flush of triumph to her cheeks.

Just as the noise and laughter were at their height, and the fun was becoming faster, Aglionby said to Judith:

"Let us go away. This isn't amusing."

They rose. So did nearly every one else at the same time, but not to go. Some one had said something, which Judith and Aglionby, absorbed in themselves, had not heard, and a dead silence succeeded to the tumultuous noise. Then a clock was heard striking—a deep-toned stroke, which fell twelve times, and upon the last sound the storm of laughter broke loose, and a tempest of hand-shaking and congratulations broke out.

"A happy New Year to you! I wish you a happy New Year!"

"Here's to the peaceful interment of the old year, and the joyful beginning of the new one!"

Aglionby looked at Judith. His lips were open, but he paused. No; he must not wish her a happy New Year. He knew he must not; and he was silent. Many others had now finished supper. They, too, left the room, and seated themselves, after wandering about a little, in a kind of alcove with a cushioned seat, of which there were many in the hall. Then—for they were as much alone as if not another creature had been near them—Aglionby at once resumed the topic he had been dwelling on all supper-time.

"You have never been near Scar Foot since that day. That means that you are still relentless?" said he, regarding her steadily, but with entreaty in his eyes, and a decided accent of the same kind in his voice.

"It means that I must be—must seem so, at least," she replied dreamily.

"Pardon me, but I cannot see it in that light."

"That means, that you do not believe me?"

"No; I mean that if you would only state your reasons, and tell me the obstacle *you* see to our friendship, that I could demolish it, let it be what it might."

"Oh, no, you could not," said Judith, her heart beating with a wild pleasure in thus, as it were, dancing on the edge of a precipice. "You do not know: it *could* not be swept away."

"And I say it could—it could, Judith, if you would only allow it."

She started slightly, as he spoke her name, and bit her lips; but she could not summon up her strength of will to rebuke him."

"Why—why do you say such things? What makes you think so?" she asked tremulously.

Aglionby took her fan, and bent toward her, as if fanning her with it; but while his hand moved regularly and steadily to and fro, he spoke to her with all the earnestness of which he was capable, and with eyes which seemed to burn into hers—yet with a tenderness in his voice which he could not subdue.

"Because you do not trust me. Because you will not believe what to me is so simple and such a matter of course—that no reason you could assert could make me your enemy. Because there is *no* offense I would not condone. Pah! Condoned?—forgive, forget, wipe clean away, to have the good-will and the friendship of you and yours. *Now* do you understand?"

Judith turned paler; she shut her eyes involuntarily, and drew a long breath. Could it be possible that he suspected—that he had the slightest inkling of her real reason for maintaining the distance between them for which she had stipulated? His words hit home to the very core and eye of her distress. The peril was frightful, imminent, and she had herself attracted it by allowing him to advance thus far, by herself sporting with deadly weapons. He was watching her, with every sense on the alert, and he saw how, unconsciously, her hands clasped; she gave a little silent gasp and start, and there actually did steal into his mind, only to be dismissed again, the wonder, "Can it be that there really is some offense which she deems irreparable?"

"Hush!" she said at last. "It was very

wrong of me to allow the subject to be mentioned. And you do not keep your promise. You know that you promised me at Scar Foot, Mr. Aglionby——"

"You also promised *me* at Scar Foot, and then demanded your promise back again," said he, resolved that if he had to give way again (and what else could a man do, when a woman appealed to him for mercy?) that she should buy the concession hard.

"I have told you I cannot explain," she said, almost despairingly.

"Do you mean to make me go over it all again?" A rush of sudden tears filled her eyes. "Do you mean to make me plead it all a second time?"

"I should like to make you do it—yes. And, at the end of all, I should like to refuse what you ask," he said, with a savage tenderness in his voice.

Judith looked steadily at him for a short time, as if to test whether he was in earnest or not, and then said, in a dull, dead voice, "I wish I were dead;" and looked at the ground.

This was more than he could bear.

"Forgive me, Judith!" he whispered. "If you can, forgive me. I will not sin again, but it is hard."

"Yes, it is hard," she replied, more composed, as the terror she had felt on hearing him talk about "offenses" and "condonation" began to subside. "It is hard. But making scenes about it will make it none the easier. We have our duties, both of us—you as a man——"

More peals of laughter, as a noisy group came out of the supper-room—half a dozen young men, and Miss Vane in the midst of them, laughing in no gentle tones, and holding in her hand, high above her head, a flower, toward which one of the said young gentlemen occasionally stretched a hand, amid the loud hilarity of the lady and her companions. The party made their way toward the ball-room, and Miss Vane was heard crying:

"I'm sure I never promised to dance it with you. Here's my programme. Look and see!" They disappeared.

Judith's face burned. She looked timidly at Aglionby, who was gazing after the group, his face pale, his eyes mocking, his lips sneering. He laughed, not a pleasant laugh.

"We all have our duties, as you most justly remark. Mine is to marry that young lady, and

cease to persecute you with my importunities. I see that is what you were thinking. And you are quite right."

"You are quite wrong," said Judith. "What I do think is that you are not behaving kindly to her to allow her to—to—she is so young and inexperienced—and so pretty."

"And you and your sister are so old and wise, and so hideous," he rejoined, with a bitter laugh. "That alone is enough to account for your different style of behavior. No. Do not try to palliate it."

"I think you are to blame," Judith persisted. "You have no right to do it—to leave her with all those silly, empty-headed young men. It is not fair. You ought to take——"

"Take her home—and myself too. A good idea. I am sure the carriage will be round by now. But you?"

"Take me to the drawing-room, please. I dare say Mrs. Malleson will also be ready to go."

He gave her his arm. Mrs. Malleson was soon found, seated on a sofa, with Delphine beside her, looking a little pale and exceedingly tired. Bernard wished them good-night, and went to the ball-room. He had seen Mrs. Bryce in the drawing-room, and found that she was quite ready to go. In the dancing-room there was a momentary pause between two dances. Bernard saw Randolph Danesdale promenading with a young lady on his arm, with whom he seemed to be in earnest conversation. At the further end of the room he saw that fatal pink dress; heard the same shrill, affected tones, and the chorus of laughter that followed on them. Nothing could have been more distasteful to him in his present mood than to have even to speak to her, after his parting from Judith Conisbrough. But he walked straight up to the group, most of whom he knew slightly by this time, and offering his arm to his betrothed, said gravely:

"Lizzie, I am sorry to break off your amusement, but it is very late: we have ten miles to drive, and Mrs. Bryce is tired, and wishes to go."

"Oh, Aglionby, don't take Miss Vane away! The light of the evening will be gone. Don't look so down, man! Miss Vane, don't let him drag you off in that way. I am down for a dance."

"And I," "And I," cried several voices.

Bernard's face did not relax. He could not unstiffen his features into a smile. He looked directly at Lizzie, as mildly as he could, and re-

peated that he was very sorry, but he was afraid he must ask her to come away.

"Oh, Bernard!" she began, but then something unusual in his expression struck her. A feeling of something like chill alarm crossed her heart. How dignified he looked! How commanding! How different—even she knew—from the feather-brained fops with whom she had even now been jesting and laughing!

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," she said, shrugging her shoulders, and taking his arm. And with a final farewell to her attendants she went away with her "lover."

"Jove! but that girl is a caution!" observed one of the young men, giving unrestrained flow to his mirth, as Bernard and his betrothed disappeared. "I never had such fun in my life!"

"She'll find it a caution, being married to Aglionby," said a second, looking into the future. "Didn't you see him as he came up to us? Lucifer himself couldn't have looked more deuced stiff."

"Yes—I saw. They don't look exactly as if they were created to run in a pair!" said the first

speaker musingly. "But why on earth does he leave her to herself in such a way?"

"He's been dancing attendance on the eldest Miss Conisbrough all evening, and left this little girl to amuse herself with suitable companions."

"On Miss Conisbrough—why, I thought they were at daggers drawn."

"Didn't look like it, I assure you. I can't make it out, I confess. Only, on my honor, they were as good-looking a couple as any in the room. Couldn't help noticing them. But look here, St. John—will you take the odds—ten to one—that it doesn't come off?"

"The wedding?—all right. At all—or within a year?"

"Oh, hang a year!—at all. Ten to one that Aglionby and the little dressmaker don't get married at all."

"Yes; but there must be some time fixed. Ten to one that it's broken off within a year."

"In sovs? Done with you!"

Then the band struck up again for one of the last waltzes, and the young men dispersed to find their partners for the same.

(To be continued.)

THE FURIES.

BY SCHILLER.

I.

A SABLE cloak each form enfolding,
Each fleshless hand a torch upholding,
Scatters afar a dull red glow.
In each pale cheek no blood doth flow;
And where, round human forehead cheerful,
The locks are waving free and fair,
Here snakes are coiled, and vipers fearful,
And venom-swollen, cling for hair.

II.

Then, horrible to sight advancing,
Their hymn they sing in circle dancing,
That hymn which tears the heart, to cast
Its bands around the sinner fast.
Maddening, with might the soul to harrow
And rob of sense, that Furies' strain
Sounds striking chill the listener's marrow,
Sounds while no lyres its notes sustain:

III.

"Happy the man with soul unspotted,
Its child-like white by guilt unblotted!
For him our vengeance comes not near,
He walks through life and knows no fear.
But woe! thrice woe! to him who hidden
His murderous deed from mortal sight;
We to his footprints cling unbidden,—
We, fearful children of the night.

IV.

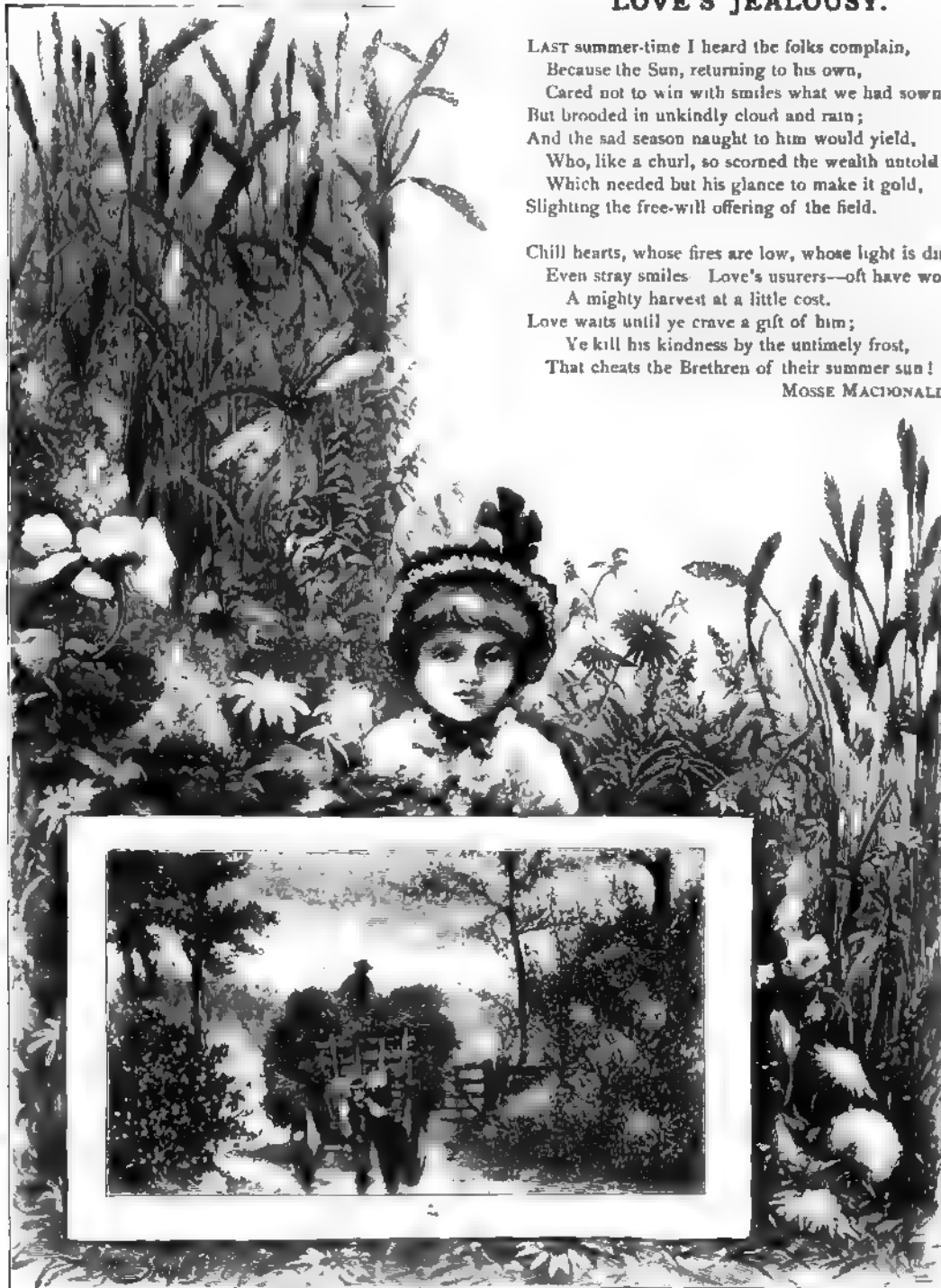
Thinks he our hand to shun by flying,
Swift-winged we follow, straightway tying
Such hopeless snares his feet around
That falling he must kiss the ground.
'Tis thus we chase him, never weary,
Repentance cannot stay our arm,
Still on and on to Hades dreary,—
And even there we work him harm."

LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

LAST summer-time I heard the folks complain,
 Because the Sun, returning to his own,
 Cared not to win with smiles what we had sown,
 But brooded in unkindly cloud and rain;
 And the sad season naught to him would yield,
 Who, like a churl, so scorned the wealth untold
 Which needed but his glance to make it gold,
 Slighting the free-will offering of the field.

Chill hearts, whose fires are low, whose light is dim,
 Even stray smiles Love's usurers—oft have won
 A mighty harvest at a little cost.
 Love waits until ye crave a gift of him;
 Ye kill his kindness by the untimely frost,
 That cheats the Brethren of their summer sun!

MOSSE MACDONALD.



NATURE'S OFFERINGS.

MARRIAGE NOTES.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.*

In the two leading countries of the world, the United States and England, the question as to what is necessary to constitute a complete and perfect marriage is still unsettled.

The Bible account of the institution opens with the expression of God's opinion, that it is not good for man to be alone, with which opinion some men in later and more enlightened ages have asked, respectfully, it is hoped, to differ. Metellus Numidicus said, in an address to the Roman people, that had nature ordained us to live without woman's help, we should be rid of a very troublesome companion, and that he could recommend marriage only as a sacrifice of private pleasure to public weal.

These words are not surprising from the mouth of a pagan, but it is strange that the primitive Christians, in the face of the words, "Therefore shall a man leave his father," etc., and of God's injunction, given before the fall, to the first pair, "Be ye fruitful," etc.—it is strange that they should have held as a favorite doctrine, that if Adam had retained his original innocence he would have lived forever in a state of virgin purity, and that, by some harmless mode of vegetation, paradise would have been peopled by a race of innocent and immortal beings; that the use of marriage was permitted to his fallen posterity as an expedient to continue the race, and as a restraint on licentiousness. As to what, in such a state, would have been the signification of the words father and mother—used previous to the fall—these sages have not left an opinion.

This recalls an anecdote of Lamb, by Hazlitt. At a literary assemblage the question was, "Whom of the dead would you most like to see?" Lamb mentioned Sir Thomas Browne, explaining, as the singularity of his choice provoked laughter and inquiry, "Who would not like to see the lineaments of a man who, having been twice married, wished that men were propagated like trees?"

Whatever may have been God's designs manward, previous to the fall, if the Bible expresses his will, marriage has his sanction. His injunction to the first pair and the accompaniment to every promise of blessing is, "Be ye fruitful, multiply,

and replenish the earth," an injunction, Sydney Smith remarks, which man has more implicitly obeyed than any God ever gave him. Barrenness the ancient Jews regarded as a judgment from God; a numerous family as a blessing; indeed, their nuptial benediction was the invoking a numerous offspring. Two of the Ten Commandments pertain to marriage. The Bible statutes regulating this and divorcement are definite and stringent. Adultery, unless, indeed, the offender chanced to be a man, the Jews punished by death; the debauching of a maid was avenged with severest retribution. Marriage was a subject about which Christ was repeatedly questioned; it was used to express the mystical union between the Church and the Redeemer. He founded one of his most beautiful and solemn parables on the Jewish marriage rites; He sanctioned by his presence the wedding feast in Cana, and performed a miracle for the guests' refreshment; marriage is expressly pronounced honorable in all. Indeed, there is but one passage in the Scripture which may be construed as adverse in any sense to marriage. This is contained in a bit of advice by St. Paul. But in this he states that he speaks as a man, and asserts his liberty to marry. Indeed, there are ancient writers, as Clemens Alexandrinus, Ignatius, and others, who reckon St. Paul in the list of married disciples, and he has never availed himself of spiritual telegraphy to contradict the suggestion.

Glancing at profane history, we find that marriage has enlisted the attention of philosophers and legislators to no secondary extent. Family enjoyments have been very anciently held in high esteem, and to the security of these marriage was essential; so by remote tradition the institution is referred to the bounty of the gods. No nation is so barbarous that it has not its marriage code, even if it aims no higher than that of the Ashantees, which gives their king three thousand women. In the Gallic councils, from the fourth to the tenth century, to which Guizot ascribes a vast civilizing influence, there is scarcely one which has not its marriage enactments. Throughout the State the ancient Greeks encouraged marriage, and a failure to enter the connubial state was at-

tended by loss of esteem and often by the infliction of punishment. Zoroaster condemned celibacy with abhorrence, as a criminal rejection of God's best gift. The saint in the Magian religion was obliged to beget children. The ancient Medes, according to Strabo, enforced polygamy by law. Abstinence from marriage, when there is no just impediment, is held by the Egyptians as disreputable. A temporary sojourner in Egypt records that, having occasion to move his residence, he engaged a house and advanced a part of the rent, when the owner informed him that the inhabitants of the quarter objected to his living among them because he was unmarried.

Among the Arabs marriage is considered so honorable and celibacy such a reproach, that a woman will become second wife to a man already married, to escape the obloquy attached to a single life. Though with us a man has the privilege of living unmarried without incurring loss of esteem, who can claim that woman has such a prerogative?

Contrary to Christ's testimony, that in heaven there is no marrying, Mahomet taught that seventy-two black-eyed girls of resplendent beauty, blooming youth, virgin purity, and exquisite sensibility will be created for the meanest believer. Notwithstanding a vulgar prejudice, the heavenly gates will be open to both sexes; but Mahomet has not specified the male companions of the female elect, lest he should either alarm the jealousy of their former husbands, or disturb their felicity by the suspicion of an everlasting marriage.

So says Gibbon, and this is offered as indicating something of the Moslem's estimation of the conjugal state.

The space the institution occupies in statutes; the volumes given to it—four-fifths of light literature has this for its topic; the lectures—drawing ones—of which it is the subject; the share it has in advertisements, with many another evidence, all attest its vitality. Even the hostility of certain fraternities is proof of its importance; men do not war against trifles. To the three dominant heart-questions, What shall we eat, what drink, and how be clothed? a fourth might be added—Whom shall we marry?

Except in Protestant countries, marriage ranks with the sacraments; for we ever find the institution, with other valued interests, committed to

the people's strongest shelter, and this strongest shelter, except in Protestant Christian countries, is the people's religion. Nations outgrowing priestcraft remove from the custody of the Church a matter so vital. They recognize the need of giving to its protection the strong hand of the law. Hence, in these, marriage is a civil contract, upon which, indeed, the Church, coming to the State's support, lays the hand of benediction, consecrating it as the most solemn and sacred of contracts.

Polygamy prevails over the greater portion of the earth's surface—Europe, except Turkey, and the United States, except Utah, are unstained by it. It is a prevalent idea that the Chinese are polygamists; but while their laws permit concubinage, they allow a man but one *tsy*, or wife. The station from which she is chosen is different from that of his *tsie*, or handmaid, of whom he may have any number. She is espoused with formalities of bewildering number and complexity, and is distinguished by a title.

The ancient Greeks permitted polygamy only after a devastating national calamity, as war or pestilence. Socrates is said to have taken a second wife on such account. The ancient Germans allowed a plurality of wives to their princes, that they might by alliances strengthen the State.

Though polygamy seems opposed to the genius of Roman institutions, it was introduced into the State by Valentinian. The story, which Gibbon pronounces a fable, is, that the Empress Severa, having repeatedly expressed admiration of Justina's charms, the emperor was tempted to take a second wife, and by edict extended the domestic privilege to his subjects.

If there is felicity in a multitude of spouses, woman, for her inequality of privilege in this respect, may find some compensation in the fact that polyandria prevails among classes of Hindoos, and in the very singular kind of polygamy practiced in Thibet, where all the brothers of a family have the same wife, chosen by the eldest.

Though Mahomet had seventeen wives, a modest number when we remember Solomon's seven hundred spouses and three hundred concubines, and when we consider that, by special revelation to the prophet, the whole female sex was abandoned to his desire, the Moslem religion permits a man but four legitimate wives. Many Mahometan nations exhibit a noticeable temperance in the

exercise of their prerogatives. An Arab rarely takes more than two wives, and often but one, though an Arabian wife—like a few American wives—is profitable rather than expensive. This temperance may explain the rarity of separations. These result chiefly from inability to maintain the wife, when she is returned to her friends with liberty to re-marry. The Arabs exhibit a liberality toward woman unusual with Moslems, allowing a wife ill-treated a divorce.

The Afghan is even more temperate than the Arab, generally contenting himself with one wife, and often remaining unmarried until forty, occasioned, perhaps, by his poverty, for he purchases his wife. But though more temperate, the Afghans are less liberal to women, treating them with jealous tyranny. Away from the towns, however, this in a measure disappears. The women go unveiled, and the young people, less restrained, exercise more choice in mating. Indeed, it is possible for a lover of enterprise to obtain his mistress without her parents' consent, by such heroic achievement as the cutting a lock of her hair, snatching her veil, or by throwing a sheet over her, and proclaiming her his affianced wife. Their marriage customs nearly resemble those of their Persian neighbors.

Among the latter any woman outside the prohibited degrees may be taken into the harem by marriage, purchase, or hire.

Though parties are often betrothed in infancy, they seldom see each other till they stand before the priest. The nuptial ceremony must be witnessed by two men, or by one man and two women, from which it will be seen that with these Orientals a woman is reckoned equal to half a man—an approximation toward sexual equality to which some nations more enlightened have not attained. Weddings are occasions of such display as would be considered heresy by a prudent Yankee couple on the eve of housekeeping and a family.

But in wedding extravagancies they are surpassed by the Hindoos. A Bengal merchant often spends sixty thousand dollars on the procession and shows, besides vast sums in presents.

The Persian bride being conducted to her reception-room, the husband enters, and, in a glass, sees her face for the first time. Though the revelation of personal charms may be gratifying, their absence cannot prove very dismaying, since he can divorce his wife at will, though the step may

engender scandal, and involves the relinquishment of the dowry.

The bridegroom then bites a bit of candy in halves, eating one and presenting the other to the bride. By this he perhaps indicates his intention of sharing with her the sweets of life. Throwing one of her stockings over his left shoulder, he places the other under his right foot, and then orders all the spectators to withdraw. What these impressive evolutions are intended to symbolize is left to the reader's conjecture.

We are used to think with commiseration of the Circassian maid sold into Persian or Turkish slavery. But she leaves her home gladly, having been dazzled by stories of palaces, jewels, and finery awaiting her in the far-away harem. And the mother parts from her without reluctance, after infinite pains to render her worthy the brilliant promotion. This is but an outgrowth of the Spartan-like apathy which underlies the Circassian family system, by which the husband never meets his wife, except by stealth, until after the birth of the first child, and is insulted if she is even named in his presence, and by which the child at three years is yielded to some friendly nobleman, not to be seen by the parents until his manhood. We may believe that removal from such a domestic system to that of the Persian harem is promotion.

The Persian ladies of rank dress well. There are meetings to talk gossip and tell stories and to show each other their jewels and finery. They have parties at each others' houses, when they are entertained by singing and dancing women, while at the baths all restraint is set aside, and full rein given to merriment and scandal.

Nor is life in a harem necessarily one of idleness and luxury. The Grand Mogul Acbar had a body-guard of Arab women, extremely well disciplined, and among whom were all the degrees that obtain among men. This recalls the fact that at the battle of Yermuk the last line was held by Arab women, under the sister of Derar, who had enlisted in the holy war, and were skilled in the use of the bow and lance, and who thrice drove back, by their blows and their reproaches, the retreating Arabs against the Roman cavalry.

Acbar's seraglio contained over five thousand women, each having her separate apartment and her vocation. The ladies were presided over by duennas, all being under one superintendent. Women guarded the interior of the palace, the

most confidential being about the gate of the royal apartments.

But, the historian informs us, Acbar disapproved of polygamy and of expensive marriage settlements, of unions between persons of different religions, and between the very young. We smile when told that Lycurgus, to secure a more vigorous offspring, delayed the marriage season for girls to fourteen. An Egyptian girl is often a wife at ten. Mahomet married Ayesha at nine.

Acbar also censured unions between those of near affinity. National customs on this point have ever been divided, as the desire to aggrandize family or to promote the general good was dominant. The Egyptians permitted the marriage of brother and sister. A Spartan might espouse his father's daughter; an Athenian, his mother's, while the union of uncle and niece was applauded as highly felicitous. Though the Roman statutes prohibited the union of near relatives, a man might marry his niece on his brother's, but not on his sister's side, the law being made, doubtless, to accommodate Claudius, who married his brother's daughter; Heraclius following his example by wedding his niece Martina. The wise Solon enacted that an heiress, to keep the property in the family, should marry her nearest kinsman. We find in some North American Indian tribes a regulation against choosing a wife in one's own clan, while the Chinese law forbids the union of persons of the same surname, a law which, among a people so numerous, must give rise to inconvenience, since there are not two hundred surnames in their language.

The feeling of clanship was fostered by the Jews, heiresses being enjoined to marry kinsmen to secure the money to the family. The betrothal was a covenant between the bridegroom's father and the father and brother of the bride, and determined the presents the brothers were to receive and the dowry accruing to the father. The price of a wife in the time of Moses was thirty shekels, though some plain maidens doubtless went without compensation, while others, still less attractive, required the recommendation of a dowry to insure them husbands. Is it different with modern Gentiles?

The engagement season covered twelve months. On the marriage day the bride went to bath and then arrayed herself, particularly the head, in magnificent apparel. Toward evening, the groom,

in festival dress, attended by young men and regaled by music, accompanied the bride, who was attended by maidens from her father's house. The party, in the time of Christ, were lighted by flambeaux to their destination, where they indulged in festivities, the men and women apart, a custom upon which we have improved. The nuptial benediction—the invoking of a numerous offspring—was then pronounced, and the marriage was consummated.

The ideal of woman in India, says Michelet, springs from mystical love. Nowhere is she held in more sanctity. Even common soldiers, amid slaughter and devastation, leave her unmolested. The harem is a sanctuary against the licentiousness of victory, and plunderers, stained with the husband's blood, shrink back in holy horror from the secret apartments of his wives. The Hindoo dreads the exposure of his wife as the gravest dishonor. She is completely in his power, and rarely violates her nuptial obligations.

A Hindoo wedding is celebrated with imposing splendor. Children are often married at three years of age. The victimized pair, who should be in their cradles, are, for several nights, paraded through the streets in the richest dress and radiant with jewels. Torches disperse the night; the streets are crowded by friends and curious spectators, parading with flags and music. The couple are finally conveyed to her father's house and seated on opposite sides of a table, across which they join hands. The priest then covers their heads with a cloth, while he prays some fifteen minutes for their happiness and pronounces the benediction. They are then uncovered, to their relief, doubtless, and the guests are sprinkled till wet with saffron-colored perfumes, and the stained garments they wear for a week, to show that they have been to a wedding.

The ancient Greeks, who originated so much that is graceful and artistic, and among whom the rights of the weak were so warmly protected, celebrated an espousal with the pomp of a religious festival. In the "Travels" of Anacharsis we find a graceful account of the ceremonies. On the nuptial morn the citizens rise before dawn, crown themselves with garlands, and before their doors in the temples seek favorable omens and ceaselessly offer sacrifices to propitiate the gods. The guests being assembled at the bride's house, the door of her apartment opens and she appears with the bride-

groom, followed by their parents and the officer who has drawn the articles of engagement. The guests are arrayed in magnificent apparel, provided by the bridegroom. The bride is dressed in the work of her own hand, wearing a gold-broidered robe of purple and a necklace of precious stones. The hair of each is perfumed and flows over the shoulders, while each wears a crown of poppy, sesamum, and other plants sacred to Venus. Mounting a chariot, they proceed to the temple, the multitude thronging them, scattering flowers and perfumes, and crying in adulation, "It is Apollo and Coronis," "Diana and Endymion," "Apollo and Diana."

At the temple's gate the priests receive the bridal pair and present each with a branch of ivy, symbolical of the bond which is forever to unite them. He then conducts them to the altar, where everything is in readiness to sacrifice a heifer to the chaste Diana. Offerings are also made to Minerva and other divinities who have never submitted to Hymen's yoke. They also employ Jupiter and Juno, whose loves shall be eternal; the heavens and the earth, whose concurrence produces fertility and plenty; the *Parcæ*, who hold in their hands the lives of mortals; the *Graces*, because they embellish the loves of happy marriages; and Venus, from whom love derives its birth and who bestows happiness on mortals.

The priests, having examined the entrails of victims, declare the pleasure of the gods, when the party proceed to the *artemisium*. Here the lovers deposit each on a tomb a lock of hair, that of the bridegroom wound about a handful of grass, that of the bride round a spindle. This is to remind them of the first institution of marriage, where it was intended to signify that the husband was to be occupied in the labors of the field, and the wife to manage the household affairs.

The bride's father, taking her hand, joins it to the bridegroom's, saying, "I bestow on you my daughter, that you may give legitimate citizens to the Republic." The pair swear inviolable fidelity, and new sacrifices are offered in ratification of their vows.

It is now perhaps night, so that the procession to the bridegroom's house, which is illuminated and hung with garlands, is lighted by numberless torches and accompanied by musicians and dancers. As the pair set foot on the threshold, a basket of fruit, symbolical of plenty, is placed on their

heads, while the name *Hymenacus* is acclaimed on all sides, following the party into the banquet-hall and continuing through supper. Poets enter after the feast and recite *epithalamiums*. Music, dancing, recitations, and congratulations, accompanied by many symbols of the new duties brought by the new relation, prolong the ceremonies through many days.

But, in spite of these pompous ceremonials, a marriage was easily set aside. The parties had but to certify to the archon their consent to separate. Infidelity, though severely punished, was common. The Grecian women rarely appeared in public, though occasionally seen at solemn festivals, walking in procession with downcast eyes, or surrounded by female slaves. The *Lacedæmonian* women, however, by the laws of *Lycurgus*, were compelled to show themselves in public.

From the contemplation of Greece, we turn naturally to the Romans, among whom, *Michelet* has said, the ideal of woman arrives at the highest pagan morality—to virgin and conjugal dignity. In atonement of the Sabine rape, the violent movers assured to their wives certain privileges: no other labor than spinning was to be required of them; nothing indecent was to be said or done in their presence; they were not to be summoned before a criminal tribunal; and their children—here we see the deathless maternal solicitude—were to wear the *pretexta* and *bullæ*. But, notwithstanding these pledges, the wife was only a *thing*, to be claimed, like other chattels, by the use and possession of a year. She was sister to her own children, daughter to her husband. Her conduct was in his control, and in his hands was her life. He had the power to adjudge her to death for infidelity or drunkenness or, indeed, if she had but tasted wine or possessed herself of his cellar keys.

After the Punic triumphs, the matrons made a successful effort at securing more liberal terms and a broader liberty; but marriage soon came to be a loose and voluntary compact to which no rites, religious or civil, were essential. "Between persons of similar rank the apparent community of life was allowed as sufficient evidence of nuptials." The Christians restored somewhat the dignity of the institution, regulating it by gospel teachings and synodical customs.

In the worship of the ancient Romans, a peculiar goddess, *Viriplaca*, or husband-appeaser, was ad-

mitted to reconcile disputes of the married life. The causes of divorce were various, but the husband alone could exercise the privilege. The Romans have been applauded for abstaining from their prerogatives for five centuries; but the fact, a learned historian remarks, evinces the unequal terms of a connection in which the slave was unable to renounce her tyrant and the tyrant was unwilling to relinquish his slave.

But with the larger liberty to the matrons came the new jurisprudence, that marriage, like other partnerships, could be dissolved by the abdication of one of the parties. This privilege was so abused, that the most sacred of connections was debased into a temporary association for profit or pleasure. By legislation attempts were made to remedy the evils from this abasement of the institution, but the Christian princes were the first to define the right grounds of divorcement.

"Their institutions," Gibbon writes, "from Constantine to Justinian, fluctuate between the custom of the Empire and the wishes of the Church. In the most rigorous laws a wife was condemned to support a gamester, a drunkard, or a libertine, unless he were guilty of homicide, poison, or sacrilege, in which cases the marriage, as it should seem, might have been dissolved by the hand of the executioner. Long absence, impotence, and monastic profession would rescind the obligation. One transgressing the permission of the law was subject to heavy penalties. The woman was stripped of her wealth, even to the bodkin of her hair; if the man introduced a new bride, her fortune might be seized by the vengeance of his exiled wife, etc. Justinian's successor yielded to the prayers of his unhappy subjects, and restored the liberty of divorce by mutual consent.

By a proud law of the Republic, inscribed on the altar of St. Sophia, none but free citizens could contract legitimate marriage: the blood of a stranger could never legally mingle with a Roman's. The irrevocable statute made Cleopatra and Berenice the concubines of Marc Antony and Titus. There were occasional Roman princes who, in taking foreign wives, violated the majesty of the purple, though the law excluded such from civil and ecclesiastical communion; but in every such case there were specious reasonings to justify the violation of the law. We recall, in this connection, the union of the Chris-

tian Princess Theodora with a sectary of Mahomet, Orchan, Emir of the Ottomans. "A body of Turkish cavalry attended the ambassadors, who disembarked from thirty vessels before his camp. In a stately pavilion the Empress Irene passed the night with her daughters. In the morning Theodora ascended a throne surrounded with curtains of silk and gold: the troops were under arms, but the emperor alone was on horseback. At a signal the curtains were suddenly withdrawn, to disclose the bride, or the victim, encircled by kneeling eunuchs and hymeneal torches: flutes and trumpets proclaimed the joyful event, and her pretended happiness was the theme of the nuptial song. Without church rites Theodora was delivered to her barbarous lord, but it had been stipulated that she should preserve her religion in the harem of Bursa; and her father, the emperor, celebrates her charity and devotion in this ambiguous situation."

We remember also the marriage of Placidia, sister of Honorius, to Adolphus, King of the Visigoths, after having been subjected to the infamy of following around Italy a Gothic camp. The bride, in the attire of a Roman empress, occupied a throne of state, Adolphus taking an humbler seat at her side. Her bridal present, bestowed after the manner of the Visigoths, consisted of the precious spoils of her own country. "Fifty beautiful youths, in silken robes, carried a basin in each hand, filled, respectively, the one with gold pieces, the other with precious stones. Attatus, so long the sport of fortune and the Goths, was appointed to lead the hymeneal chorus, and the degraded emperor might aspire to the praise of a skillful musician.

Among the Gothic treasures is mentioned a table of considerable size, a single piece of solid emerald, encircled by three rows of fine pearls, supported by three hundred and sixty-five feet of gems and massive gold, estimated at a half million pieces of gold. It was called the table of Solomon, to which prince the Orientals were used to inscribe every ancient work of knowledge and magnificence.

By another Roman maxim a senator was forbidden to marry one dishonored by a servile origin or theatrical profession. Justinian procured a new edict. "A glorious repentance" was permitted to the unhappy women who had prostituted their persons on the stage, and they were allowed

to marry the most illustrious of the Romans. Theodora, whom Justinian made empress, was, if we may trust the "Anecdota" of Procopius, the most abandoned profligate in history. She was daughter of the master of the bears at Constantinople, and made her appearance on the stage in a slave's dress, with a stool on her head. Her skill was confined to pantomime; she excelled in buffoon characters, and as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks and complained with ridiculous tone and gesture of the blows inflicted, the theatre resounded with laughter and applause. Her grace and beauty are described as matchless. But her charms were enjoyed by a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers. Every city of the East admired and enjoyed the beauty, though only once did she become a mother. She is charged with the murder of her son, who, when she was empress, gained admission to her presence; yet to this woman were granted honors before unknown to wives of Roman princes. Justinian made her his equal and independent colleague in the rule of the Empire. "The prostitute who, before innumerable spectators, had polluted the theatre of Constantinople, was adored as queen, in the same city, by grave magistrates, orthodox bishops, victorious generals, and captive monarchs."

Gibbon makes this record: "As she persecuted the popes and rejected a council, Baronius exhausts the names of Eve, Delila, Herodius, and then has recourse to his infernal dictionary: *Civis inferni—alumna de monum Satanico agitata spiritû—astro percita diabolico*," etc.

Per contra, the most benevolent institution of the reign is ascribed to Theodora's sympathy for her less fortunate sister prostitutes. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus a stately palace was converted into a monastery, and gave refuge to a half thousand women from the streets and brothels.

The Roman youth sought omens in the crackling of leaves in fire, and in the number of apple-seeds, just as do lovers of to-day. The young Roman had some singularities of courtship. He would stroll before the door of his mistress, coughing and whistling to draw her attention. If she failed to respond, he struck the door or broke into a love-song. If other effort were needed to attract, the story of his love was cut on the lintel or suspended over the threshold; or,

perhaps, he made a confidant of the door-post, and poured into its metaphorical ears the story of his anguish, or he sprinkled it with perfume, or hung it with garlands, or—think of it, holy housewife—anointed it with oil or anointed it with libations of wine.

The bride was bought of her parents, and she fulfilled the co-emption by purchasing with three pieces of copper a just introduction to the house and deities of her spouse. Before ten witnesses she placed herself in his arms, and the pontiff offered a sacrifice of fruits. Seated on the same sheepskin, the two ate together a cake of farina, salt, and water, which denoted the ancient food of Italy, and symbolized the indissoluble nature of marriage. On the day of union the bride was taken from her home, robed, veiled, and bearing a distaff. Lighted by a torch in the hand of a youth, she was lifted by two others over her husband's threshold without touching foot to it, a custom, according to Plutarch, which commemorated the Sabine rape, as did that of parting the bride's hair with a javelin. Placing herself on a sheepskin at the entrance, she called to the spouse, who immediately appeared, and offered her the keys to his house. The pair then touched fire and water as emblems of purity and fidelity. Then followed music and feasting and the scattering of nuts among the boys by the husband.

A story told by Tosimus of the marriage of Arcadius shows that the Christians of the East practiced the nuptial rites of antiquity. The daughter of Rufinus, Prefect of the East, had been chosen bride for the emperor. On the marriage day a pompous procession of officers and eunuchs poured from the palace, bearing aloft the diadem, robes, and ornaments of the future empress. Through the thronged and garlanded streets the solemn procession wound till it reached the mansion of Banto, a general of the Franks, in the Roman service. The conspirators, the principal eunuchs, who were banded to substitute another for the elected bride, to whom Arcadius was disinclined, entered his mansion, and to the surprise of its daughter, Eudoxia, invested her with the imperial purple and conducted her to the palace of the emperor.

Here the bride was forcibly conveyed from the parental home. "Our form, with less delicacy, requires the public consent of the virgin."

One other curious extract will close the subject

of marriage among the Romans: Constantine IX. was the last male of the royal race. His elder brother had preferred his private chastity to the public interest. Eudocia, one of the three daughters, had taken the veil, while Zoe and Theodora were preserved in a state of ignorance and virginity to a mature age. When their marriage was discussed in presence of the dying father, the cold or pious Theodora refused to give an heir to the Empire, but Zoe presented herself a willing victim at the altar. A patrician, Romanus Argyrun, of graceful person and fair reputation, was elected her husband, and on his declining the honor he was warned that blindness or death was the second alternative. The motive of his reluctance was conjugal affection, but his faithful wife sacrificed her happiness to his safety and greatness. She entered a monastery and thus removed the only bar to the imperial nuptials.

The ideal of woman, to quote again the sentiment of Michelet, assumes in Germany the features of savage virginity and gigantic force. Here women were educated to suppress every emotion adverse to honor, and the first honor of the sex was chastity. The virtue of the German women Tacitus contrasts with the loose conduct of Roman ladies. Beyond doubt, woman's status was higher among the barbarous Gothic nations than in the polished States of the East. To the esteem with which the Germans treated woman may be, in large measure, referred her fidelity. Some of the interpreters of fate, we are told, such as Velleda, in the Batavian war, governed, in the name of the Deity, the fiercest Germanic nations. The rest of the sex were respected as the free and equal companions of soldiers.

Motley reinforces this statement: On the marriage-day the German's presents to his bride were oxen and a bridled horse, a sword, a shield, and a spear—symbols that she was to share his labors and to become a part of himself. Thus was the wife pledged by the nuptial ceremony to a life of toil, of danger, and of glory.

In their great invasions the camps of the barbarians were filled with a multitude of women who remained undaunted amid the din and destruction of battle and the honorable wounds of their sons and husbands. The fainting armies have more than once been driven back upon the enemy by the generous despair of the women who dreaded death less than servitude. When the day

was hopelessly lost, they knew how to deliver themselves and their children, by their own hands, from an insolent victor. Is it not Plutarch who narrates that, before destroying themselves and their children, the wives of the Teutons offered to surrender on condition that they should be received as slaves of the vestal virgins?

In the Anglo-Saxons we find another illustration of the superior esteem in which woman was held by nations whom the proud Romans characterized as barbarians. With these, our remote ancestors, woman could inherit and transmit property, could sue and be sued; her person, safety, liberty, and property had the shelter of definite laws. Their oldest marriage statute, found in the laws of Ethelbert, provided that fraud or deceit in the purchase of a wife annulled the contract and restored her to her home; that she could not be appropriated against her consent. A wife surviving her husband, and having borne him children, inherited half his property; being childless, his paternal relations heir to his possessions and the *morgen-gift*. This was the wife's present from her lord the day after her nuptials, and its bestowal was not left to his option, the laws of Ina providing a penalty for its withholdal. This *morgen-gift* was employed as an instrument to punish widows for marrying with unseemly haste. The laws of Edmund provided that a childless widow was not to restore the *morgen-gift* unless she married within twelve months, the legal term of widowhood.

From these laws we glean something concerning the Anglo-Saxon marriage. The bride's consent and her friends' being obtained, the bridegroom gave his pledge that he desired her that he might keep her according to God's law as a man ought to keep his wife; and he was obliged to give securities for his observance of the covenant. It was next settled to whom the foster-lean, or the money for the children's nourishing, should be applied. To this also he gave his pledge and endorsers. Did we preserve this custom, there would, perhaps, be fewer children on the town. He was next to designate what *morgen-gift* the bride was to receive for the honor she did him in becoming his wife. All the necessary pledges and securities being given, her relations then "took her and wedded her to wife and to a right life with him who desired her." The wife had other guarantees suggested by the warlike and

unsettled condition of the States. • The law proceeds to order that the mass-priest be present to consecrate the union with the divine blessing to every happiness and prosperity.

The Greek historian Procopius tells a story of an Anglo-Saxon heroine which will bear repeating. It evidences spirit, if not delicacy. She was betrothed to the King of the Varni, a German tribe touching the ocean and the Rhine; but the lover was tempted by policy to prefer his father's widow, sister to the King of the Franks. The forsaken Angles princess, instead of bewailing her disgrace, avenged it. Her warlike subjects are said to have been ignorant of the use of a horse, and even of its form; but she boldly sailed to the mouth of the Rhine with four hundred ships and a hundred thousand men. After the loss of a battle, the captive king implored the mercy of his victorious bride, who pardoned his offense, dismissed her rival, and compelled him to discharge with honor the duties of a husband.

This gallant exploit, an English historian suggests, was probably the last naval enterprise of the Anglo-Saxons. The arts of navigation by which they acquired the Empire of Britain and the sea were neglected, and thus were renounced the commercial advantages of their insular situation.

The Greek Chalcondyles, not to mention his errors in the geography of England, thus blunders concerning Anglo-Saxon manners and customs:

"The most singular circumstance is their disregard of conjugal honor and female chastity. In their mutual visits, as the first act of hospitality, the guest is welcomed in the embraces of their wives and daughters; among friends they are lent and borrowed without shame; nor are the islanders offended at this strange commerce and its inevitable consequences."

The English fashion of kissing strangers was noticed by Erasmus, but it did not scandalize him. In the language of an English writer, "The credulity and injustice of the Greek historian should teach us to distrust accounts of remote nations, and to suspend our belief of every tale that deviates from the laws of nature and the character of man."

From Burckhardt's "Arabic Proverbs" and Lane's "Modern Egyptians" has been condensed the following account of marriage rites in Egypt:

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As the sexes are kept apart, marriages are negotiated by a near relative of the man, or by a woman whose trade it is. A girl under age may be married by her parents without her consent; otherwise she may choose her husband, or appoint a *wekeel* to arrange her marriage. Previous to the nuptial contract, the amount of dowry, which is indispensable, is decided, and two-thirds paid, the remainder being reserved for the wife in case of her husband's death, or of divorce without her consent. At an early day after this the *wekeel* and the bridegroom sit on the ground, face to face, each with one knee on the earth, the right hands joined, the thumbs raised and pressed against each other. A *fikee*, or schoolmaster, is present to instruct the parties what to say. Placing a handkerchief over their joined hands, he pronounces a prayer or exhortation, with quotations from the Koran on the excellency of marriage. The *wekeel* then says after the *fikee*, "I betroth to thee this adult virgin for a dowry of——" The bridegroom replies, "I accept her betrothal, take her under my care, and bind myself to afford her protection, and ye who are present bear witness to this." Three times is this form repeated, when a blessing is spoken, and all the company partake of sherbet and sometimes of dinner. Each is presented by the groom with an embroidered kerchief, provided by the bride's family. The *fikee* receives a similar present from the husband, with a gold coin tied in it.

The man waits ten days for his bride, keeping himself in her thoughts by presents. Meanwhile, her dress and household furniture are being prepared, an immense canopied chair, among other things, to hold the turban, which, when placed thereon, is covered by a silk kerchief ornamented with gold thread. One of these chairs is sometimes sent to the husband also.

For four nights preceding "the night of the entrance," or that on which the husband receives his bride, the quarter about his residence is illuminated by chandeliers depending from silk cords drawn across the street and ornamented by parti-colored flags of red and green. On each night an entertainment is given by the groom, the guests contributing the refreshments.

If the families are wealthy, the matrimonial agent, the midwife, the bride's nurse, and her bath-attendant are presented each with a piece of gold stuff or a Cashmere shawl. Placing these

over the left shoulder, and attaching the edges together on the left side, these women, mounted on asses, with men beating kettle-drums before them, or in the absence of these, themselves uttering shrill, quavering cries of joy, go to the bride's friends, and invite them to accompany her to and from the bath, and to partake of the entertainment to be given on the occasion. The digestion of these females must be remarkable, for at each house they partake of a repast, having previously given notice of their intended visit.

The bride goes in state to the bath which has been hired for her, unless she owns one. She is attended by her friends, a company of virgins wearing white shawls, by musicians, hautboys, etc., in procession. Men head the party, carrying round trays, covered with kerchiefs, on which are linen, utensils to be used in bath, a silver bottle of rose-water, and a perfuming vessel of silver with burning aloes. The bride walks in the procession under a yellow or rose-colored silken canopy open in front, and borne by four men, a pole, with a kerchief at the top, being at each corner. Her dress and jewels are concealed by a red Cashmere shawl, falling from a small paste-board crown. In warm weather a woman walks backward before her, ceaselessly waving a huge fan of black ostrich feathers.

The procession, leaving the house, moves to the right at a slow pace, and pursues a winding route for the sake of display. Hours are spent at the bath in washing, sporting, and in feasting at the bridegroom's expense. Returning from bath, the bride and her friends sup together. Then a large quantity of henna is made into a paste, and the bride, with a lamp in her hand, takes up a contribution, each guest sticking a gold coin in the lump. When this is filled, it is scraped off into a basin of water. Other henna is applied to her hands and feet, these are bound in linen till the next morning, when they are of a deep orange tint. The guests also dye their hands and feet.

On this, "the night of the henna," the bridegroom gives his chief entertainment. The next day the bride, in another more magnificent procession, goes to the husband's house. Any one who can perform a feat, amusing, monstrous, or extraordinary, is sure to be welcome in the procession. Peasants cudgel each other, swordsmen engage in mock combat, a man runs a sword through his body. On one occasion a youth made

an incision in his abdomen, drew out a large portion of his intestines, and carried it on a silver tray before the procession. This *recherche* entertainment cost the youth a long sickness.

Before sunset, the bridegroom goes to the bath, and changes his garments. Then, attended by friends, musicians, etc., he repairs to a mosque for prayer. He wears a kufan with red stripes, and a like-colored Cashmere shawl and turban, and walks between two friends in similar attire. The procession returns with order and display. There are numerous attendants carrying meshals, or torches, and borne by two of them is a hanging frame of sixty small lamps, in four circles, the upper one revolving.

Through the brilliant street the party advances in the form of an oblong ring, all facing the interior of the ring and each, except the bridegroom and the two friends on his either side, bearing a sprig of henna. At frequent intervals the party halts, while one sings an epithalamium.

At his home he leaves his friends below with pipes, coffee, and sherbet, while he goes to the bride's room above, where she sits covered with a shawl. Before removing this, he makes her a present of money called "the price of the uncovering of the face." With the words, "In the name of God, the compassionate and merciful," he removes the shawl and sees her face for the first time. If disappointed in her, he seldom disgraces and divorces her immediately, but retains her a few days. "The night be blessed!" he says. She responds, "God bless thee!" He then calls to the women assembled at the door in anxious suspense, to proclaim his satisfaction with his bride. One after another takes up the joyful cry till the neighborhood and the community at large are informed of the result.

One might presume that a knot tied with formalities so complicated and pretentious would be enduring; that, after the pomp and painstaking of a wedding, a man would be chagrined at having to put away his wife. But divorces are almost as common in Egypt as marriages. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a man on the slightest pretext—indeed, without any pretext—from saying to his wife, "You are divorced," when, if he wills it, she must return to her friends.

There is scarcely a man in Cairo, it is stated, who has not, unless recently married, divorced a wife, and many have, in ten years, had over thirty

consorts ; and women, yet young, have been wives to a dozen men successively. Some men marry a new wife each month. This reminds us of the poet Martial's ten husbands in a month, a story more difficult of credit than Jerome's, who claims to have seen at Rome a triumphant husband bury his twenty-first wife, she having interred twenty-two of his less sturdy predecessors.

The light in which widows are viewed in different nations, might be an interesting study. All of Mahomet's wives, except Ayesha, were widows. In China a woman's second marriage is disreputable, and is often punished. Some nations require a widow to be buried alive with her husband's corpse ; others, to yield her life on his funeral pile. Though we should consider a widow—who has presumably attained wisdom and discretion—fitted to be mistress of a parsonage, the union of a Jewish high-priest with one was interdicted. The Armenian priest can marry but once ; the primitive monks censured a third marriage as legal fornication, while a fourth was an unknown scandal. Nicholas, the Patriarch of Constantinople, in spite of bribes and punishments, persisted in opposing the fourth marriage of Leo, the philosopher.

A widow's wedding in Egypt is not considered worth the formalities attending a first marriage. The man need only say to the woman, "I take thee for my wife." His divorced wife he can appropriate again without any formality whatever, even after a second divorce ; but after a third she cannot return to him, unless she has, in the meantime, been the wife of another. One wishing to restore a thrice-divorced wife can satisfy the law by hiring a man to marry and immediately divorce the ex-wife. He often employs a slave for this purpose, the more hideous the better. When this instrument has been married to the ex-wife, his master the next morning presents the slave to her, which act dissolves the connubial union, for the marriage of a woman with her slave is prohibited by statute.

Of illiberality toward woman, the mind of man has ever shown itself tenacious. The Armenians, though holding many enlightened views, being Christians of the Eutychian sect, make woman the servant of man. She is muzzled with an enormous muffler on the lower face to the nose, while a white cloth over the forehead flows down the back. Their poets have not woman's voice as a theme of inspiration, for she is never heard to

utter a loud word, at least while young, and poets are not used to inditing sonnets to the cracked voices of old ladies. A group of elderly Armenian women, it is said, almost deafen with their chatter, notwithstanding their mufflers. There would be poetic justice in their talking their tyrant husbands deaf, when the fetters were finally taken from their speech. (Is talkativeness in woman really so offensive to man ? In China he makes it a ground of divorce.)

Turning to modern European nations, we find at Saardam, Holland, a custom of announcing marriages and deaths by windmills. These, by the way, originated in the dry country of Asia Minor, and were introduced in Normandy as early as 1105. At death, the sails of all the family mills are made to stand still. On a wedding occasion, the relatives of the pair decorate the sails with ribbons and garlands, fixing crowns on the points, and set them in motion with gay and fantastic effect.

In Switzerland a marked social feature is the Saturday-night visiting, the prolific season for love-making. A youth, desiring a lady's acquaintance, introduces himself by appearing under her window and making his petition, which is drawn up in regular form, usually in verse and committed to memory. His petition being granted, he climbs to her window, usually on the third floor. There is no risk to limb, as the houses are constructed with conveniences for this novel manner of courtship. Sitting on the window, he is regaled with ginger-bread and cherry-bounce. If his views are serious and he acceptable, he—think of it—enters her room and the conversation continues, perhaps, till early dawn. But he has often to pay for his night's pleasure by having to maintain a bath, on his return home, by some waylaying and less-favored rival.

Among remarkable wedding occasions is that of Tamerlane's six grandsons, in whose nuptials was revived the pomp of the ancient Caliphs. The rites were celebrated in gardens, spotted with countless tents and pavilions, displaying the wealth of Samarcand and the spoils of a conqueror. Forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens ; the plain was spread with pyramids of meat and vases of liquor, to which guests by the thousand were invited ; the orders of the State, the nations of the earth, including European ambassadors, were marshaled at the royal banquet.

The populace joined in the illuminations and masquerades; the trades passed in review, each emulous to show some quaint device or marvelous pageant of its peculiar materials. Shops were erected, furnished with whatever was rare; amphitheatres, covered with Persian carpets and brocades, were filled with dancers and musicians. Every trader was in suitable disguise, and exhibited the attributes of his profession. Butchers wore the skins of beasts; furriers appeared as lions, leopards, etc.; upholsterers as painted calicoes; the cotton-workers as a lofty minaret; saddlers as letters; the fruit-sellers as portable gardens, abounding with nuts and fruits. There was scarcely an animal that was not imitated by machinery.

When the marriage contracts had been ratified by the cadis, the couples retired to their nuptial chambers. Nine times, by Asiatic usage, they were dressed, and at each change of apparel pearls and rubies were showered on their heads, and abandoned to the attendants. A general indulgence was proclaimed; every law was relaxed; every pleasure allowed. The emperor's proclamation went forth: "This is the season of feasts, of pleasure, and of rejoicing. No one is allowed to dispute or reprimand. Let not the rich exult over the poor, nor the powerful over the weak. Let no one ask his neighbor, 'Why hast thou acted thus?'"

The festival continued two months; the people were free; the sovereign was idle; and, continues the historian, after devoting fifty years to the attainment of empire, the only happy period of his life was, probably, these two months when he suspended the exercise of his power.

But perhaps the most remarkable marriage of history occurred at Suza, during its occupation by Alexander. Desiring to unite victor and vanquished by the strongest of all alliances, and to form a new people, destitute alike of Persian and Macedonian prejudices, Alexander decreed a wedding festival, to celebrate at once his nuptials with Statira, daughter of Darius, the union of one hundred of his principal officers with Persian and Medean ladies of the noblest families, and that of ten thousand private Macedonian soldiers with Asiatic women. The gold of Asia and the arts of Greece united to celebrate the occasion. For the accommodation of the numerous bridal party, and the vaster multitude of guests, a magnificent

pavilion was erected on a plain near the city. It rested on pillars sixty feet high, glittering with gold and precious stones, and was hung and spread with the richest tissues. Adjoining the building were a hundred chambers, gorgeously furnished, while for the reception of the ten thousand bridegrooms an outer court was enclosed and hung with costly tapestry. In the foreground without, tables were spread for the immense multitude of guests.

The nuptials were solemnized in accordance with Persian customs. A separate seat was assigned to each pair—all being arranged in a semicircle on either side of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitude without, the brides entered the banquet-hall and took their places. The king first gave his hand to Statira, saluting her as his wife. The other bridegrooms followed his example. Music, dramatic performances, feats of jugglery, marked the five festival days which followed. Magnificent offerings poured in from all parts of the empire. The value of the crowns Alexander received was estimated at fifteen thousand talents.

There are at hand some curious marriage statistics which might prove interesting reading, but their quotation would unduly prolong this paper. Some of these figures ought to alarm Shakers, monks, and bachelors, for their pointings are that celibacy is unfavorable to longevity. To this a waggish bachelor replies, that to each person is allotted a certain amount of happiness, and that married people must live a longer life to secure their share.

A plea for the element of love in marriage entered the original design of this article. The writer is so old-fashioned as to believe that love is the only basis for a right union between man and woman. But it is no matter, perhaps, if the plea be unsaid; for, though the tongues of angels should protest, men and women would go on marrying for wealth, for convenience, for position, and for reasons as foreign to any right reason as that which moves the Libyan youth, who, according to Jean Paul, marries the girl among his guests who laughs at his jokes.

"Though," in the language of an American humorist, "marryin' for love may be risky, it's so honest that God can't help smilin' at it."

DEAN STANLEY.

By R. H. S.



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

THE Dean of Westminster was a great Churchman in that wider and higher sense which overlooks the barriers that divide one communion from another. We should hardly exaggerate if we said that when he died, Dean Stanley stood higher in the respect and affection of a larger and more varied circle of members of many churches than any other ecclesiastic in the world. By all in his own Church, at home and abroad, except a few standing at two opposite extremes of fanatical intolerance, he was held in esteem and honor. The English Nonconformists recognized in him a friend, who understood their position, and sympathized with their best traditions. In Scotland his name was a household word; and even the ultra-Calvinists, who could not find the "root of the matter" in him, and the ultra-Presbyterians,

who hold that "the deil and the dean begin wi' ae letter," forgot their rigidities in his genial presence.

On the continent, in all societies, from that of the Papal court to the modest home of the Protestant "pasteur"—from the palaces of Petersburg or Berlin to the quiet library of Döllinger—among Roman Catholics, Old Catholics, Lutherans, and Reformed, his great position, his many-sided affinities, his social charm and grace, his intellectual eminence, won for him a universal welcome. In this country all churches and classes received him with open arms.

"The Dean of Society," he was sometimes called, by people whose outlook does not range beyond the smoke of London; but on many societies which had scarce any other link to that

great Babel, and on many churches whose names no one knew or cared for in London but himself, the tidings that he, too, had "gone over to the majority" fell like a cold eclipse. To sketch his character and work is beyond the scope of this notice, but a few salient points demand a record.

In Dean Stanley we see the best principles of liberal thought, of advanced culture, of personal religion, without those excesses and limitations by which they are too often impaired and hampered. Liberalism without destructiveness, culture without moral indifference, piety without fanaticism, are not so common that, when we see them in one just combination, we should not record their beauty.

To perpetuate these principles of rational godliness, to translate Arnold into English life and character, thought, and action, Stanley regarded as his first duty in the world when, as Fellow of Oxford, he entered on his professional career. One part of that duty was discharged in writing his master's life.

That house at Rugby, said Carlyle, was "one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace." The "Life" which depicted that noble industry was Stanley's first literary work; and nothing he wrote afterward outweighed it in real value and interest. It preserved and concentrated, in a literary form of rare excellence, the impressions produced by Arnold's strong opinions and emphatic personality on the most sympathetic and capable of the minds that he had trained. What Plato's "Dialogues" have done for Socrates, Stanley's "Memoir" has achieved for Arnold. The book was published in 1844. Next year its author became "Select Preacher" to the University, and six years later a Canon of Canterbury; in 1853, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church; and, finally, in 1863, Dean of Westminster. These are the several steps of his ecclesiastical preferment, the last of which admitted him to the very place in the Church which, one would say, he had been born to fill. Throughout these grades of professional advancement he rapidly acquired literary fame.

He never was much of a theologian, in the scientific sense; and no one would think of adding his name to the illustrious roll which records the names of the Barrows, the Souths, the Taylors of the past, and of the Maurices, and others, of the

present, who have built up the fabric of Anglican dogma, or have swayed the whole religious thought of their generation. His bent was toward the characters, scenes, associations, of the past, in their relation to the wants and interests of the living present; and he gave it full scope in that series of brilliant works which he devoted to the illustration of the history of the Jewish and the Eastern Churches; the scenes and traditions of Sinai and Palestine, and the memorials of the great cathedral and the great abbey at whose altars he had served. Exact dogmatists might mark here and there a vagueness of definition; keen critics might detect an historical inaccuracy at this or that minor point; but no one in reading any of his books could misunderstand the firm faith in a divine righteousness and love, the generous width of human sympathy, the lofty scorn of moral baseness, the just and clear view of the real principles involved in any question, the love of truth, that shown over every page; and the dullest eye could not but kindle as it traced the splendid panoramas in which he unrolled the history of the Jewish or the Oriental Church, the traditions of the Desert and the Promised Land, or the records of his own Westminster.

His faculty of vivid reproduction of the past, of picturesque illustration, of adaptation of every collateral aid and association in producing the one perfect impression he wished to fix in the memory, was unequaled by any literary craft we have ever known.

Amid the uproar raised about the "Essays and Reviews," he held out his friendly hand to the authors. When Dr. Colenso was under the ban of Convocation, he asked him to preach at the Abbey. When Père Hyacinthe broke with the Roman hierarchy, and encountered the ecclesiastical and social ostracism which visited his marriage, he found refuge and countenance for himself and his wife in the deanery. The vilified name, the lost cause, the unfriended struggler, never appealed in vain to Stanley's generous chivalry. It was this sentiment, more than any other, that urged him to withstand for a time the popular objection to giving to the last Napoleon a niche in the British Walhalla.

His thoughtful kindness, the personal trouble he would take to do one a service, were remarkable in a man so engrossed in society and affairs.

His unselfish consideration for the interests of

those who were but privates in the ranks of literature, in which he was a renowned chief, was a form of brotherly kindness of which few of us have had much experience. He would go out of his way to introduce in an article, or even in a note at a page-foot, a commendatory notice of a work in which he took an interest, especially if the author were young, or appeared specially in need of it. And he liked one to be aware that he took pains to do this. "I do not know whether you detected the track of a friend in two recent Scottish biographies in the *Times*," he wrote, after one of these kindly feats.

In inviting M. Renan to deliver a course of lectures in Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley seemed to many to be taking a step in the sand all too near the sea; but already it is seen to have been a firm step on the beautiful land of the future: a land of light and charity, firmly compassed by infinite depths of heaven.

Stanley was a loyal son of the Church of England, but to him her reformation was as dear as her catholicity; nor did he regard her catholic character as determined by her form of government. A bishop was, in his eyes, a useful church functionary, and nothing more. He used to congratulate himself that, as the successor of the abbots of Westminster, he was independent of the whole bench of bishops. It was, perhaps, this personal independence, as well as his love of liberty, of free discussion, and of popular rather than priestly government in the Church, that led him to cultivate such close relations to the Church of Scotland, and especially to those of its clergy who might be called Broad Churchmen. His sympathy with that party combined with his wish to do justice to the principles which he believed the Presbyterian Church had represented in the past, and he desired to bear his testimony, at a critical time, to the worth of the national establishment, in prompting the delivery of his lectures on the Church of Scotland, in Edinburgh, in 1872. The lectures are not without faults; but no more impartial and comprehensive sketch of Scotch Church history was ever limned, and the necessity and success of his vindication of unpopular "Moderatism" was attested by the noisy violence of the resentment which greeted it.

"I hope to publish the letters immediately," he wrote, "that is to say, as soon as the printers can get through the mass of illegible MS. that I have

sent." The sentence recalls one of his characteristics—a most deplorable handwriting. Worse penmanship—more scraggy and inscrutable—could not be imagined. He used to admit, pathetically, his failures in this department, although never willing to acknowledge blame if it could be laid on some one else. I once received a letter from him a week old, and that had traveled far and wide ere reaching me, at 69 Inverness Terrace, W., to which he had addressed it. "Try Holloway Road" had been added by some ingenious official. I sent the dean the envelope as a curiosity, and he wrote back,—quite ignoring the illegibility of his "Inverness Terrace,"—"I see that my address was right, as far as it went; 'Holloway Road' was added by the postmasters." I remember his telling us, at the Sons of the Clergy dinner, in Glasgow, how the "Halo of the Burning Bush" had come back from the printers transmuted into the "Horn of the Burning Beast."

How full and varied was his fund of anecdote, narrative, reminiscence! One recalls the vivacious, rapid utterance—the eye now beaming with sympathy, now twinkling with humor—the mobile mouth, with its patrician curves—the delicately sensitive and eager face, that in graver hours or in earnest talk grew so solemn—so impressive, with the dignity of lofty thought and feeling. Some men, in anecdote and narrative, always suggest "*quorum pars magna fui*," and obtrude their own personality. The dean knew better; and especially in relating incidents of his unique experience, of which few, if any except himself, had had cognizance, he showed a "*curiosa felicitas*" in imparting what was of interest without involving names or secrets. His reticence was as remarkable as his memory.

As one looks back on him, the "study of imagination" gets thronged with pictures, that pass gently before "the eye and prospects of the soul," recalling that slender figure, "that good gray head," that beautiful countenance, amid the old familiar scenes that shall know him no more forever; in the pulpit of the choir, or at the reading-desk in the nave, as in the summer twilight he pronounced, in his tone of trembling earnestness, his benediction of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding;" among the chapels and the monuments, the tiny centre of a listening ring of visitors—often of working-

men—to whom he is imparting the lore of the mighty abbey; in the deanery, in quiet talk in his study, or in rich and versatile colloquy at his table, in those bright days when the gracious presence, that he was so proud of, shed its charm on all; at St. Andrew's, in the old library, on the evening of his installation, searching out each of the students for a word of talk, and at last resting by the table, in the centre of the room, and saying, with an air of satisfaction and relief, "Now, I think I have spoken to every one;" all now but a vision and a memory.

It is good to have known so beautiful a character.

"In hora mortis, et in die judicii, sit anima mea cum illis."

The end of the noble life came sooner than we had hoped; but the frame wanted vital force to repel the sharp attack of disease, and when Bishop Fraser made that pathetic appeal to the congregation in the abbey—"Pray for him, good people, while prayers may yet avail"—he was already passing gently under the shadows of death. "The doctors had desired him not to speak, and, with his usual wonderful patience, he obeyed them," we are told; so there were but few last words. Among the broken sentences that the watchers by his side caught up were these: "As far as I understood what the duties of my office were supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I am yet humbly trustful that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, national, and liberal institution." "The end has come in a way I most desired it should come. I am perfectly satisfied—perfectly happy—I have not the slightest misgiving." "I always wished to die at Westminster."

The friends beside him desired to join in the Holy Communion with him ere he went, and Canon Farrar administered it. When he was about to give the blessing, the dean took hold of his hand, and signified that he should wait; then, slowly, but quite distinctly, he himself pronounced the Benediction. Before midnight of the same day—Monday, 18th July—he had passed away.

On the following Monday, in the afternoon, he was carried to his grave in Henry the Seventh's chapel. The Queen, to whom, and to whose family, he had long been a faithful friend and

adviser, had ordered that he should be laid in that royal precinct, beside his wife.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, writing to the New York *Independent*, described this last scene in the following vivid and touching words:

"The crowd in the Abbey was prodigious. Many of the guests climbed upon the monuments to witness the ceremonies. After long and patient waiting, we heard the funeral anthem sounding through the nave, and presently the procession entered. It contained the foremost living men of England. The heir to the throne marched in and occupied the pew of his old tutor, who was lying in the coffin before him. Upon the coffin were wreaths of 'immortelles,' and white flowers from the Westminster schoolboys, and a handful of lilies from the Queen herself. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury was in the line, and Cardinal Manning, and Lord Houghton, and Tyndall, and Browning, and the Bishop of Peterborough. The coffin was borne by the same hands that had carried the dean's beloved wife, Lady Augusta, to her burial. It was set down before the pulpit in which the dean had stood a few days before.

"By the foot of the coffin the most conspicuous figure was William E. Gladstone. He was called away before the service was over, and hastened to the House of Commons. (The pilot cannot leave the helm while the ship of State is off that Irish lee shore.) The funeral music to-day was solemn and sublime. Its rich strains swelled and rolled among the lofty arches with prodigious grandeur. Then the deep tones of the Dead March were heard, and the procession formed again. The body of Arthur Stanley was taken up and tenderly carried over those historic stones which he himself had trodden so often and so long. He was to be laid among the great in his death.

"With slow and measured tread they bore him past the tomb of Dryden. Old Spenser and Ben Johnson, and the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard,' were sleeping close by. A little further on, they passed the tomb of Edward the Confessor. The heir to the Confessor's throne was in the procession, and the descendants, too, of many a great warrior who lay in silent stone effigy on those monuments. Gradually the line passed on and on among the columns, until it entered the door of Henry the Seventh's chapel and disappeared from my view."

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

By C. H. AMBERS.

CHAPTER IV.—MORE LINKS.

THOUGH I had no doubt but that Stockdale had intercepted my letter, yet I was determined, if possible, to place the matter beyond question. At first I thought of making inquiries at the post-office as to who had received the letters from the office, for in those days, in Rathminster at least, letters were not delivered at the houses, but lay in the post-office till called for. On consideration I abandoned this idea, because I thought it unlikely that the postmaster could recollect what happened two years before sufficiently well to enable him to give me any information on such a point; and I was unwilling, moreover, to give occasion for any gossip on the subject. And it would be best, on the whole, to find out what I could, in the first place, from Fairy. I should have to see my cousin, at any rate, for I could not leave Rathminster without knowing, if possible, why Mrs. Pearson had exacted that promise from me. But Stockdale's coldness toward me—while it confirmed my suspicion that he had seen my letter and so regarded me in the light of a lover of Fairy's—made it difficult for me to have an opportunity of speaking to her. Some days had already passed since the funeral, and I had heard nothing from the Stockdales, nor had I seen them or been invited to visit them. I did not wish to write to Fairy, and I could not well ask to have a private interview with her; and in paying a formal visit it was not likely that I should have an opportunity of making such inquiries as I wished; indeed, it was evidently Stockdale's intention to keep me at a distance.

At length, as no other course seemed open to me, I determined to walk out to the Cottage, in hopes that accident might perhaps afford me the opportunity I desired. That afternoon, therefore, I did so, and on reaching the church-yard I passed through it and followed the pathway across the fields. I had not gone more than a hundred yards along it, when I saw my cousin a little in advance of me, walking slowly homeward. A few rapid steps brought me to her side.

"Oh, Fairy," I said, as we shook hands, "I am glad I happened to find you. I was just on my

way to the Cottage. Where have you been? To Rathminster?"

"No, Tom," she said, "I have been to the church-yard to see my mother's grave;" and she burst into tears. We walked on in silence for some time until she had recovered her composure, and then, looking up into my face, she said, "Oh Tom, I am very glad we happened to meet, for there is one thing I wish to say to you. I don't like to speak to Robert about it; but I should like to be buried, Tom, when I die, beside mother."

She spoke quite calmly, but her extreme paleness and a strange expression which I had never seen in her face before alarmed me, and I exclaimed:

"Why, Fairy, tell me, are you ill? Is there anything the matter with you?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "nothing. But I know that I shan't live long, and I could not speak to Robert about it—it would vex him so. Another thing," she continued, "that I wished to say to you is, that you must not think me changed toward you, or that I am forgetting my dear old friend. Oh, Tom, don't think hardly of me, or forget me, whatever happens. Pray don't, for you are now my dearest, my only friend. But what I mean to say is——" Here she hesitated a little. Then she continued, "The fact is, Tom, that Robert, somehow, does not like you as he should. But he does not know you as I do. And you must not be hard upon him. It is some unaccountable prejudice of his; but I thought it best to tell you, as I feared you might wonder at his manner toward you, and at my not writing or asking you to our house."

"Well," I replied, "I am sorry he has taken a dislike to me. I am sure I have never given him any ground for it. At any rate, it will have no effect upon my feelings for you. But tell me, Fairy, is he very kind to you?"

I was angry with myself the moment I had asked this question, for the blood rushed into my cousin's cheeks, and I observed that her lips quivered.

"Tom," she said, "you have no right to——" Then she stopped abruptly and covered her face

with her hands, and I could see that she was weeping.

"Fairy," I cried, "forgive me, and don't be vexed. You must think of me as your brother now. I feel as if you were my sister, and you cannot wonder that I am anxious to hear that you are happy."

She then said, as she grew quite calm again, "Oh, I am not angry, Tom; and I forget. After the promise you made my mother, you have a right to take care of me. But don't think, pray, don't think for a moment that Robert does not love me. Indeed he does. He's very fond of me. And you know," she added, as she gave a little laugh,—very sad, it sounded to me,—"one must give up some of one's own way when one marries. I have promised, you must know, Mr Rivers, to obey."

"Well, Fairy, will you allow me to ask another question?"

"Yes, Tom; I shan't be so foolish again."

"Can you tell me, then," I said, "what made your mother so anxious that I should make that promise?"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "At least I fancy it may be that she thought me sometimes unhappy. You see I used always to be so merry and childish; but that goes off, you know, when one grows older and is married. And Robert is sometimes low-spirited and things put him out, and I suppose I can't help being vexed when matters go wrong with him. If you ever marry, Tom, and so justify the report we heard, you will find that you will have then more than your own troubles to bear. And I, you know, had never anything to grieve me all my life. I do think my only trials were parting from you when you went to sea, and so, except on that account or for some childish annoyance, mamma never saw me grieved in any way; and I suppose she thought me changed, as perhaps I am a little. That must have been her reason. But remember," she persisted, looking up into my face as she laid her hand upon my arm, "remember always, Robert is very fond of me!"

We spoke no more on this subject; Fairy seemed to wish to avoid it. And I had heard enough. I knew now that my cousin's married life was not, and would not be a happy life. She had not said that her husband was *kind* to her; she had been unable to say that. "Alas, alas!" I thought,

"what will become of my darling Fairy, linked to one who can treat her harshly?"

I felt, however, that there was still another matter on which I was anxious to be informed, so I spoke to Fairy of myself and what had happened to me since we met, of the letters I had received from home, and those I had written. And then I took occasion to ask her how she got my letters, whether she went to the post-office herself, or who brought them. And then she told me, with a shy little smile, that ever since that morning on which I had left Rathminster, Robert Stockdale used to call, when at home, at the office, and bring her any letters that might be for her. "Though they were few enough, and hardly ever one from you, Tom," she added. She was glad, I thought, to have this little instance of her husband's attentiveness to tell me. Poor Fairy! But I remembered that Stockdale was familiar with my handwriting, and that my initials stood out clearly on the seal. And I now knew for certain what had become of my lost letter.

"And perhaps you have forgotten a letter which had a primrose inside it. Did he bring you that one?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, Tom," she said; "it was the first one he brought me. I remember it very well, and your dreadful leap. As you did not name your reward, I thought a lock of my hair would be quite recompense enough for so rash an act."

"Why, Fairy, did I ask for nothing? Was there nothing in the letter but the primrose?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I remember quite well. You merely said in a postscript that you inclosed the flower."

"And from whom did you hear that I was going to be married?" I asked.

"Oh, Robert heard it ever so long ago in Liverpool, and we wondered that you never mentioned it to us. But tell me, was it not true?"

"No, Fairy," I exclaimed, "it was a lie. But never mind; it makes no difference now. I understand how the report arose."

It was clear as daylight now what had happened. Stockdale had withheld my private letter to Fairy. The flower he had not removed, because it was only mentioned in the postscript, and he did not understand its import; and I had been totally misled by poor Fairy's gift. I could not tell Fairy the baseness of her husband, and it required all my power of self-restraint to conceal my emo-

tion. I changed the subject; and we walked on slowly, saying little until we reached a little wood through which the pathway led. We were now close to the Cottage, and I, having no inclination to meet Stockdale, determined to bid Fairy good-bye and return to the town.

"Promise me," I said, "that you will certainly write if ever you should require my help."

"Oh, yes, Tom," she steadily answered; "I promise."

I was not satisfied. I had taken her hand to bid her farewell, and still held it in mine. I feared that she might need my assistance and yet not ask for it.

"Promise," I said, "that you will write at any time that you feel in your heart your dear mother would have wished that you should. Promise that, Fairy, and I shall be content."

What her answer might have been I do not know, for at that moment Stockdale dashed out from among the trees close to us, his face distorted with rage.

"So," he cried, addressing his wife, and almost unable to speak with excitement, "this is the way you go to see your mother's grave! Oh, I understood your deceit from the first! Did not I tell you you were to have nothing more to do with this person? And yet you at once make an appointment with him. Over him I have no authority; he may do as he pleases, so as he does not interfere with me and mine. But once for all, my wife shall obey me, or it will be worse for her!"

Fairy remained wonderfully calm through this outburst on the part of her husband. I could see she was vexed that I was witness of it; but she bore it so patiently herself, that I felt sure it was of no uncommon occurrence.

When Stockdale had finished speaking, she said, very quietly, "You are quite mistaken, Robert. You know I wanted you to come with me, and you would not. And Tom overtook me quite accidentally as I was returning." Then fearing, I think, that, if she remained, her husband might display yet further his harshness toward herself and the cruel jealousy of his temper, she turned to me and said, "Good-bye, Tom." One touch of her gentle hand, one kind look from those dark-gray eyes,—the last,—and my darling cousin had gone. And Stockdale and I remained upon the path.

He was the first to speak. "Rivers," he said, "you have heard what I have said to my wife. Perhaps you think me wrong—perhaps you think me unjust. I don't mean to discuss the matter with you. But one thing you must understand is, that I won't endure—no, not for a moment—any interference of yours in my concerns. and it's as well that I should have this opportunity of asking you what you meant by that promise you made Mrs. Pearson?"

I found some difficulty in replying to him. I had scarcely understood his question, filled as my mind was with the thought of his treachery toward myself, and his cruelty to one whom I loved better than my life, and who, but for his baseness, it might have been my happiness to cherish and protect. As I hesitated, he continued, in his rough, overbearing manner, "Come, it is better that we should understand one another. What did you mean by that promise?"

"Well," I replied, "I have no objection to answer you. What I meant by that promise was this: that I should consider Annie as my sister, and that I should act a brother's part by her whenever she should stand in need of it."

"Brother! sister!" exclaimed Stockdale, with a sneer. "It's but lately you thought of such a relationship. I know more about the matter than you imagine."

"Stockdale," I replied, "in one thing you are right, and it's better, as you said, that we should clearly understand one another. I understand you, what you mean, and what you are. And now you shall understand me. You think I have for my cousin a love greater than a brother's for his sister. Perhaps that is true. When we were children together, and I was her constant companion, and when to please her used to be my chief delight, I loved her with more than a brother's love, and every year that has passed over our heads since has added to the strength of my affection. In childhood, in boyhood, I loved her as only one who had known her so long and so well could. And when I became a man, then it was the dearest hope of my life that one day I might be able to ask her to become my wife. It was this hope that made separation from her tolerable; it was this hope that nerved me to work as few have done; it was this hope that enabled me to win the position which I now hold; and then, after years of patience and of toil, when the time came that I had a right

to ask her to be my wife, and I wrote to her—for I could not come to see her—you basely stole my letter! Yes," I said, for his lips moved as if he was going to speak; "I know it all, and it's useless for you to deny it—you basely read and kept back more than one letter of mine to her. It is you who have robbed me of my hope, and made life for me a ruin! I know what your love for her is—a feeling unworthy of that holy name—for I have heard you speak to her. Learn now what my love for her is. When I can see the man before me who has spoken to her as you have spoken, and has done me the injury that you have done and yet leave him unpunished, it is because I love her. And now, mark me, Stockdale!" I continued. "You wished to know the meaning of my promise to Mrs. Pearson. Well, I believe you treat my cousin cruelly. If so, let me warn you of this, that her love for you is your protection—keep that protection if you can; for take my solemn warning that if you lose it I shall fulfill my promise to her mother in a way that only one you have so injured can!"

Stockdale made no reply. He stood before me pale and motionless, and I turned to leave him. As I did so, he asked me in a low voice whether I intended to come and see his wife. I answered, "No; not unless she asks me to do so."

"That," I heard him say, "she will never do while she lives."

And we parted. I had nothing to keep me in Rathminster—my staying there could do no good, would only increase the unreasoning jealousy of Stockdale, and make Fairy's life more miserable; so I returned to England.

CHAPTER V.—TOO LATE.

Two or three years now passed by, during which I heard nothing of the Stockdales. It was, I well remember, the last day of the year 1842. I had just returned to Liverpool with the *Miranda* from Trinidad, had left the vessel in dock, and had made my way as usual to the Neptune Hotel. On asking for letters, the waiter—a new one; the old waiter had left, I found, some four or five months before—placed a bundle of them in my hand. But in looking over the addresses I saw at once there was none from Rathminster. I thrust them into my pocket; I would read them at my leisure. The letter which I had been so long expecting, which I dreaded to receive, was

not there. "It has not come yet," I said to myself, with a feeling of relief. After dinner, I retired, as was customary with me, to my room. I had some writing to do. When that was finished, I drew my chair to the fireside, and took up a book, which I soon, however, laid aside, finding that I was reading the sentences mechanically, without taking in the meaning, my mind being occupied with other things. So I sat thinking—thinking of the old times, of my disappointment, of Fairy, of my last meeting with her. I had no reason for expecting a letter from her. After what her husband had said, it was improbable that she would ask me to go to see her—improbable even that she would write to me. "How, then," I asked myself, "am I to learn anything of her at all unless I go to Rathminster?" I felt uncertain what to do. On the one hand, there was the harm a visit might do; but on the other, there was my promise to Mrs. Pearson. There might be nothing amiss; and yet I felt uneasy in my mind; and I have since remembered that, as I sat by the fireside on that night, —the last night of the year,—I actually wished that I possessed the power one reads of in fairy tales, of seeing what has happened in some far-off place.

At length, as my eyes rested upon the oak cabinet opposite, I recollected the order I had given to the former waiter about my letters. "I may as well," I thought, "just look into that drawer." I walked over to the cabinet, and pulled the drawer open; and there it was, the very letter I was dreading to receive, lying where it had been for months! I knew Fairy's handwriting in a moment. I opened the letter and read it. It was very short.

"MY DEAR TOM: Perhaps I shall not see you again; and so I wish just to tell you how grateful I am to you for all your kindness to me ever since we were children together. You were very good to me that last day I saw you, and I know that you will remember what I said to you about the grave. Good-bye. Ever, as of old, your affectionate
FAIRY."

My anxiety about Fairy was increased a hundred-fold by this letter. She did not say she was in trouble. But why did she tell me nothing of herself? Why did she speak of not seeing me again? Why did she remind me of the promise about her grave? Why did she write at all?

There was something wrong. She was ill, perhaps, it might be dangerously; and the letter was five months old! Perhaps already it was too late. At any rate, I could not endure the suspense. My mind was made up. I would go to Rathminster as soon as it should be in my power to do so.

It was the morning of the fourth of January, before I was able to leave Liverpool; and on the afternoon of the fifth, I reached Rathminster. On driving into the town, I noticed that many of the shop windows were closed—a token that some one was dead; and, seeing an acquaintance as I stepped off the car, I asked him who it was.

"Have you not heard," he exclaimed. "That is very strange. I thought it was on account of it that you were here."

Then a great fear came upon me. "Who is it?" I demanded.

He did not tell me, but I knew, for he said, "You had better come with me, I think. Dr. Burton is at home, and he was there, and can tell you."

I went with him to the doctor's house—a kind old man, though never a very able practitioner, and for many years inefficient through age. He told me all. It was more dreadful than I had even imagined. Fairy was dead. There had been an inquest, at which Dr. Burton was examined. She had been found, on the morning of New Year's Day, lying dead in the little wood, under one of the silver firs at the side of Stockdale's cottage. There was no doubt what had happened, for one of her husband's razors was found in her hand. The jury, being resident in the locality, and knowing all the circumstances, did not think it necessary, said Dr. Burton, to go into any minute or painful investigation. It was clearly a case of temporary insanity.

"You know," he said, "her manner was very strange of late—great and unreasonable depression of spirits, and a desire to be alone. I saw her a week before, and found her in an extremely nervous condition, and thought it right to warn her husband that she should not be left by herself. It was while he was asleep she did it." The funeral, the doctor told me, was to be the next day.

I left Dr. Burton's house, and chose the way that would bring me soonest out of the town, for

I was in haste to be alone. Then, as I got into the country, the desire became irresistible to walk along the path where I had last walked with her—to stand upon the spot where last I had stood with her—to feel again, in thought, at least, the parting pressure of the hand that I should never clasp again—to see, in memory, at least, the dark-gray eyes, now closed forever; and so I took the pathway through the church-yard. Then, as I was passing through it, I remembered Fairy's request, the last she ever made of me, and I turned aside to see the spot where she was to rest. I found Mrs. Pearson's grave. I had almost dreaded to see a fresh opening in the turf; but there was none; the green sod had not been disturbed. Could the intention be to bury her in some other part of the church-yard? I determined to inquire. On finding the sexton, he told me that she was to be buried, he understood, in the old church-yard of Gortfern, "which," he said, "is much wondered at, as it's four long miles away; and both the Stockdales and the Pearsons have been buried here for generations."

On hearing this, I felt that I must at once speak to Stockdale on the subject, however painful it might be to me. My promise to my cousin left me no alternative; so I left the church-yard, and walked quickly along the path through the fields, till I came out upon the high-road opposite Stockdale's house. I crossed the garden, and knocked. Presently a woman came, an old servant of the Stockdales, called Dorothy Brien. She did not seem to know me, and asked me what I wanted. I said I wished to see Mr. Stockdale. She inquired if my business could not be put off, as there was a death in the house; and on my replying in the negative she left me. I had not long to wait before Stockdale appeared. When he saw me, he turned deadly pale, took a step backward, and seemed about to close the door.

I spoke to him at once. "I have come here," I said, "merely on account of a wish your wife once expressed to me, and of which, perhaps, you are ignorant. I have heard that she is to be buried in Gortfern church-yard; and I think it my duty to tell you that it was her earnest desire to be laid after death beside her mother."

"I have made my arrangements," he replied, "and it is too late to change them now."

"But remember it is the last opportunity you

or I shall have of doing anything she wished. It's not too late. I can speak to the sexton as I return. Now, Stockdale," I continued; "you know the injury you have done me. Well, I'll forgive it, here and now, if you will have this one thing done that my cousin wished."

But no; he would not. The more I urged my request, the more determined he seemed to become in refusing; so I left him. Madman that he was, there came a time when he would have given all that he possessed to have done what I so earnestly entreated him to do that evening! But already the hand of Fate—I should give it another name—was resting on him!

Gortfern church-yard was, as I have said, about five miles from Rathminster. The road, a bad one, little used, led up among the hills, and came out upon the level moorland above, and was now principally employed for carting the peat into the town.

It was out on this moorland, near a little lake, and surrounded by rushy fields and heather, that Gortfern church-yard was situated. Whether there had ever been a church there, I know not; and now it was only the few families living in the neighborhood that ever used the place as a burying-ground. There poor Fairy's grave was made, deep down in the black peat; and there, as the cold winter wind moaned and sighed around us, the funeral service was read, and then we left the church-yard. But few persons accompanied us the whole way to Gortfern; and of these, Stockdale and I alone had remained to see the grave filled up. I was a little way in advance of him as we walked down the lane leading to the road; there was no one near us, and as I had something to say to him I turned round and stopped him.

"What's this for? What are you going to do?" he stammered, and thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat.

"You need not be frightened," I replied; "and you may leave that pistol where it is. I am not going to hurt you. It may even be a relief to you to hear what I am about to say."

"I don't wish," he answered, "to hear anything from you."

"But you shall!" I said, placing myself directly before him, so that he could not pass without pushing me aside. "You know," I continued, "the wrong you have done me, and what you

deserve at my hands. Well, it is impossible to alter what is past; and I have come to see that to punish you for it would bring me no satisfaction. With regard to *her*, I hold you answerable for her death."

He was going to speak; but I went on:

"Yes; it was your cruelty that brought her to it, I told you once that your safety lay in her love for you. Well, that is at an end now, and my hand is free to strike. But she is gone—gone where she needs no more the love or the protection I could give her—where no hand can assail, and no hand is needed to defend. I do not say I forgive you; your great sin is not against me, and it is not mine to pardon it. But mark me well! Do not flatter yourself, because you have escaped human vengeance" (as I spoke, the man became ashy pale); "you know best what you have done, and what you deserve; and I tell you that now, as I stand before you, the conviction is strong upon me, that for the wrong you have done my cousin, the punishment will yet overtake you, and that I shall live to see it!"

As I turned to go, he exclaimed:

"Stop! Stay a moment. What do you mean? You had better take care how you invent——" He hesitated.

"You need not fear me, Stockdale," I said. "I shall leave this place to-day. I wish never to return to it, or see you again. If I should, it will not be my doing, but the work of a hand from which no human creature can escape!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE PROMISE KEPT.

YEARS again passed by, during which I had neither heard of Stockdale nor revisited my old home. Time, which softens all sorrows, had taken away the sharpness of mine. I had not, indeed, forgotten Fairy, and I had remained unmarried. But of Stockdale I hardly ever had a thought now. Twenty years had passed since the events mentioned in the last chapter, and almost as many since I had been in Liverpool. It was an evening in the month of May, when, after so long an absence, I once more found myself in that busy town. I supposed that I should certainly be forgotten at the Neptune, if indeed that hotel should still be in existence; but I wished to see the place again, and so made my way toward my old quarters. It was with some curiosity that I turned into the little court where the inn used to be. It was

there still, apparently unchanged, and I entered. Of course, I was not recognized; but when I mentioned my name and said that I used to be well known at the Neptune, I found that the name at least was remembered, and that there was an apartment still called Captain Rivers's room. To a wanderer such as I had been, without relative or home, this was some satisfaction, and I asked to be allowed again to occupy my own room.

And so that night I found myself sitting by the fireside, as I had done nearly a quarter of a century before. Everything in the room was just as I had last seen it. There was no change in the furniture. The same massive mahogany bedstead with its crimson curtains was there; the same table at which I had written my letter to poor Fairy. The arm-chair I was sitting in was the very one in which I had so often sat and thought of her. Opposite me was the old oak cabinet; and I am half ashamed to confess that I actually went over to it and opened the right-hand drawer and looked in with a kind of feeling that I should find a letter for me in it. There was none, of course. But as I sat in the old place by the fireside that night, memories of the past crowded thick upon me, incidents long forgotten returned vividly to my mind. I thought of my old home; of Mrs. Pearson, and my promise to her; of Fairy—of my last interview with her; of the lonely grave on the wild moorland—until I observed that the fire had gone out, and that it was far on in the night. Then I went to bed and fell asleep. But still my thoughts were busy with the past. I seemed in my dreams to pass again through the scenes of my childhood and youth. But one strange feature was present in them all. I was a boy playing with Fairy. We were full of mirth, the garden ringing with our laughter, when suddenly a servant appeared calling us in. It was Dorothy Brien, the old servant of the Stockdales. The scene changed. I was returning to Rathminster after my first voyage, anxious to see Fairy again, and feeling a pleasure in coming home—never, perhaps, so sweet and unmixed as in youth, and after a first absence. I knocked at the door. "Fairy will surely open it," I thought. But no. It was Dorothy. "There is sickness in this house," she said; "you cannot enter." So my dream went on, one scene succeeding another, and with each this old servant was strangely mixed up. I thought I was returning from my poor darling's

funeral. At a turn of the road the same woman suddenly met me. "Stop!" she said. "I have a message for you from Mrs. Stockdale. Listen to what I tell you;" and she seemed to speak eagerly. "*You are to remember your promise.*"

Then I awakened. The morning sun was pouring in its light through the window. I got up and dressed myself. At first I thought my dream was simply the effect of circumstances. The familiar room, and my meditations the night before, had awakened in me former trains of thought. Even in sleep my imagination was busy with the past; for impressions once made upon the mind, though forgotten, remain hidden away as it were in the storehouse of the memory, and may rise up before us again at the most unexpected moments.

But I must confess that this dream, fantastic as it was, strangely affected me. Old wounds will open afresh after they have been healed for years, and the vividness of my dream seemed to have stirred to their depths the feelings which time had calmed. I began to think of my promise to Fairy, and to ask myself, had I done *all* I might have done to keep it; and a vague impression began to take possession of me that I must visit Rathminster once more. I reasoned with myself that it would be useless as well as painful for me to do so; but the feeling grew stronger, and I could not shake it off. At length, therefore, my time being at my disposal, I determined to yield to it; and so the fourth day after my arrival in Liverpool found me again on my way to Rathminster.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the town. I noticed but few changes in the place itself—the great change was in the people—a change that twenty years is sure to work. The young were middle-aged; the middle-aged were old; the old were dead. I saw scarcely a face that I recognized. Scarce a soul remembered me. I was not known at the hotel, where even my name had been forgotten. I was not sorry at this. I had come to-day; I should be gone to-morrow. I scarcely wished to be recognized or remembered. After having had some refreshment, I strolled out along the streets. I gazed at the house where we had lived. I sauntered past the school-gates, and saw a few of the boarders playing in the old ball-court. I then walked slowly along the road past the castle; the rooks were busy with their nests in the fine old trees,

and flights of jackdaws were circling as they used to do round the ivy-covered walls of the old ruin. I had almost unconsciously taken the road which passed Rathminster church-yard, and before I knew, I found myself at the gate. Then I thought that I would once more walk along the path, and once more gaze upon the spot where I had parted from her. In bitterness of spirit I followed the path through the fields on and on, till at last I came out upon the high-road. On finding myself so near Stockdale's house, I walked on a hundred yards or so until I came opposite it. I deemed that there was little danger of meeting Stockdale, and doubted whether even passing me casually he would recognize me. It was a lovely evening, and there was a delicious spring-like odor in the air. The hedgerows were all out in leaf, and the green on them and on the trees was still in its first delicate freshness. The little birds were fully engaged in their domestic concerns, and the busy chatter of the distant rookery was just audible in the moments when all other sounds were hushed.

There was no one in Stockdale's garden, nor indeed about the cottage, so far as I could see. The door was closed, and the blinds were down in the lower windows. As no one seemed near, I sat down upon the parapet of the little bridge. The moment I had seen the house, I had been struck by its changed aspect. Formerly, everything about it had been so neat and well kept; now, there was everywhere an air of neglect and desolation. The garden was a mass of weeds, the box borders of the flower-beds had grown up almost into shrubs, and were the only tokens of where the walks had been. In the centre of the garden, from the little gate that opened on the road, to the door of the house, there was an ungraveled pathway trodden among the weeds. The house, too, seemed utterly uncared for. The rustic porch was in a tottering condition. The creepers which had covered the front of the house were gone; here and there a portion of the decaying trellis-work remained hanging to the wall, and cracked and broken panes were to be seen in almost every window. I began to wonder what had become of Stockdale. Was he dead, or had he left the country, or sold his farm? Although it was so long since I had seen or heard of him, yet I had come to Rathminster expecting somehow to find things just as I had left them; and it had not even occurred to me to make any inquiries in

the town. Had I then come back after twenty years just to see the house falling into ruin, and to hear, perhaps, that the owner had been long dead?

Still, my thoughts were not so wholly engrossed with suppositions as to Stockdale and his misfortunes as to make me forget that I had come to Rathminster determined to do one thing, if it were possible to be done—and that was, *to keep my promise to Fairy*. So powerfully had my recent dream impressed this duty upon my mind, that I could not help upbraiding myself for so long delaying its execution. But now, sitting on the parapet of the bridge in view of the cottage where she had lived, I made a firm resolve with myself that the duty should be postponed no longer. I felt impelled toward it by a mysterious something within me which I am not yet able to explain, even to myself.

Seeing that the long-forgotten figure of Dorothy Brien had played so conspicuous a part in my dream, I naturally made some inquiries with regard to her. It appeared that shortly after Mrs. Stockdale's death she had left the service of young Stockdale—though for many years she had served him and his family before him—and gone away, it was believed, to America. At all events, she had not since been heard of, and must long ago be dead. This information further excited my curiosity as to how it came that she filled so large a place in my dream—a dream which had led me after so many years to seek to make up for my previous neglect for Fairy's last wish.

It would weary the reader were I to detail the various steps I took in order to get the sanction of the necessary authorities for the removal of her body from that solitary grave in Gortfern church-yard, where it had lain undisturbed all these years. Fortunately, Dr. Burton, who had succeeded to the practice of our old medical attendant, his father, had not forgotten me or who I was; and when I had stated to him the sacred purpose of my visit he used every endeavor to enable me to carry out my wishes. From him, also, I learned that Stockdale a few weeks before had disappeared from the village in order to escape the consequences of some action on the part of an exasperated creditor, and when he might return was not known. At all events, he was not in a position to raise any serious obstacle to my proposal, even if he were now so minded, for his life during many

years had been a continued sinking from bad to worse. Poor in means, and degraded in character, he had gradually lost the respect of his neighbors—a silent, dark-minded man, who moved about like one who has the burden of some great crime lying heavy upon him.

At length we had completed our arrangements for the transference of the body of Mrs. Stockdale to the Rathminster church-yard; and for this purpose Dr. Burton and I set out one morning armed with the necessary authority, to be followed in an hour by a hearse that was to reconvey the body from Gortfern.

I shall never forget that morning. The air was mild and humid, with a soft mist veiling the distant landscape; and as we passed along that solitary road, which I had traversed with such bitter feelings twenty years before, the whole circumstances of that mournful period rose up before me in a kind of dreadful phantasmagoria. I saw, in imagination, my cousin Fairy—the woman I had loved so long and so deeply—lying dead under the silver fir on that New Year's morning; her removal to the cottage; my visit there with Dorothy Brien, once more telling me that there was death in the house; my useless expostulations with Stockdale; the funeral procession to Gortfern church-yard, and the consignment of Fairy's remains to the cold recesses of that moorland grave. Ah, me! that sorrow should so print its impress upon our hearts!

When we arrived at Gortfern, we found the sexton and his assistant in readiness for their work, as also two representatives of the local trust that had the management of this old burying-place. We soon found the grave—though no tombstone marked the spot—and the melancholy work of disinterment began. I watched them, as the men worked downward, foot by foot, through that soft, black, peaty mould, till I heard their implements strike upon the lid, on which I had heard, as it were but yesterday, the dull echo of "earth to earth" twenty years ago. The men worked with care; but somehow, in the course of their operations, the lid of the coffin had been split from top to bottom, and when the chest was raised out of the grave and set down upon the turf of the church-yard, to my horror the one-half of the cover fell entirely away, partly revealing the remains which it inclosed.

I cannot express the mingled grief and conster-

nation that filled my mind at this, which appeared to me to be nothing less than a violation of the sanctity of death. Had I been allowed to follow my first impulse, it would have been to order the immediate replacement of the lid, that no rude gaze should reach those dear remains. But Dr. Burton gently took me by the arm, and, stooping down, slightly raised the dank cloth that covered the face of the dead. What was my surprise to find that the countenance was almost unchanged! I still could trace the well-remembered features—it was "as if she had not been dead a day." I knelt down by her side, and for a short while gave way to the grief I could no longer suppress.

It was afterward explained to me by Dr. Burton that this apparently miraculous preservation of the body was due to the strongly antiseptic properties of the peaty soil in which it had been interred; although he had never in his experience seen a case in which the preservation had been so marvelously complete.

After allowing me for a few minutes to expend my grief, the worthy doctor was approaching as if to raise me, when we heard a voice behind us exclaim in tones of violent passion:

"Who has done this? By whose orders was this grave opened?"

I started to my feet, and there, within a few yards of me, stood Robert Stockdale! His eyes were gleaming like those of a fiend. He seemed like a man under the influence of strong drink; but it may have only been the wild excitement of his passionate nature. Since I had seen him last he was more changed than she who had all these years been in her grave. Haggard and ghastly, with blood-shot eyes and deeply-wrinkled forehead, he stood before me the very impersonation of an evil life.

I was about to advance and speak, when we observed the sexton, who had been busying himself in replacing the broken lid, lift a small packet out of the coffin, which he handed to Dr. Burton. The packet was done up in several thick folds of cloth, and as he carefully unrolled these all eyes were riveted upon him—even those of Stockdale, who had now approached, and stood looking on as if horror-stricken. The removal of the last fold of the cloth discovered a small volume,—a pocket Testament,—Fairy's Testament! I had given it to her as a keepsake on my first visit to Rathminster, after I left home. As Dr. Burton

unclasped it, there fell from between the leaves a scrap of paper, which he instantly took up and read aloud. I shall never forget the words it contained; they sounded in my ears like what they were—a message from the dead.

"I, Dorothy Brien, write this paper. I have promised to Mr. Stockdale, my master, for the sake of his good father and mother I have so long served, never to tell what I know of this dreadful crime. But I will place this in my dear mistress's coffin when there is no one to see me, and God may reveal the truth some day. My mistress did not take away her own life—she was murdered by her husband. In the middle of the night he stunned her with a blow, and I saw him carry the senseless body down-stairs. God and his own conscience only can tell what happened then. But she is as innocent of self-destruction as the babe unborn. I do not know how I shall live under the burden of what I know. But Heaven may bring it to light some day, when I pray God pardon me for this great crime of concealment. But I cannot disgrace the son of parents who were so kind to me. God forgive me for my great sin.

"DOROTHY BRIEN."

As Dr. Burton concluded the reading of this awful revelation,—the revelation of a secret which the grave had kept so long,—Stockdale turned as if to rush from our presence; but with a deep groan he staggered and fell to the ground, where he lay for a time like a dead man. The doctor at once ordered the parish authorities present to see to his safe custody, and that night he was consigned on a charge of murder to Rathminster jail. For some hours, as I afterward learned, he remained in a kind of stupor, out of which condition he gradually passed into a state bordering on frenzy, so much so, that he had to be closely watched by those in charge of him. A little after midnight his excitement subsided, and he was left apparently sunk in slumber. In the morning, when his cell door was opened, it was found that the wretched man had passed from the power of human justice to that which is beyond. The shock caused by the sudden discovery of his hidden crime had killed him.

I need not prolong my story. The body of Fairy was reverently conveyed from Gortfern to Rathminster, and laid beside that of her mother. *I had kept my promise.*

THE BREAD WE EAT.

BY MAGNUS DWIGHT.

MORE than twenty years ago, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," or one of his colleagues, said in the "Atlantic Monthly," "Let me make the brown bread of the nation, and I care not who makes its laws." But the autocrat went to writing poetry and saving the world by medical prescriptions instead; concluding, doubtless, like the shrewd Yankee he was, that, for himself and friends, at least, "white bread-and-butter" was far preferable to brown bread alone: say poor brown bread alone, and a scarcity at that, such as is apt to fall to the lot of him who would in any untimely hour crowd a higher grade of food, physical or spiritual, down the unwilling throat of humanity.

Hence it happened that the "Brown-Bread Reform," with all its virtues and vices, was left in this country to the Tralls, the Jacksons, and lesser lights of kindred spirits, who, though they had abundant conviction and enthusiasm, lacked

utterly the genius and power needed to carry the brown bread salvation right home to the palate and stomach of mankind. "To will was present" enough with them, "but how to perform" the feat in hand was a secret hid, and is yet hid, to a great extent, from the Graham cracker fraternity. I know that much good work has been done in this line, and could mention names of persons who to my knowledge have for twenty years been feeding themselves and their followers, and are still so feeding, on food fit for an angel's taste, and I doubt not quite as fit for man's nature; but they are outside the great circles of popular life, having, on the one hand, convictions that shut them out voluntarily, and, on the other, lacking the gifts and graces necessary in order to mingle and rule therein.

Meantime, the young men and women of the passing generation have had poorer bread and poorer meat than those of the preceding genera-

tion, with larger demands on their nervous and physical system. If a man wants at once to see proof and result of this, let him stand on the corner of any great thoroughfare in Philadelphia, New York, or London, between seven and eight o'clock of a week-day morning, or about six o'clock of a week-day evening, or take the bright noon of the Sabbath, when the crowds have their Sunday clothes on and are standing on highest heels; let him look for the firm step and the springing motion and the natural rose-tints of health so characteristic of the youthful and mature human life of thirty, forty years ago, and he will observe paleness of cheek, dullness of eyes, and a limpy, languid motion instead; while the men with convictions and genius, who might, perhaps, have saved this world by dying for it, have been writing books to please, chatting sickly diletantism, pretending to patch or mend a broken world by drugs that kill; our cemeteries and undertakers all the while thriving like so many tropical gardens and gardeners of the Lord.

Now that the Brown-Bread Reform is again breaking out in new quarters, with more signs of science and sense and organized effort behind it, we commend to the American reader the following extracts taken from a late foreign journal.

This age has been called one of "loud discussion and weak conviction." We do not always know what we want; it does not always occur to us that a good thing to which we have a right lies at our door.

The object of the present paper is to draw attention to one such thing.

Among the societies which have sprung into existence, and made rapid way within the past twelve months, is a League that believes in brown bread, properly made, and that agitates for its making and baking, and pressing, by example and precept, upon the acceptance of the children of the poor.

The society calls itself the Bread-Reform League, and its members energetically labor to bring home to the mind of the public the conviction that our ordinary English disposal of bread material is wasteful, and dietetically foolish, owing to the rejection as human food of certain nutritious parts of the wheat.

The contention of bread reformers against bread as at present made is twofold—indeed

threefold. They object to white bread. They object to ordinary brown bread. They object, though in less degree, to the "whole-meal" brown bread, which has of late years been the nearest approach to the right thing we, in England, have been able to procure.

What the right thing is, it is my purpose to show. But before describing it, and enlarging upon its merits, let us notice the grounds of objection to that wrong thing which, in one of its three forms, was probably upon the reader's breakfast table this morning.

To understand these objections we must have before our mind's eye a notion of what a grain of wheat really is, and its relation to ourselves as an article of food.

I have before me the picture of a magnified section of the grain. I see that all the central and by far the larger part of this section is composed of the cells from which alone white flour is made. Analysts tell us that these cells contain a very large proportion of starch, and a small percentage of the nourishing substance known as gluten. Surrounding this white central portion of each grain of wheat are five layers of other cells. And outside all is the hard skin or "cortex"—a woody, fibrous, and even flinty covering, which contains nothing valuable as human food.

But the layers of thread lying between this hard skin and the central white portion are rich in materials which go to support life. The inmost layer—that next to the starchy centre—is composed of large cells, chiefly formed of gluten. The remaining layers are full of useful mineral matters.

Properly to sustain human life and health, it is needful that a due proportion of all the materials which exist in each of these parts of the grain respectively should be taken in food. There are but few articles of diet which contain them all, and in the right proportions: among these are milk and eggs, and bread made from the whole of the wheaten grain.

The office of each of the constituents of the wheat is definitely known in regard to the support of life. The starch is valuable as a heat producer. The gluten goes to form flesh. The phosphatic salts and other mineral matters go to the formation of bone and teeth, and to the nourishment of brain and nerves. And bread reformers tell us that the cheapest, the most convenient, and

the most universally wholesome way of getting the required proportions of these various necessities of life into the system is to take them in the shape of properly made wheaten bread.

(a) The objection to white bread may now be readily guessed. It contains but a part of the needful nutriment, and that part in too large a proportion. And the whiter it is, the worse it is in these two respects. Any one who had to live upon it, and upon nothing else, would starve his bones and his brains, and would speedily lapse into ill health. Too large a proportion of starch is retained in the preparing of white flour: a large proportion of muscle and tissue formers, and almost all the material for formation of bone and nourishment of nerves and brain, being rejected, and put to other purposes. For some reason or other, we have been for generations wasting a great deal of precious human food. What that reason is we will inquire later.

In the absence of sufficient bone-forming material, children become liable to "rickets." The children of our English poor are singularly subject to bone disorder of this kind, and the fact is largely attributable to the custom of eating bread made exclusively from that white flour which is so deficient in lime and phosphates. For, in the case of the poor, the missing requisites of diet are not supplied by the meat, milk, and eggs which, being readily obtainable by the wealthier classes, prevent the insufficiency of white bread from becoming, in their case, obvious. "A very small proportion of phosphate of lime introduced into the dietary of a growing child is capable of making the difference between deformity and development."

(b) Next, What are the objections to ordinary brown bread?

What is brown bread as commonly made? Generally nothing more nor less than white flour, with some of the outer husk—the hard, innutritious coatings of the grain—coarsely ground and mixed with the flour. It is, as an article of diet, even worse than the pure white bread; for it adds to the negative disadvantages of the latter its own positive disadvantage. This disadvantage consists in its irritating property, which is owing to the presence of the rough, hard, indigestible husk. Its behavior when eaten is, by its mechanical action, to irritate the alimentary canal, so that the food does not actually remain long enough in

the body for what nourishment it contains to be duly absorbed and assimilated. Such bread is thus not only wasteful of its own material, but also of the human life-force and machinery that has to do with it.

(c) The objection to whole-meal bread is less than to either of the former kinds. Nothing said against white bread applies to it at all. We have in it the precious phosphatic salts in sufficiency, and also gluten and albumen in the full proportion. But the drawbacks of the brown bread remain. The whole-meal bread contains the flinty cortex, or skin; and, as commonly ground between stones, the harder parts of the grain (including this hardest of all) are left in coarse, angular bits. This bread is, though intrinsically richer in nourishing matters, no less irritating than common brown bread; and the nutriment is, therefore, not fully extracted from it by the eater, because its irritating property shortens the time of its digestion, and does not allow the system time enough properly to assimilate it.

This objection to brown bread—whether of the ordinary innutritious kind, or the more modern whole-meal bread—is felt strongly by the working classes, who, without reasoning on the matter, find their way to the right practical conclusion in regard to it. Such persons, never having had the chance of getting a brown bread which is not irritating, and possibly associating this drawback with the brownness of the bread, continue to prefer and to buy white bread. And the whiter it is, the more they believe in its excellence as an article of food. Dr. Gilbert, F.R.S., in a letter to the secretary of the Society of Arts, demurs to the introduction of bread made from the whole of the meal partly on this ground. He draws attention to the fact above noted, remarking that navvies and other members of the hard-working class invariably prefer white bread to brown; and he attributes this to the experience of the men who find themselves less nourished by brown bread on account of its stimulating quality. There is, of course, further to be considered the comparative unpalatableness of most brown bread. The brown breads hitherto within reach of the poor have been unsatisfactory. The "right thing" in bread has as yet had no fair trial.

Let us now definitely describe what that "right thing" is. We are prepared to demand of it that it should combine the digestibility of white bread

with the nutritive quality of whole-meal bread, while sharing the disadvantages of neither. First, as to its nourishing properties.

The wheat-meal bread that we desire to see substituted for the only semi-nutritious article now in vogue among the poor is stated to be of such efficiency as food that a shilling's worth of it will provide an ample meal for nine grown-up persons. Nothing is discarded in preparation of the wheat-meal except the innutritious outmost skin of the grain. The five layers of cells containing the valuable mineral matters before named are all retained.

Next, as to its digestibility. Wheat-meal bread, in common with whole-meal bread, contains not only all the elements necessary for nutrition, but also "cerealine," a substance which operates as a ferment, promoting digestion. Dr. H. C. Bartlett tells us that "within the cellular formation of these skins (or layers) a curious fermentative, albuminous principle is found, which in itself not only affords a most valuable nutritive quality, but has also the effect of rendering the flour of the kernel more easy of conversion into a digestible condition, and materially assists in a rude *panification*, or bread-making, which, however primitive, affords strong and healthy food staple." The superior digestibility, however, of wheat-meal bread over other whole-meal bread depends upon two further characteristics special to itself: 1st, its freedom from the hard, objectionable, and useless outer skin; 2d, the fineness to which the meal composing it is ground. These two characteristics distinguish it from all other brown breads made in England, and insure its complete wholesomeness. In ordinary brown bread, as in whole-meal bread, there exist "split chaff, awns, and other bristly processes, besides, in some cases, *débris* of various kinds, and bran flakes." These matters are what cause the unsuitability of such bread for the ordinary diet of the majority. Wheat-meal bread is made from meal freed from these irritants; the grain having been subjected to a process of scraping, called *decortication*, before being ground.

The other result—the fineness of the ground meal—is obtained by the use of suitable steel-mills. Only in a steel-mill is the fine grinding of the harder parts of the grain possible without damage to the quality of the grain.¹ Ground in the ordinary way between stones, the branny por-

tions of the grain are necessarily delivered in those large, angular flakes which are the cause of the irritating and indigestible properties alike of common and of whole-meal brown bread. By the use of a well-adapted steel-mill the grain is cut or chopped into minute fragments of a granular form. Besides avoiding the evil just noted, this process has a further advantage—the nutritive properties of the grain so treated undergo none of the deterioration which always accompanies the fine crushing of meal between stones. Such fine crushing develops much heat, which heat, in technical phrase, "kills the quality" of the meal, so that it is impossible to make really light bread from it.

Besides this fine steel-mill grinding, it is especially important that the meal be passed through an 18-mesh sieve, as further security against the retention of any large or angular particles. What will not pass the first time should then be re-ground. This simple but perfect process completely remedies the irritating quality of the meal.

Miss Yates, the earliest agitator in the matter, observed two years ago, when traveling in Sicily, that the laboring classes there live healthily, and work well upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of which is bread made of well-ground wheat-meal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means the only people so supported. "The Hindoos of the Northwestern Province can walk fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food than 'chapatties' made of the whole-meal, with a little 'ghee' or Galam butter." Turkish and Arab porters, capable of carrying burdens of from four hundred to six hundred pounds, live on bread only, with the occasional addition of fruit and vegetable. The Spartans and Romans of old time lived their vigorous lives on bread made of wheaten meal. In northern as well as southern climates we find the same thing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland, and elsewhere the poor live chiefly on bread, always made from some whole-meal,—wheat, oats, or rye,—and the peasantry of whatever climate, so fed, always compare favorably with our South English poor, who, in conditions of indigence precluding them from obtaining sufficient meat food, starve, if not to

¹ We have even heard of several instances in which housekeepers have been in the habit of buying the grain whole, and grinding it at home for bread-making in an ordinary coffee-mill. But a steel-mill it must be.

death, at least into sickness, on the white bread it is our modern English habit to prefer.¹

White bread alone will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subjects of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions—to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon, and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain remained vigorous, healthy, and well nourished. Whether an originally healthy human being, if fed solely on white bread for forty days, would likewise die at the end of that time, remains, of course, a question. The tenacity of life exhibited by Magendie's dogs will not evidently bear comparison with that of the scarcely yet forgotten forty days' wonder, Dr. Tanner. Nor is it by any means asserted that any given man or any given child would certainly remain in vigorous health for an indefinite length of time if fed solely on wheat-meal bread. Not a single piece of strong evidence has been produced, however, to show that he would not; and in the only case in which whole-meal bread has been tried with any persistency or on any considerable scale among us—to wit, in jails—facts go to show such bread to be an excellent and wholesome substitute for more costly forms of nutritious food.

Still, it is not a bread diet, as compared with a mixed diet of bread and other nourishing things, that we are here considering, or that the League is advocating. The comparison lies between a diet consisting mainly of white bread and one consisting mainly of wheat-meal bread.

For here lies the only choice in the case of a large number of our countrymen. The poor who inhabit the crowded alleys of our English cities cannot afford good milk, meat, or eggs. They must live principally on bread. And, whether they know it or not, the question comes near to being a matter of life or death to them, what

manner of bread it is they eat. Meanwhile, their wan, stunted children, frequent deformity, and early toothlessness witness directly to hardship in the particular form of deficient bone nourishment. In the interests of such, and on the part of those who concern themselves in their life-struggles, the question deserves consideration, Can we, or can we not, expect human beings to live in health and to work; can we, or can we not, expect children to grow and to develop properly—upon diet that starves a dog? The innutrition which causes a dog fed only on white bread to die in six weeks must go some way toward killing a human being, similarly fed, in the same period. For canine life is not so fundamentally unlike human life in the matter of physical requirement that we can rationally expect an identical condition of food to issue in two such opposite effects as death in the one case and unimpaired vitality in the other.

But not only do bones and teeth indubitably suffer if the mineral matters needed to form them be wanting in the food taken; the nerves and brain suffer likewise. This is to say that the character suffers; the whole universe is at each moment differently presented to consciousness; the whole experience of an individual is from moment to moment hurtfully modified, and reacts in proportionally degenerate tastes, feelings, and conduct, if the conditions of nerve-life be unfavorable. "No phosphorus, no thought," said a celebrated German; and, harshly materialistic as the saying appears, there is no escaping the fact of which it is a one-sided expression. Phosphorus is not a synonym for thought—it is not thought; nor does thought depend only on phosphorus in the brain for its existence; but thinking does depend in various ways on the healthy condition of the nervous system; and the condition of the nervous system is healthiest when it can absorb a certain due measure of phosphorus. And where no phosphorus is supplied, the brain ceases activity entirely. Thought in our estimation will be degraded, or phosphorous elevated, by this indirect relationship, according to the view we take of one or the other; according, that is, to whether our habitual conception of things is such that thought seems to have the dignity of mystery taken out of it, or whether phosphorus seems to have the dignity of mystery put into it, by the roundabout connection between the two. For

¹ "The yeomen of Elizabeth's reign who drew their bow-strings to their ears and sent a cloth-yard shaft whistling through a barn door at eighty yards, ate meat about once a week, and lived the rest of the time on whole-meal bread and cheese."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

my own part, vividly realizing the supreme office of thought in the human world—nay, recognizing in thought the awakening of this unfathomable universe to a sense of its own being—I cannot conceive of its degradation through any association whatever. On the contrary, association with thought (for me) takes all the prose, all the commonplaceness, all the lifelessness out of that easily-syllabled but evasive “matter,” concerning which, unspiritually accepting the senses as sole masters of the situation, we commonly cheat ourselves by speaking so knowingly. Such association, more deeply considered, should immeasurably enhance the value, interest, and wonder of any and every simpler condition, constituent, and process that contributes, in whatever manner or degree, to the support of consciousness. But, metaphysics apart, the stubborn truth remains. An ill-nourished brain cannot perform its functions efficiently; and its possessor is for the time being so much the less a thinking being. I cannot at this moment, for instance, be thinking that phosphorus is a mean thing (and the bread-reform agitation “a storm in a tea-cup”); but by the help of that mean thing itself, taken into my nervous system in my food (*e.g.* in the wheat-meal bread I ate an hour ago) thus to enable me to decry its dignity. Bread-reformers contend that the cheapest way of getting possession of the phosphates our bones and brains thus ask for in spite of us, is to get them in the shape of the best bread we can make—bread which contains them in due and digestible proportions, and which is palatable enough to be accepted, and eventually preferred, by all who have once seen its other merits.

At this point a chemical objector puts in the remark, “Granted that all the essential constituents of food, all the materials required for building up human bodies, are present in wheat-meal, it yet remains open to question whether they are present in the right condition for assimilation.” We are rightly reminded that it is not enough that bread should be made of the right stuff, but that it should, further, be the right stuff in the right state. Dr. Gilbert, whose letter I have already quoted above, remarks that only “from two-thirds to three-fourths [of the nitrogenous matters in the commonly excluded parts of the meal] exist in the albuminoid condition; and it is as yet not settled whether or in what degree the

non-albuminoid nitrogenous bodies are of nutritive value.” Further, that “it is quite a question whether (in bread prepared as the League endeavors to prepare it) the excess of earthy phosphates would not be injurious.” Dr. Gilbert does not advance any data to support this misgiving, while he frankly admits that everything is not yet known concerning the chemistry of organic processes. The only arguments in opposition to the attempted reform which we have met with are in this tone of vague demurrer; *a priori* misgivings are made to do duty in absence of observed results disfavoring the reform. Meanwhile, all authorities on food and diet are unanimous in its favor. It is chemists alone who treat its desirability as an open question. But a question of physiology cannot fitly be judged from a merely chemical point of view. The facts of life must be taken in evidence, not merely the suggestions of the laboratory. And, in reply to the supposition of Dr. Gilbert respecting “earthy phosphates,” it may be here repeated that in Government institutions where a whole-meal bread has long been used no injuries from these hypothetical mineral concretions have been experienced.

Meanwhile, it is not a “question,” but a fact, that rickets, decay, and crumbling of teeth, and the flagging vitality (which so constantly results in excessive demand for alcoholic stimulant) are prevalent exactly when and where, on the bread reformers’ theory, we should expect to find them so. It is remarkable that the dental profession, with its large manufacturing interest, has sprung into existence only since the bread in common use has been deprived of lime and phosphatic salts.

It is, indeed, suggested that there are other ways of rendering bread fully nutritious than by utilizing the whole meal in its preparation. In America the plan has been tried of adding phosphoric acid to the white flour. Dr. Graham suggests the introduction of precipitated bone phosphate and salt. But the substitution of any of such artificial mixtures for nature’s own must necessarily complicate the process of bread-making, besides rendering it more expensive. Added to which, artificial combinations have never the dietetic excellence of natural ones.

A writer in the *Lancet* expresses his conviction that no “artificial combinations of the supposed elements of a normal whole meal in arbitrary

relations can compare with the natural food of man." The same writer proceeds to say:

"There should not be any persistent obstacle to the supply of the complete flour required for making economic bread. The clumsy mills in use will not probably do the work required of them,¹ but it cannot be impossible to devise a crushing apparatus that shall answer the purpose. In fact, there are many such employed in the trituration of other substances. . . . The people will be only too glad to get whole-meal bread when they can be furnished with an article which does not offend the sight by its needlessly dirty color, and the stomach by its mechanically irritating constituents."

It is at this point that we touch upon another and by far the most pronounced objection advanced against the reformed bread. The prediction just quoted concerning the popular welcome awaiting wheat-meal bread, rightly ground and made, is prospectively denied by many. It is said that the delicacy of its appearance and its supposed superior palatableness will keep for white bread its place in the preferences of our poorer classes.

Let us weigh this opinion. The poor undoubtedly now do buy white bread pretty invariably. I was told the other day that a baker had made experiment, and found that such poor persons as he knew would not take whole-meal bread "at a gift." So it is. But so surely it need not continue to be. Prejudice is a tough thing to deal with when once it is established; and in this case it has some uneducated common sense as well as custom to back it. Bad brown breads have been justly repudiated; and prejudice, once formed, knows not how to discriminate. Yet the ancestors of these repudiators of nourishing loaves felt no disgust for wheaten meal. Nor, if the people will only try the experiment, will they find their children object to it. Children (whose tastes are no ill criterion of the excellence of diet) generally

like the wheat-meal bread very much. The existing class of adult poor are, in this matter, victims of habit, ignorance, and even fashion. The question, as one of prejudice, has for an observer of human nature its own interest; and for a believer in the complex development of custom and opinion it affords an apt illustration of the indirect path along which social advance is made. Numerous considerations secondary to the actual fitness of a thing to men's wants influence their appreciation alike of the thing and of their own requirements. The primary office of food is to nourish, as of fire to warm. Yet in England the anomalous fact that deficiently warming and chilly-draught-producing fire-places are clung to because they "look so pretty," is paralleled by the further fact that a deficiently nourishing bread is clung to, sometimes, even by the half-starved, for the same reason! Although we hardly expect even the most perfect of wheat-meal bread to look as pretty on the breakfast-table as the most perfect of white loaves, still the reformed bread is a great improvement, even in appearance, on the dark, heavy-looking "whole-meal" loaves hitherto made. For the rest, while not wholly disregarding the appearance of a loaf where the other advantages are equal, such a consideration should obviously come last rather than first, in the reckoning of its merits, since we neither eat nor digest with our eyes.

The stress that is laid on the superior palatableness of white bread, though not quite so far-fetched, is scarcely less ill considered. Other bread, as I have said, is palatable elsewhere—used to be palatable in England once. White bread came into general use in South Britain, and was changed in the scale of public opinion from the luxury it had hitherto been into a necessary of life less than a century and a half ago. It had its opponents at the outset. An essay exists in the British Museum, written by a gentleman of last century, in which the writer goes so far as to say that white bread kills more than the sword! That essayist had strong opinions as to the dietetic foolishness of white bread; but he wrote in vain for his generation. White bread was to have its day. It was not originally adopted, of course, on its dietetic merits, but on account of its delicacy of appearance and flavor.

The palatableness of an article of food is, however, more largely modifiable than many realize, as many things indirectly affect it as can be

¹ There may seem at first sight some inconsistency in the joint insistence in the text: first, that the whole-meal breads in use now, and formerly in various parts of the world, are satisfactory food; and, secondly, that hitherto the modes of milling have been clumsy and ill fitted to the delivery of well-ground meal. But the truth, of course, is that, relatively to white flour, whole meal of even imperfect fineness is desirable, while we can render it still more so, and rid it of what faults remain, by improving the system of grinding.

brought by mental action to bear upon that most direct agency in its formation—habit. Taste can be voluntarily acquired for sympathy's sake, for health's sake, for fashion's sake. It is often involuntarily induced by such habit as was originally enforced by mere necessity. Last year, when in Munich, I observed that the bread always eaten by the Bavarian working classes, and depended upon as the principal household bread of all classes alike, is a dark-colored, sour, and (to my palate) very nauseous bread, made from rye and flavored with aniseed. Yet several English persons who had been for some years resident in Munich assured me that they had grown thoroughly to like this "black bread," and to eat it by preference. If these loaves tasted to Germans as they tasted to me—or, rather, if the German consciousness stood related to the flavor as mine does—"black bread" would soon cease to be either made or bought, unless some advantage about it largely overbalanced its disagreeable appearance and flavor.

A liking is rapidly acquired for an article of food believed in as good, pure, and wholesome. Just as the eye may be educated to different appreciation of color or form, and the ear to different taste in music, so can the palate be educated if a sufficient inducement be presented to the mind. A ten-year-old fashion in women's dress is commonly felt to be repulsively ugly, chiefly because the eye has lost the habit of liking it, and the fashion is past for the sake of which the eye originally got into the habit of liking it. Again, people cheerfully go through some suffering in order to acquire a superfluous liking for smoking, olives, the sound of bagpipes, and a variety of other things intrinsically foreign to the uninitiated taste. Inferior reasons, among which mere imitativeness is one, are potent in such cases. But in the case of wholesome bread there exist many good reasons for exerting all personal influence toward bringing into play the imitative propensity of average human nature by the institution of a "fashion" for the eating of wheat-meal bread. Thus will be increasingly counterbalanced the deficient palatableness which some allege to be a characteristic of such bread.

The working classes will be difficult to reform in this particular. So much is certain. Quite apart from any conviction of the desirability of a thing, they are essentially prone to run in grooves and to stick to preferences with a blind dogma-

tism in all matters affecting the habits of daily life. Experiment, as such, has no interest for them. Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks that, "on contrasting different classes in the same society, it is observable that the least (socially) developed are the most averse to change. Among [such] an improved method is difficult to introduce; and even a new kind of food is usually disliked." Taste, however instituted, naturally operates single-handed in the choice of food where there exists no intelligently based desire to alter the habit, and so to educate the taste.

Added to which, the working-classes of England have hitherto had no reason for questioning their own liking for white bread. They see white bread to be eaten by those to whom the price of a loaf is a small concern. They assume that the richer classes, who can eat what they please, eat what is nicest. White bread, though as cheap as brown, is eaten by the eaters of many good things that are not cheap. Something like this constitutes, I suspect, one of the unconscious arguments lying in the white-bread scale of a poor man's preferences.

No one desires wholly to disregard the testimony of the palate. But one need not look far for evidence that it is often worse than a blind guide; prone to vitiation, and easily taught bad habits. To win its plastic co-operation in the cause of a good habit is worth an effort.

Meanwhile, it is by no means universally admitted by persons who have adopted it, that wheat-meal bread is unpalatable. Many prefer it to the most excellent of white bread. Its palatableness depends greatly on its making. Of course, it varies in quality just as other bread does; and one baker's wheat-meal bread is better than another's, just as one baker's white bread is better than another's, just because he is a better baker.¹

There remains an argument to be considered which is sometimes carelessly advanced against the appropriation for bread-making purposes of those parts of the grain now used for other purposes.

¹ A Winchester farmer, who for years had used and firmly believed in bread made from whole meal, suggested some time since, in a letter to the *Standard*, that, in order to make the meal thoroughly palatable, the wheat grain should be more carefully selected than is commonly done at present. All "heads" and no "tails," he said, should be used; and the faulty grains should be rejected.

The facts are these: The fine flour required for white bread exists in the wheat to the extent of 70 to 75 per cent.; 25 or, far more commonly, 30 per cent. of the strongest nourishment being set aside for the fattening of pigs and the foddering of cattle. In comment on these facts it is loosely said, "What does it matter whether we take a given kind of nourishment in the form of wheat, or whether we take it in the form of meat made from animals that have been fed on the wheat?"

The answer to this is twofold. First, to quote the words of Dr. H. C. Bartlett: "If we saved that twenty-five per cent. of nutriment in the grain which we commonly throw to our cattle, not only should we be in pocket ourselves, but we should save sufficient to pay for one-half the staple food consumed by the whole of the paupers of this kingdom. This," Dr. Bartlett adds, "is an important socio-economical consideration." Secondly: From our present point of view—that is, concerning ourselves chiefly with the interests of the poor—this turning of wheat into meat, which some economists seem disposed to admire, is further wasteful, because it is a roundabout and costly way of achieving an end near at hand. Meat is expensive, to begin with. It wastes enormously in cooking. It contains a very large percentage of mere water, for which one pays in buying it. Sometimes, too, cattle are a dead loss through disease. And, even setting aside all these considerations, the fact remains that the poorest classes, for whom and for whose children we chiefly desire to see the adoption of wheat-meal bread, are precisely the classes who ultimately derive none of this compensating nourishment from the animals fed on the wheat they lose.

To sum up: The Bread-Reform League has been instituted, and its operations are conducted, mainly with a view to providing the classes who live chiefly on bread with a more nutritive kind of food than they can at present obtain. The reformers maintain, and facts of various orders bear them out in maintaining, that such an article of diet as is required to render children of the poor stronger and better able to cope with the difficulties of their existence is found in wheat-meal bread made of the decorticated and finely ground whole grain. They declare that such bread contains a larger number of nutrients, and these in wholesomer proportions, than white bread does; and that more hardship can be sustained and more

labor performed upon wheat-meal bread alone than upon white bread alone. No denial is forthcoming from any quarter which invalidates the inference drawn from the fact that the working-classes of other countries who live on whole-meal breads, and who require no meat at all, compare favorably with the English bread-feeding class. No one has been able to point out a diseased state of human life corresponding with a whole-meal or wheat-meal-eating section of any community, as the prevalence of rickets and of crumbly teeth corresponds with the white-bread-eating section.

1. As to the feebly uttered objections from the laboratory: In the hitherto almost entire absence of consistent dietetic experiment, chemists are obliged to speak in the potential or the subjunctive mood. They consider the question at worst an open one. Meanwhile, no reason is put forward, even by chemists, that fairly favors the eating of unreformed, starchy white bread by persons who can get little or nothing but bread to eat. Nor are chemists even agreed among themselves in looking coldly upon the especial line reform has taken in the recent efforts at bread reformation; while physiologists are unanimous in their approval alike of those efforts and their direction. Against the few scientific voices raised in hypothetical dissent are heard the firmer tones of our most eminent chemists and physiologists, cordially advocating the introduction of wheat-meal bread, made as the reformers aim at making it. Professor Huxley has lately given his assent to the principles of the League. Professor Frankland, Professor Ray Lankester, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor Church, Sir Thomas Watson, Professor Erasmus Wilson, and Dr. Pavey may also be named as among its warm supporters.

2. We have seen that, in order to prevail upon the needy classes to make experiment of this bread, even when brought within easy and general reach, a prejudice has to be overcome, founded partly on the actual objections to common brown bread, and on the practical identification in the public mind of wheat-meal bread with other breads of a similar color. There being no sound dietetic reasons for the popularity of white bread, example may be brought to bear in the overcoming of this prejudice. One thing is certain. No such forces were at work in the original adoption of white bread as a general article of food among English poor as are now at work to get rid of it as such.

Neither a scientific nor a philanthropic impulse caused the crowding out of the old-fashioned meal by white flour. People liked the "look and taste" of white bread; if they could get plenty of milk, meat, and eggs, they missed nothing by its adoption; and be it remembered that milk and meat were much less expensive then than they are now. Such people as did miss anything of health or vitality through being unable even then to afford meat and milk, were yet ignorant as to what it was they missed, and as to how cheaply to supply the need. In our day, not only has the use of white bread become among all classes a rooted habit to which the palate gives allegiance, but there is the argument of laziness: "We like very well what we have got, and it saves trouble to go on as we are." A present preference always coaxes the judgment to find it in the right. Taste and habit, however, appear in this case to be alike in the wrong, and the duty is urged upon us of acquiring a new preference and of creating a new fashion by the persevering trial of a new kind of bread.

3. Lastly, as to the economists' argument, that by giving our rejected bran to cattle it is elaborated into a superior human food, we have seen, first, that meat is dear, and is subject to disease, and so that not all the food thus elaborated reaches human eaters after all, while next to none of it reaches the class for whom specially we here concern ourselves. Secondly, that so to argue is like telling a rich man to pay money in traveling fare, in order to go fifty miles around instead of five miles across; which proceeding, though on various accounts it may be worth the rich man's while, does not help the poor man to reach his destination at all, but, on the contrary, condemns him to stay where he is.

The whole matter discussed in this paper is a practical and perhaps a very prosy one. Yet, for those who believe in health as one of the chiefest props both of virtue and of gladness, the putting of as stout a staff of health in the hand of the poor man as may be seems no trifling object to aim at. Sanitary arrangements in general are better in English cities than elsewhere, yet the poor of our alleys are sicklier than those of cities where, with even less regard paid to the purification of air and water, richer breads are in common use.

Argument alone will not settle a practical point

of this kind. There must be an array of facts derived from persevering and intelligent experiment, and it is maintained that as yet the bread experiment has not been, in England, sufficiently tried.

I have refrained from giving any of the detailed chemical analyses of wheat; and this on two accounts. The results of analysis are very variously given. Added to which, being myself no chemist, my selection of an authority would be without significance. One point seems, nevertheless, beyond question. The whole-meal of the wheat contains one hundred and nineteen grains in the pound of the mineral matters valuable as nourishment, while a pound of white flour contains only forty-nine grains. The testimony of chemical analysis must, however, not be taken by itself, apart from the observed physiological results in the cases of populations respectively fed on bread of this kind or of that.

If the personal testimony of a "social unit" be of any value whatever, I may say that I find wheat-meal bread both wholesome and palatable, and that since I have taken it I find it possible comfortably to dispense with meat more than once in the day. I began the use of the bread on the mere ground of giving a struggling reform fair personal trial; and I continue it on grounds of acquired preference.

The present organized attempt at bread-reformation must, like all other agitation movements, prove its fitness to meet an existing requirement by survival until its task be completed. If rapid growth be any test of vigor and vitality, we may augur well for the future of its cause; for, one year ago it had no existence except in the consciousness and conscience of Miss Yates and a few of her friends; whereas now it is a busy and recognized body of activity, having secured the adherence of numerous leading millers and bakers, who are willing to forward its aim by grinding the meal and by selling the bread it recommends.

A writer in the *Corn-Trade Journal* remarks that it was not by mere agitation, by conferences and article-writing, that white bread obtained its firm footing in the public favor, but that commercial enterprise mainly effected its adoption; and he suggests that to the same agency the reformers should look for the general introduction of the rival bread.

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC.

BY ARCHIE A. DU BOIS.

MUSIC is undoubtedly the most ancient of arts. For its origin we need look no further than the human soul, of which it is a part, and over which it exercises a strange influence, causing it to weep at pathetic strains, or spring into vigorous action at the sound of a martial air. What will move a Frenchman more quickly than the "Marseillaise Hymn"? What will stir American blood to more rapid pulsation than the "Star-Spangled Banner"? And when we enter the sanctuary, carrying with us many thoughts of worldly things, how the organ's glorious harmony dispels them and fixes our minds upon noble and worthier themes!

Every creature to a greater or less degree is affected by music; and—unlike other arts—the art of music, in its first stage, does not have to be acquired, but springs spontaneously from the heart. It is proficiency that has to be acquired, not the art itself. The birds need no singing-master to teach them song, but warble forth their sweet strains because their beings overflow with melody. The nude savage whirls his painted body about the glowing flame, and sings, as nature alone taught him, a wild refrain, to stir his soul for war; and when the battle is over, a weird and melancholy dirge peals from his lips for comrades that have fallen.

And this same savage has no doubt a musical instrument—a tom-tom, or something of the kind; rude, perhaps, but still a musical instrument—showing that its owner possesses a well-spring of music in his inmost being; and, as with us, music forms a part in all his festivities and finds its place in his religious exercises.

Jubal, a grandson of the murderous Cain, is the first musician on record, and to him is accredited the invention of the harp. This first of musical instruments, could we but see its primitive proportions, would no doubt be a curious thing to look upon; as it is, one can scarcely imagine its possible shape or construction.

Compared with the great Centennial organ, or other such inventions of late date, this first harp would be as the acorn is to the stately oak. Made in an age when science and mechanics were unknown, perhaps fashioned with a knife of stone or

hard wood, it must have been crude indeed; yet the germ of greater things was there; the power was there—the power of harmony to entrance and agitate.

To define the invisible power of music over human emotions is beyond the scope of language. That such a power does exist, no one will deny. Before it all the baser passions of our nature take flight, and by it our nobler and purer natures are drawn out.

I remember once, when a boy, I entered a church during Communion service. The organ, under the control of a master hand, was rolling forth that grand old tune "Windham" in its minor key. The choir was not singing, but I could hear the words as plainly as if spoken:

"'Twas on that dark, that doleful night."

I was not religiously inclined, yet the harmony of that tune overcame me with an indefinable awe which I could not shake off at the time, and I recall the feeling quite distinctly even now.

The mind may be distressed by trouble, but a calm and peaceful rest will steal over the agitated spirit as the low sweet strains of a melody strike upon the ear; and at no other time than such as this does our purer self commune so unrestrainedly with the Author of its being. This perfect sway over human emotions may not be so general or so noticeable with solemn as with lively music. While the former may affect many persons, the rendering of a vivacious piece will affect all, and draw a response from every nerve and fibre of their beings. Instinctively we move our bodies to the measure of a lively tune, our pulses throbbing in unison.

The circle of this powerful influence is not confined to mankind alone; it also extends to the lower animals. Horses, it is known, have been strangely affected by piano-playing, indicating, in many unmistakable ways, their delight; and the snake-charmer's principal instrument is the sweet-toned whistle he makes from a reed.

Of late days music has become so common that scarcely a household in the land is without an inmate tolerably proficient upon some instrument,

or as a vocalist. Music is with us at every turning-point in our lives. As a child we are furnished with a penny whistle for a plaything. This is the first stage. Then, as we grow up, we learn to know the organ-grinder with his monkey in its suit of dirty red. This is still the infant stage of musical knowledge; but in a few years we enter society and find it is a source of refined amusement everywhere. We attend church and discover that here our Creator is worshiped in song. We marry, and at the altar listen to the strains of Mendelsohn's "Wedding March." Music leads our armies to the battle-field, it is present at our social gatherings, and then, when we come to lay down the burdens of life, the last sad rites are performed to the Dead March in "Saul." So, from first to last, from cradle to the grave, music constitutes an important feature in our existence—appealing to the true self—all the elevated sentiment within us.

Shakspeare says:

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spout are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

We can easily believe this to be a fact. The man over whom harmony exercises no influence, but falls powerless,—whose soul does not respond to melody,—must indeed be scarcely human, a man of low instincts and vicious character. On the other hand, he who has a love for the art, profligate though he may be, is not all bad; he must possess many good qualities.

It is well for parents to encourage their children to become musicians. Nothing will appeal so strongly to their nobler natures as music, nothing promotes refinement so successfully. If they manifest a fondness for it, let them have instruction upon some instrument. To perform creditably upon any one of the many musical instruments is a desirable accomplishment, and one which the possessor will soon discover to be a source of much gratification and pleasure not only to himself, but to his friends.

No time passes by so pleasantly or leaves so many agreeable memories as the hour spent at the organ or the piano. Delightful musical parties may also be arranged and conducted by these

home artists—all tending to elevate the morals, while life is rendered brighter and more enjoyable thereby.

While such things cement more firmly the family ties and add greater attractions to an already attractive home, they may be obtained with but little expense, as musical instruments can be purchased on easy terms. The expense of tuition is the greatest one to be incurred. It is true, instructors abound whose prices suit an impoverished purse, but as a rule their knowledge and capability of imparting what they know are proportionately limited. It would be preferable, however, for the prospective performer to secure a good instruction book and puzzle the matter out by himself than to employ such a cheap John whose only recommendation is cheapness and whose teachings prove more harmful than beneficial. Under such instructors—generally careless except in the matter of their paltry pay—the pupil oftener acquires erroneous ideas and confirmed habits extremely difficult to eradicate.

A good teacher is therefore essential, if you have one at all, and to secure the services of such, a good price must be paid. In selecting such an one, choose one who has turned out a number of proficient scholars—the best test. And do not fall into the common error of thinking that a brilliant performer must also possess the talent of instructing others. This is by no means invariably the case.

To those who are lovers of good music, as well as to those who make some pretensions to instrumental performances, we would add a few words more. No music is so well appreciated as that which is well executed, and, in order to execute music as it should be executed, the amateur should ever bear in mind the fact that practice, constant practice, is essential. One of the most eminent musical performers that ever lived once remarked "that constant practice daily, for a life-time, would not make a perfect player." It is not to be supposed, however, that all can become professionals; still, the accomplishment may be cultivated to an extent which will enable the performer to execute his music to the full gratification of his hearers and with credit to himself.

For the benefit of the music readers of the MONTHLY, we furnish a new piece of music, from the hands of a very popular composer, which they will find both excellent and *sui generis* quite *apropos*

BIRDS IN THE NIGHT.

A LULLABY.

Words by LIONEL H. LEWIN.

Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Andante, ma non troppo lento.
mf dolce.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Birds in the night, that soft - ly call, Winds of the night, that
2. Life may be sad for us that wake; Sleep little bird and

The first vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a dense texture of chords and moving lines in both hands.

strangely sigh, Come to me, help me, one and all, And murmur, murmur, murmur,
dream not why, Soon is the sleep but God can break, When angels whisper whisper,

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line and complex chordal structures.

pp
Murmur ba - by's, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by,..... Lul - la - by,..... Lulla,
Angels whis - per, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by,..... Lul la - by,..... Lulla,

The final vocal entry concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords and a final cadence. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.

The above can be obtained in sheet-music form from W. H. Boner & Co., Philadelphia. Price, 40 cents.

lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla - by! Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run.
 lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla - by! Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run.

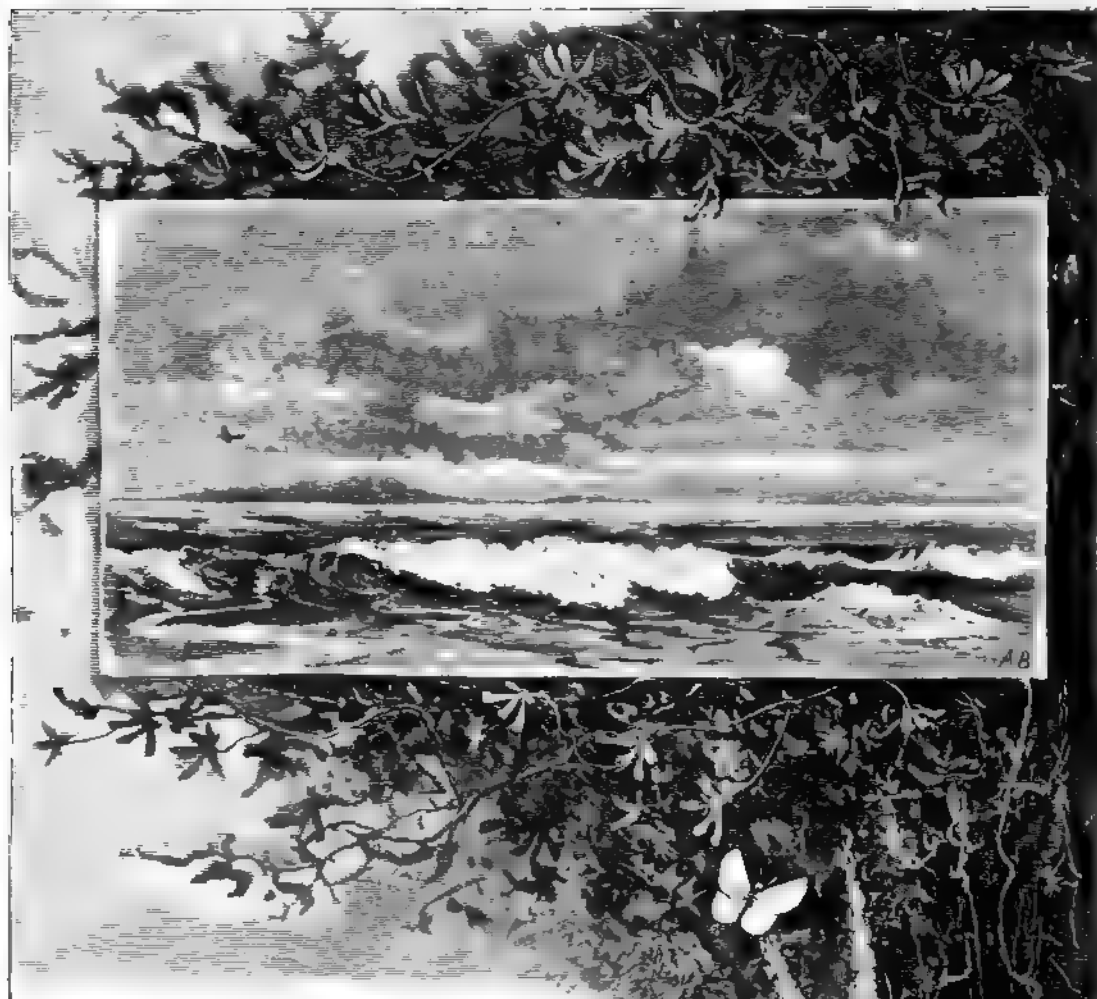
p *rall.* *pp*

Fair may the day be, When night is done. Lul - la - by ba - by,

While the hours, run, Lulla - by, Lu - la - by, Lul - la - by,..... Lul - la -

by, Lul - la - by,.....

pp *Ending.*



LOST AND FOUND.

SHE left me for the infinite, and went
 Where foot-steps mark no passing tread.
 My thoughts awhile all eagerly I sent
 To free themselves in space, and find a vent
 Beyond this mortal veil her death had partly rent.
 The years sped on, but brought to me no change,
 I strove in vain to launch my mind
 Far, far away, above this earthly range,
 And let it drift at will 'mid fancies strange,
 The sport of thoughts too sad for Hope to disarrange
 Peace! peace! Poor heart!—across the troubled sea
 A still small voice I trembling heard,
 Revealing not the hidden things to me
 But Christ alone, in whom henceforth shall be
 My life for time, for death, for all eternity

O. H. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Our Honored Dead.—Since last the MONTHLY greeted its readers, at a time when the attention of the nation and of the world was earnestly directed to the struggle for life going on at Elberon, Long Branch, the unequal contest has come to an end, and James A. Garfield has succumbed, death claiming the victory. In this we have but another painful illustration of the fact that death is no respecter of persons. To-day it may be the humblest, to-morrow the brightest shining light that graces the galaxy of honored names in the land!

His death, and the manner of it, has caused a pall of sadness over all the world. The entire nation bows down beneath the stroke of the afflictive dispensation. Every heart of its fifty millions feels to-day the keenness of the smart, and all are in full unison and sympathy with the aged mother, the widowed wife, and orphan children of the illustrious dead, who but yesterday were so happy in the filial love of noble son and honored husband and father.

His patience, calmness, and fortitude in suffering have been most characteristic. They exhibited the true hero, the Christian, prepared to do or suffer whatever might be the will of God.

The patience, quiet trust, and unwavering faith of James A. Garfield, tested in the severest of sufferings, has given the world a new impetus of life. The potency of its influence cannot be limited by his life. It will not lie in his sepulchre. The angel of its presence has touched the nations and will aid them to learn their duty and obey the precepts of wisdom.

His death has done more to unite all hearts in this country together than all other forces combined. Since the day he was so savagely stricken down, all the desires, sympathies, and prayers of a great people have borne this one burden. All divisions and enmities have been laid aside.

In the life and the labors of the honored dead we have illustrated more impressively than language can record it the character and worth of the man. The example they set will—as it should—prove of lasting value to the rising generation, and will ever remain as a guiding-star upon the horizon of our national escutcheon to direct and encourage those who shall follow in his footsteps. Beginning life without fortune, without the advantages of education, without the support of influential friends, and making his way successfully against the many obstacles that surround every aspiring man, demonstrated his sterling worth and also proves the soundness of our American theory, that from the masses of the people will always arise men as competent to stand at the helm of State as those who inherit power through long lines of aristocracy, regardless of personal worth or attainments.

James A. Garfield is no more! Cut down in the prime of life, he has passed down into the valley of the shadow of death, universally mourned and respected, and leaving behind him a record and a name of which the nation and his kindred may well feel proud.

The Geographical Congress.—The first session of the Geographical Congress in Vienna—the third annual meeting—took place September 15. Many explorers and other celebrities were present. The congress was opened by the retiring president, M. De Lesseps. The acting president was Prince Teano, president of the Italian Geographical Society. One of the American delegates, Professor Barnard, of Columbia College, proposed a general meridian for all the world with a system of standard time. The plan is to divide the globe into twenty-four meridians of fifteen degrees each, each comparing with the twenty-four hours of the day, the prime or first meridian to pass through Behring Strait, the hours of the day to be counted from one to twenty-four, the A.M. and P.M. of the present system being abolished.

Irish and English.—In September, the *Pall Mall Gazette* said, "The significance of the fact that the Irish National Convention has decided to give the Land Act a trial, or, to use Mr. Parnell's expression, to 'test it,' is not obscured by the passing of a dozen resolutions in favor of national self-government, or the delivery of innumerable fiery invectives against England."

Later the London *Times* intimated that if the Land Act could not get itself harmoniously executed, there were other and older acts that could and would be brought to bear in a forcible manner upon the Land Act and its opposers. Well, perhaps the sooner, the better. If Mr. Parnell represents but a clique and a faction of the Irish people, the rest of the world cannot find that out too soon. If, on the other hand, these agitators represent the great mass of the Irish people of Ireland, no act or force that England can bring to bear will check the onward march toward liberty. As soon as Ireland as a people is ready for self-government, and the gods think best, there will be weaker heads and hands in England than there are to-day, and, in our opinion, much stronger heads and hands than those represented by Mr. Parnell and his followers at the present time.

Speculative Insurance.—There is a species of life insurance conducted in certain portions of the United States, but more especially in the State of Pennsylvania, which deserves not only the attention of the public, but of the law. It is more commonly known as the "grave-yard insurance" in the sections where it mostly prevails, and to such an extent is it being conducted that almost every legitimate business is made to suffer through the speculative greed which it has engendered. Hundreds of companies have been chartered, and, with the semblance of a corporate life, are writing policies upon the aged, the dying, and, in many instances, it is said, the dead. Many lives carry hundreds of thousands of dollars, the policies representing which are bought and sold like ordinary merchandise; prices ruling according to the prospective length or shortness of the insured's life. Fraud, forgery, and more serious crimes have been fostered by the mania which this new scheme has given rise to. The

poor dupes that are induced to invest their little all, only too soon find out the rascality which has been practiced upon them, but not until their money is beyond recall.

We feel called upon, therefore, under such a state of affairs, to denounce the entire system of speculative insurance, and to demand that the strong arm of the law be called upon to squelch it out of existence. It is to-day the curse of Pennsylvania. It is undermining the morals of the people, and robbing the poor of their hard earnings, while it fills their minds with wild delusions of sudden wealth. It makes age, which should be honorable, the subject of gambling. It inspires the most inhuman of thoughts in the breast of son and daughter toward the aged parent. It gives the cunning speculator the power to insure the life of any old person, and then kill his victim without detection. It revives on a general scale the practices of Palmer, the English arsenic insurance poisoner, and applauds the infamy of the Udderzook case. Men have already been killed for the insurance on their lives, and murders are now committed daily for the same motive.

Doctors carry policies on the lives of their patients. Are such patients safe? "Subjects" drink whisky at the bars of men who have policies on their lives. Are such "subjects" safe? Dissolute sons hold policies on the lives of old and helpless mothers. Are such mothers safe?

It is not a pleasing subject for contemplation, yet many incidents are daily occurring which demonstrate the fearful character of the "grave-yard insurance" business. It has been conclusively proven that many men and women have been put to death by violent means, so that the policy sharks might realize on their unholy investments.

A more insidious, infamous, or fiendish system than the grave-yard insurance business, for sapping the morals of men or communities, has certainly never been invented by the Devil himself, whose angels are angels of light compared with the minions of these corporations.

We are pleased to note that some of the judges of our courts have taken cognizance of the matter, and called public attention to the nefarious character of the system, and within a short time a work entitled, "How is your Man?" has also been issued from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, which fully sets forth and exposes the entire system in all its hideousness. It is deserving of a careful reading.

At this writing we are also enabled to announce the fact that his Excellency, Governor Hoyt, has notified the Insurance Commissioner of the State that in future he would approve of no more such charters, being fully satisfied as to the character of these corporations and the manner in which the business is being conducted by them. This step was taken none too soon; and we hope the Governor will not forget his resolution in the premises, but even go a little farther, and see that every such charter already approved be revoked and the business conducted under it ceases.

General Silas M. Bailey.—The Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania, at its late session at Harrisburg, placed in nomination for the position of State Treasurer, General Silas M. Bailey, a gentleman whose record is *par excellence*. The general is a man who has fully attested his love of liberty and law by service on the field of glory and

of blood, winning his promotion in the glorious Pennsylvania Reserves, from captain to brigadier. He bears upon his person the rough scars left by the cruel cannon ball, and will carry to his grave the evidence of his patriotism and courage. He is an able man, moreover, and as worthy to lead his party to victory as he led his regiment to war, and we hope the gallant soldier may reap the just reward his bravery in the field entitles him to.

Dreams! Dreams!—An occurrence, to be marvelous, must not, of necessity, be unusual. There is nothing more universal than sleep and its concomitant, dreaming, as there assuredly is nothing more wonderful. Nor has familiarity, in the present instance, generated contempt; for philosophers, from Aristotle to those of our day, have labored earnestly to solve the mystery attaching thereto, but in vain. That sleep, primarily, is intended to recuperate exhausted energies, that dreaming is unconscious mental activity, there can be no doubt. Farther than this, what can the sage confidently assert concerning them that the man of ordinary intelligence does not know?

It is not our purpose to discuss the various theories that have been propounded in reference to the subjects under consideration, but rather to notice, cursorily, certain interesting facts connected with sleep and dreams—particularly the latter—with which every one is familiar, but to which few give any especial heed.

When Byron wrote,

"Our life is twofold, sleep hath its own world,"

he was poetical, but incorrect. There are many who believe the dreams of one night directly associated with the dreams of the preceding and the following night; that our life in sleep's "own world" is catenated as it is during our waking hours. The arguments adduced in support of such a belief seem to us far from irrefragable. If the two conditions of sleep and wakefulness are quite dissimilar,—in the former the senses enjoying the fullest vigor and activity; in the latter, inert,—it is undeniable that the quality of our sleep and the nature of our dreams are largely modified by circumstances external thereto.

We have read, where we do not recollect, but most likely in some weird old German romance, of a poet who, while descending the stairs leading from his study, saw a strange man at the foot whose head was enveloped in a cloak. When the poet came near him, the stranger removed the cloak and revealed to the poet *his own* face, at sight of which he was so terrified he turned and fled hastily.

So we meet ourselves in our dreams; not as we appear to the world, it is true. For most of us, in our intercourse with mankind, scrupulously conceal from others' knowledge our dominant impulses, especially of evil. Sleep removes all disguises and shows us ourselves as we really are. Whoever heard of a miser dreaming that he was liberal? Of a coward dreaming that he would not run from impending danger? Of a sensationalist dreaming that he was happy in company with the pure-minded? In no way can one more thoroughly learn his propensities than by giving attention to his dreams. Then the soul freely expresses its opinion concerning its possessor and his conduct, as school-children criticise their teacher when his eye is not on them.

A peculiar property of dreams is—prospectiveness; we know no other term that will so adequately express the idea we wish to convey. If we, on waking, are unable to recall the “masses and moving shapes” that appeared to us while asleep, something will eventually bring them vividly to mind. Who but has been startled at coming face to face with what seemed strangely familiar, but where or when seen or heard previously he was unable to say? We are in a locality where we never were before; the novelty of the topical accessories is conspicuous by its absence. We listen to a song which, to our certainty, we have not previously heard from mortal lips; it is so far from new to us we can almost pre-arrange the words. Perplexity is never agreeable, and perplexed one always is, endeavoring to recall the original of what is so wonderfully duplicated. Some account for such phenomena on the ground of pre-existence. We think them more sensibly referable to a long-forgotten dream.

Dreaming is likewise retrospective. Persons, places, things, are reproduced for our pleasure or our pain, of which we were cognizant in days of “auld lang syne,” and of which we have not thought for years. We see the faces and forms of those whose earthly tenement of clay has long since mingled with the dust; again we are engaged in the sports of childhood, with a zest that never characterizes the recreations of maturer years; we gaze upon her who was the idol of our youth, and receive a kiss like that which of yore caused extreme irregularity in the systole and diastole of our heart—though that face, those lips, have been cold in death more than a quarter century—and wake surprised that it was only “the stuff that dreams are made of.”

To us these facts prove conclusively that there is no such thing as absolute forgetfulness; that what appears to have passed from memory is stored in some one of memory's pigeon-holes, and waits but an occasion to disclose itself. Place a coin on a plate of polished steel and breathe upon it. Wait till the moisture has disappeared, and take away the coin. The closest inspection will reveal no trace of anything. Lay aside the plate where nothing can touch it, and to-morrow, next week, in a year breathe upon it; at once a delicate outline of the coin is developed. It has been asserted, “no shadow falls upon a wall without leaving a trace thereupon which might be made visible by resorting to the proper processes.” If inorganic substances register such feeble impressions, must not all impressions made upon the mind through the sensitive ganglia of the brain be permanent?

Another peculiarity of dreams is, the mind then deals with ideals of which the most imaginative person living, in his waking hours, could not conceive, and the dreamer finds himself in the strangest situations. A decidedly prosaic man in his dreams may write poetry of no mean order; and one who is, during his wakefulness, color-blind, may find himself the author of works that rival the noblest productions of Raphael or of Titian. Not long since, in considering this subject with a friend, he said, “A frequently recurrent dream with me used to be as follows: I was, in some inexplicable manner, drawn into what seemed to be a huge tunnel, whose apex was far toward the heavens. Gradually I would circle round its concave interior, up, up, up. All the time I wondered how I should be able to pass

through the tiny aperture at the top; but ever, just as I reached it, I began to drop, my momentum constantly increasing. The chilliness of the air, as I rushed through it, was distinctly perceptible; and, as I struck *terra firma* with a dull thud, I waked.” Most likely the sensations of one who dreams of falling through space are, in every respect, the same that one actually so falling would experience. Any empirical knowledge on this point is, of course, out of the question.

Formerly dreams were regarded as portentous, and as carefully heeded as were the oracles delivered at Delphi. To this day, the superstitious attach a deal of significance to dreams. Nor is it incomprehensible that such should be the case. If they “are ruled by no known logic, conform to no recognizable law of sequence, are stopped in their career by no pale or limit,”—as one author observes,—is it strange they should have been thought communications from one mind to another? Do we know what subtle means of communicating one with another spirits—“minds,” if you prefer—may have? And if not, are we warranted in asserting none exist? Who, fifty years ago, if told the day would come when the transmission of messages between the most widely separated portions of our continent would require less time than their writing, but would have treated the statement with contempt? In this progressive age, utter improbability and impossibility are diametrically opposed to each other. But we do not need to adopt “mental telegraphy,” or any similar hypothesis, in explanation of the fact that dreams sometimes come true. A person dreams of meeting an absent friend, or of receiving a letter from a particular individual. Provided he does, shortly after, meet that friend or receive such a letter, it will be as natural that he remember the dream, and, remembering, consider it a “warning,” as that if the friend does not make his appearance nor the letter arrive the dream lapse from his memory as completely as anything ever does.

Again, dreams are chronoclastic, and in them the mind, acting irrespective of the will, is filled with fancies which crowd upon one another with incalculable rapidity. We sleep less than a minute, but in that time we seem to have traveled extensively, and otherwise to have accomplished what it would require months to perform.

We have denominated dreaming “unconscious mental activity,” rather because that is its common definition than for any better reason. If, in sleep, the cerebration is generally unconscious, it frequently is not. It is possible for one, by continued practice, to carry his consciousness with him into dreamland, so that he will all the time realize his “visions”—whether blissful or the reverse—nothing but dreams. The instances where this result has been attained are very common; and the trite, “When we dream that we dream, we are near waking,” though well enough theoretically, is practically false.

If ever scientific investigation shall reveal the causes of sleep, the processes of the mind in dreams, it must be, in many ways, of the greatest benefit to mankind. Should it not, better than aught else, show the relations existing between the mind and the body? Would it not also assist in comprehending the curious phenomena of idiocy and insanity, and tend to a more rational treatment of both than

is now in vogue? We confess to having but the most misty conception of the *rationale* of this problem; but we believe a knowledge of "our other world," based on scientific principles, is feasible, and, holding this view, sincerely trust it may ere long be secured. F. F. F.

Medical Criticism.—Much attention has been given to the medical treatment of the late President, and the autopsy has given rise to considerable criticism both professionally and otherwise, but we are inclined to think as does the *Medical Record* in its late issue:

"In reviewing the case from an autopsical standpoint, it is quite easy to offer criticism. The stubborn facts of a *post-mortem* always stand out in bold relief against decisions rendered *ante mortem*. But it must be recollected that there were peculiar difficulties in the case. They are best appreciated by all who have had experience in the treatment of gunshot wounds. However greatly we may regret that, in view of the great public importance of the case, a correct opinion as to the course of the ball was not made at the beginning and was not proven at the end, it is quite difficult to see how the error could have been avoided. There were

no symptoms during life to point to the locality of the ball. But, even at the worst, as proving that the surgeons never knew during the life of the patient where the ball was located, there is nothing to show that in consequence of that error the patient suffered. The ball itself, by being firmly encysted, became harmless, while the real cause of all the trouble had its origin seemingly in the comminution of the eleventh rib. It is a matter for much congratulation that the bullet was not found in a pus-cavity. Under such circumstances, even if it were impossible to remove the bullet, there would have been many who would have claimed that such an operation should have been attempted, or, at least, that the neglect to resort to such a procedure was indirectly the cause of the patient's death. But all doubts in such a direction are cleared up by the autopsy. On the supposition that the ball should have been extracted in any event, what have we not escaped? At least the wisdom of not cutting down upon the missile until the locality of the latter was clearly made out cannot be gainsaid. As nearly two hours were consumed in finding the ball at the autopsy, what might have been the chances of extracting the missile during life?

LITERATURE AND ART.

A Prince of Breffny. By THOMAS P. MAY, *Author of "The Earl of Mayfield."* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

In "A Prince of Breffny" the author's powers of narration are remarkable. In the terrible scene on shipboard—where the beautiful and noble heroine, Edith Talbot, bravely meets her doom, in fulfillment of the sibyl's prophecy—the language is pathetic and powerful, and we are wonderfully moved by the tragic denouement. An ordinary writer would have terminated his story at this point, fearing to risk the loss of so fascinating a character as Edith; but the perfect plot smoothly overcomes this danger by chaining the interest to the second heroine, Dona Rosa, who has already been introduced in a most tantalizing manner. But we must not give the whole plot; we will only mention the inimitable Shamus, a true specimen of a devoted Irish servant, who fully maintains his nation's reputation for humor and cheerfulness, amid tragic surroundings. Pretty Phœbe—Edith's loyal maid—is an attractive girl, who merits our sympathy and love. Jenico Preston is a noble character, to whom we cannot do justice in this brief review. The incidents of the riot in Madrid, where O'Reilly won his rank as a grandee of Spain, are highly wrought and exciting. Other historical personages are brought into the ever-varying action; among them the celebrated priest-earl, Gilbert Talbot, a unique character. There are exquisite descriptions of scenery in England, in Ireland, in Italy, and in Spain. Mr. May in this work materially adds to the high reputation gained for him by "The Earl of Mayfield," a work which obtained great popularity throughout the South on its first appearance, and latterly is meeting with immense sales in the North. We believe that his "Prince of Breffny" will prove equally fortunate.

Boston Town. By HORACE SCUDDER. *Illustrated.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1881.

It was supposed that most intelligent people knew pretty nearly all that was worth knowing about Boston town. Is it not the "Hub"? and has not every traveler at one time or another been lost somewhere between its "spokes and fellows"? And its essences, saps, and "tires," are they not all familiar, all, from the impulses that spilled the tea, to the last bicycle curve, boat race, and new hoop-skirt of its Harvard graduate? Not by a long way. Can anything new be said of Boston? We answer, Read Mr. Scudder's book. It is fresh as a "Mayflower," bright as Priscilla herself, interesting as Plymouth Rock in cool weather, and snappy and entertaining as a Socinian preacher—when he is telling a good story. Here is a taste from chapter first:

"*Grandfather's Grandfather.*—When Mr. Benjamin Callender came down to breakfast at his house in Mount Vernon street, Boston, at half after seven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, November 11, 1880, he found his two grandsons, Benjy and Jeffries, at work at their Latin grammars, snatching a few moments, while waiting for the rest of the family, to freshen their recollection of the morning lesson, which they had been studying over night. They were Latin schoolboys, as their father had been before them, and their Grandfather Callender. Nay, his father and grandfather had been Latin schoolboys before him, and his father's grandfather, who died before he was born, was in the Latin school from 1680 to 1683; while his grandfather's grandfather was a member of the very first class of the school when it was established in 1635. The boys gave him a good morning."

Dry do you say? By no means. The Latin grammar is the heart of Boston. The esoteric understand this, and the initiated will read this book with pleasure. It is not a

guide-book. It is more than that. It touches the real springs of Boston respectability; touches them with a gentle, feeling hand, and starts and pleasurably revives many an old fact and story.

Here is a little fresh etymology, page 72 :

"You know the Indians here got the name because the first voyagers thought they had found India when they found America."

And here are a few specimen lines of what might almost be called a new style of locating old places, and reminds us more of Carlyle and Shakspeare than it does of most modern descriptive books :

"Do you remember Samuel Cole's tavern that I told you about?"

"It was on Merchant's Row."

"Yes; and there, in 1636, the governor entertained Miantonomah, an Indian sachem, who visited Boston. Nowadays——" But we cannot linger, except to add that this volume ought to be supplemented by another, tracing later events in a similar vein; and that every town in the United States ought to be blessed with such a treatment, and to suggest how much better work might be done in this line than in the maudlin muck of fifth-rate fiction and poetry now deluging the modern mind.

Sir John Franklin. By A. H. BEESLY, M.A. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1881.

It is very neatly gotten up, and a most valuable sketch, first, of Arctic exploring attempts, from the days of England's King Alfred to the early days of Sir John Franklin; second, of Franklin's early career and adventures; third, of Franklin's first, second, and last expeditions; tracing him briefly, but lovingly, with a feeling hand, through all those heroic endeavors, to his last, deepest, and grandest heroism of dying "amid snow and ice," somewhere about "Point Victory;" a long way from the North Pole, but still a point of real victory all the same. The book is well supplied with maps of the Polar regions, and will well repay a careful perusal.

The Bridal Eve; or, Rose Elmer. By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, *Author of "Ishmael," "Self-Raised,"* etc. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*

Mrs. Southworth has always been a great and deserved favorite with all lovers of sterling and intensely interesting romances, and her hold upon the public has strengthened year by year, until her name has become a household word and her popularity phenomenal. The reason of this is plain. All her novels go straight to the mark, fascinating, thrilling, and enchaining. There is never a prosy paragraph, never a dull line. All is fresh, original, strong, ingenious, and interesting. "The Bridal Eve" is a love romance with two heroines, both of whom have faithful and faithless suitors, and both of whom are members of the English aristocracy, and among the characters are many of the British nobility of the time. The scene is laid principally in London during the fashionable season, and the reader is shown in turn the palace of royalty, the hovel of the poor, the rookery of the criminal, and the felon's cell in Newgate. The contrasts are sharp and the succession of thrilling inci-

dents is almost unending, while the action never for an instant flags. The reader is kept in a flutter of excitement from the beginning to the close, and, as surprise follows surprise, is lost in wonder as to the probable solution of the various mysteries.

A Selection from the Letters of Madame de Remusat to her Husband and Son. *From 1804 to 1813. From the French by MRS. CASHEL HOEY and MR. JOHN LILLIE. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1881.*

These letters, like the "Memoirs" by the same hand, after all their pruning by her grandson, Senator Paul de Rémusat, and the expurgating they have got at the hands of the translators, are still a lively proof of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," and, one might add, less reliable. Madame de Rémusat has gotten so far into the minds and prejudices of the intelligent reading-public, that these letters must and doubtless will reach a wide circulation; but they are full of personal piques and designs, and unless the reader has the instinct and information requisite for reading between the lines he will get wide of the facts and far from any true estimate of the persons and times herein delineated.

The Quartet. *A sequel to Dab Kinzer: A story of a growing boy.* By WILLIAM O. STODDARD. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Those familiar with Dab Kinzer will feel interested to learn more of him, and in "The Quartet" they will discover much of his after-career. Mr. Stoddard is deserving of much praise for the manner in which he displays his talents in the interests of the young men of the present day, and we hope that his labors in their behalf will not go unrequited. The book is one that should find a place in the library of every young man, and, what is still more important, one that should be read.

Lorimer and Wife. By MARGARET LEE, *Author of "Nellie; or, Marriage,"* etc. *New York: George W. Harlan.*

This is the first work by this author we have had the pleasure of reading, and we are free to confess that we are very favorably impressed with its tone and character. The incidents of the story are happily brought out, and the plot is certainly a good one. It is a pleasing society novel, in which the characters—faithful pen-portraits—play their parts with realistic fidelity, and give the reader delightful glimpses of the many fashionable foibles incident to our modern society.

The Skeleton in the House. *From the German of Friederich Spielhagen. Translated by M. J. SAFFORD. New York: George W. Harlan.*

The last, though not, in our opinion, the best, of Spielhagen's works. While it is written in the vein so characteristic of this popular German novelist, it lacks much of the force and brilliancy to be found in most of his previous writings. It may be said, however, that he has made the best possible disposition of his incidents, so far as the nature of the plot permitted, and as a result the reader has what may be termed

a very fair specimen of a German novel. Miss Safford, in her translation, has treated the work with great credit to herself and the author, and has shown herself quite a master of the language.

Life and Times of Goethe. By HERMAN GRIMM. Translated by SARAH HOLLAND ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1880.

Next to Shakspeare, no modern writer has so divided, or will so divide, the critical and popular estimation, till the German, like the English genius, takes his true place in the literature of the future. We do not claim kindred places for these two incomparable souls, except in this, that what Shakspeare was to the English of his day, Goethe was to the Germans of his generation—its typical life and incarnation. The difference, therefore, resolves itself into the comparative culture of the two nations in two distinct periods of civilization. Mr. Grimm is German through and through, and writes of Goethe with an enthusiasm that knows no bounds. To offset this we may recall the estimate of Frederick the Great as quoted by Carlyle, "that Goethe's work was unworthy the attention of an intelligent man." Quoted, as Carlyle explains, to give an idea of the quality of the critic, not at all to determine as to the quality of the author, Frederick being at the time under the tutorship of Voltaire, and still governed by French taste in literature and other matters, an influence which Goethe had purposely broken away from, and without the knowledge of the king had already founded a German literature destined to be as immortal as the race itself.

It is with Goethe as it was with Shakspeare in his day. His cotemporaries, and we, his immediate successors, judge him by the shifting standards of fashionable morality; not by the eternal standards of right and wrong, much less by the highest laws of creative art and letters. But by these latter alone can we rightly judge the greatest souls or their productions.

In many things Goethe missed the fashionable code of morality, and we should be the last to paint him as a pattern saint. Pattern saints do not write tragedies; they live them. Goethe did not do this, but the outcome of his work is as if "silver star did touch with star," and the "kiss of peace and righteousness" may be clearly heard in all the works he left us. The special moralizer will always miss this in Goethe's case as in others, but the brave and the free and the hungry will always find it, and hold it in the sunlight of the ages, let the carpers say what they will. We agree with Mr. Grimm that Goethe did the right thing in marrying Christiane Vulpius, even if a son by this marriage did come to a premature death. Daniel Webster's youngsters did not amount to much, nor Shakspeare's, nor Socrates's, nor—the countless offspring of a thousand great men, despite all laws of heredity, rather, doubtless, in higher harmony with such laws. But the little moralist is sure to scratch his fingers when he touches the highest notes, and to come away more smurched than he smirches. Nor was Christiane Vulpius the uncultivated woman the average editor would represent her as being. In fact, I am inclined to think she could easily have run the lance of her criticism through many a very soft and vulgar slur at her good name; and that, though

unequal to the princesses Goethe was tugging with, she might in real matters blush to the cheeks of a good many.

Select Essays of Arthur Schopenhauer. Sentinell Company, 1881.

Whatever in a clear and reverent pantheistic side of modern thought and English readers must be welcome gift from heaven. Plato cannot be and Jones and a thousand summer Buddah himself, as interpreted by Ed modern thought than Kant or Hegel. Schopenhauerian pantheism, hand in is bound, we think, to fill a large cogitations for the immediate future. universe as divine, and a manifest new to Schopenhauer. It is the pantheistic idea to the nature and structure and relations of society, it somewhat famous. We think that the infinite force of universal nature us his pessimism or emphasis of that all were "an empty dream," "a contempt and laughable as Robert Ingersoll. But in coming to the questions of marriage, where a smaller mind can flow many wise and happy touches, an frequently goes to the very heart of

Ohio Statistics, 1880.—Through Isaac Smucker, of Newark, Ohio, with an official copy of Ohio statistics contained in these reports and their arrangement shows the judgment. A very valuable feature the generous supply of historical Smucker, its State historian. Mr thanks for the courtesy shown.

Literary Dullness.—"A Key to iam," by Dr. Alfred Galey, if we have been published in England. It is unlocking the subtle mysteries of the every World.

There may be something in the thing in verdancy, something in cap talks of "unlocking the mysteries" or it is difficult for us to conceive of a higher walks of literature talking a poem, so simple in its philosophy, so its diction, and so eternally and in inmost recesses and shadows of its

Art and the Artless.—Judged 1 ards, Zwingle was doubtless a barbar so dear to Protestant memory, must eyes but little short of blasphemy. Catholics intimate, might have been a wife as he was earnest to prove the

by faith. When we first read D'Aubigne's "Reformation," many years ago, we concluded that Zwingle was much the abler and more thorough-going man of the two. Now we feel little interest in the question of their comparative greatness. But occasionally we run along the one line of succession from Zwingle to Cromwell, to Penn., to the pictureless and musicless meeting and dwelling-houses of modern Quakers, and find ourselves asking, in the name of all the sweet saints and madonnas yet painted, why any man was ever monster enough to tear such pictures from the walls of our churches or our homes. Then running along the other line of succession from Tetzel to some modern cathedral, with its numerous frescoes, its organ music and elaborate altar service, and from these to the splendid art-adorned palaces of modern Protestant millionaires, what strange questions fill the mind! Is Protestantism, not to say Quakerism, selfish, keeping in the one case for its own luxury and in the other for its own ease the affluence that the woman with the ointment poured at the Saviour's feet and that old Catholics cast into the art-treasures of their temple? or is it true that the real affluence of pocket and soul have only turned a little away from the enthusiasm of worship to the enthusiasm of humanity, and that what the old devotees poured at the Master's feet Protestants now pour out in human charity? Are not Catholics as charitable as Protestants? And can Protestants reply, "But we are scientific and progressive, while Catholics are not"? Are not Catholics and Protestants alike conservative, and wisely so? Is not modern progress the result of new elements and forces foreign to both, and has not Protestantism lost something from Catholicism that modern progress must find? Many years ago we asked a beautiful young Quakeress would she, if she could, stop the singing of the birds, and she whispered, *No*. And we doubt not that while the sun paints the morning and evening skies with glory, and while the skylark soars and sings, the children of men will now and then shout their hosannas and murmur their *Miserere*, while Raphael Madonnas and Turner landscapes will be among the finest joys of human eyes and souls. Our friend of the plain frock remarked to us the other evening, "What a bright and charming woman thy friend Kate is; so ready with an answer, so full of stories, so entertaining." We replied, "Yes, indeed; but she is more than that. She is a somewhat remarkable artist: she paints with much skill, and is, withal, a rare musician, at least has rare musical genius, and we hold her artistic powers as superior to her social attractions." But it was evident to us that our plain acquaintance saw the social side of life much more clearly than she did the artistic. But could Kate keep house like our Quaker friend? There's the rub. Can modern æsthetic culture learn the cleanness and carefulness and quiet peacefulness of Quaker ways? We well remember the first picture, that is, a real art-picture, that got into Miss Anna Dickenson's Philadelphia residence, and with what questioning admiration the good orthodox Quaker mother barely glanced at the same. Here, too, is a gulf, a stream, a flood of difference that must be spanned. The artless Quaker and the great untaught West must have art and song, but how? Let modern progress answer this. It is a finer question than steam navigation or civil-service reform, and the answer we give it will modify every other question under the sun.

Perhaps the modern magazine is doing this very work, and may yet do it in grander and higher spheres.

The Aim and Scope of Art Teaching.—A school of art is designed for the benefit of three distinctly different courses of life; viz., that of the artisan, the amateur, and the artist. It would be to the advantage of the first of these if he realized, and, after doing so, if he cared for the sort of profit to be got from such a school. Everything is profit or loss to him. The trade view of life is right when it regards nothing so good for a beginner as apprenticeship and tough experience. That view is altogether right; the only question is, What is the best mode of apprenticeship, and what is the shortest road to experience? One thing appears to me very certain in all such matters as relate to the artisan; viz., that if the principles of trades' unions are to dominate the country, all good work must be squeezed out of the artisans by that fundamental rule of which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in each distinct department of every trade it measures and restrains the work and value of the best and ablest men by the calibre of the worst and weakest; destroying all interest in the work itself, cutting all heart out of a man's life by restrictions, not only on his hands, but on his gains, scattering to contempt all thought of conscientious reward, and cutting at the very root of all moral excellence in industry, energy, or perseverance.

If there be any institution based on principles and actuated by motives for results the very opposite of all those, it is an art school. Its leading purpose is to engage both heart and mind in every branch of work, to help and encourage the weak, and give direction to the strong. It teaches to all the reasons for what they do; it lightens labor by the interest thus thrown into and around it, and it brightens all drudgery by intelligence. But all this is only to be got by work. An art school is no mere place for amusement. All the success to which it can lead depends on courageous perseverance. What is it that an artisan most requires but that knowledge and experience which make him master of his trade? But on what do this knowledge and experience depend but the training of the faculties of head and hand? An art school affords this training. Its one great ultimate end and object is that training.

As institutions aided by Government grants, or, in other words, supported in their degree by public taxation, they would have no excuse for their existence but upon the grounds of their educational power and value to all classes of the population. If artisans would freely avail themselves of all they could learn here, their ultimate profit would be great. It may be that a man would be set to some work here that would seem to him to have little or nothing to do with the trade he intended to pursue. Our difficulty here, as elsewhere, is to make people understand the meaning of education. It seems most natural to make all teaching special; but experience has long since proved that just as to know any one thing perfectly, a man must first know a great many other things well; so is it with all manual labor; any perfect work, no matter of what sort it be, is simply and in truth the focus on which a wide and laborious education has been concentrated. No work, even the most mechanical,

has much value unless it has a certain amount of brains mixed up with it.

The child of the commonest laborer gets his money's worth out of his common school by the increased intelligence he is enabled to bring to bear on the labor for which he is paid. It is the skilled artisan, or the pupil who is to be one, for which our art schools are designed. He will get his money's worth by his work here. For what is the effect of the training in the first principles of delineation but that of clearing off all mental cobwebs by the practice of observation? No one can delineate anything that he does not understand. What is all bad drawing but simply a want of understanding what is drawn? Your mind must first analyze the component parts or qualities of any subject before you can delineate it. If, then, any one goes seriously to work to do so, I beg you to realize what a step in his education he has made. His perception is so far cleared, because his eye has been trained to analyze, and his handiwork is all the firmer by the increased firmness of his brains. Such is the theory on which the education of a skilled artisan is based. And if a man will only have the confidence and the industry to bear the discipline to which he would be called on to submit in the classes of geometry, perspective, and construction, and then pursue those subject to their ultimate object, viz., that clear comprehension on which the correct representation of all objects depends, he will have laid a most certain foundation of success in any trade or business, when steady thought, trained eye, and skilled hand would earn his honorable livelihood.

I have said such schools are intended for three classes,—the artisan, the amateur, and the artist. I have said something about the artisan, so we will turn to the amateur; and I confess that in talking of an amateur I have a very considerable difficulty, because it is extremely difficult to make a definition of an amateur. In the first place, you may say there are two kinds,—one properly the amateur, and the other the *dilettante*. Now, a *dilettante* is an excessively pleasant sort of fellow, who is uncommonly charmed with everything; a sort of cosmopolitan individual, who is always full of pleasant talk, who knows a little of everything, just enough to keep his head above water; indeed, he is a very pleasant, but very often an extremely ignorant fellow. The amateur is different, for he does not only pass on the surface of things happily as the *dilettante* did, but he is a real lover of what he does, and therefore he devotes himself in a certain degree to it. A bird without feathers is still a bird, and an amateur is like a half-fledged bird; you don't know how to classify him, but still he often knows much or more upon artistic subjects than his professional friend in some particular branch; but in matters of execution he fails in comparison, for the best of reasons: that the professional is always in, and the amateur has the disadvantage of being always out of practice.

Coming to the artist, I shall be excused if I say but little. Fortunately I do not speak to professional artists, but to pupils who possibly intend to be professional artists. I beg and entreat you to give the utmost diligence to those tiresome things, which in school training little children call pothooks and hangers, and which with you are construction, perspective, geometry, and all those tiresome problems you are

called to exercise your minds upon by unraveling and understanding them. You know that in speaking any foreign language, if you know it well you do not think of the genders, accusative cases, plurals, and all those things, which come quite natural to you. And it is exactly the same with art. A sketcher ought to know exactly the position of his paint-pots—where are his transparent and where are his opaque colors, without having to look for them, his mind and eye being intent upon what he is drawing. He is master of his accusative cases, and plurals, and irregular verbs; and that is what you ought to be to be professional artists. You ought to have at your fingers' ends all the perspective and other portions of elementary art. Simple things are what you should and must first learn. You cannot attend too much to simple beginnings. In the education of your eye you have to study art all round. You must remember that science and reason lie at the bottom of art, and art has much mechanism and method to pursue. A soul bursting with poetry would make but a poor artist unless it had mastered the tools of art. Another thing I urge upon our pupils is to take very great care to master the early principles of design. This is too big a subject for me to go into it now. But steady your hand and your eye by working at the casts and models you see on the walls of the school, and as soon as possible take to figure-drawing. If you draw a vase, you only do so to train the eye and hand to make the curve properly; whereas if you draw a hand you get a variety of curves in the fingers. But it is impossible to draw the figure unless you first master what the figure is. An aged astronomer, despite his old and worn eyes, sees twice the number of stars in the heavens that a young astronomer does, because he knows where to look for them and how to look. The figures of those imperfectly trained, could they but stand upright, would tumble to pieces, because the ankles had no gristle and the legs had no bones. You cannot possibly learn to draw the figure without knowing what the figure is made of. Do learn construction. Learn the simple rules affecting the human figure, such as that the thumb moves at right angles to the fingers, and do not draw fingers which are all thumbs. I entreat you to take pains, and then you are sure to succeed. The noblest ambition of an artist is not his own distinction. His work is to contribute to human happiness, and his best work is that which does so by the power of a pure and noble motive, which animates his art because it animates himself. His work is a form of poetry. No work that can be worthy of the name of fine art can be otherwise. His choice of means is as wide as nature, but his power of expression is bounded by himself. It is not every one that has power to originate; but it is no mean talent so to hold the mirror up to nature as to reproduce in others the poetry which he learns from the things about him. It may be the talent of another man to affect his fellows by the ideal creations of his own imagination. But whatever it be, whatever form fine art may assume, realistic or ideal, all its worth and power depend on the embodiment and expression of an artist's own sympathies—on the vital force which his work exerts on other minds; to fascinate and elevate them by his own devotion for all that is purest, best, and noblest—that lies not merely upon but deep below the surface of our mortal life.

T. G. P.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Our Home.—The writer of this, having been absent from Philadelphia for several years, is inclined to give place for a moment to the musings and reflections that crowd the mind on again returning to and strolling over the spots and among the scenes so familiar for the last quarter of a century. The Park looks a little rusty and unkempt in the early autumn days,—the effect of long drought through the late summer months,—but the years and the sins they carry work no wrinkles on its splendid hills; yet year by year it becomes clearer that the average statuary of the Park fails to meet the demands of its natural surroundings; the glens and valleys are fresh and fragrant as ever, spite of the sighs and tears that fall in silent unconsciousness from many a wanderer among their fading leaves. The horticultural grounds, like the last looks in lovers' eyes, daily intensify their beauty and brilliancy, as if anointing and embalming their divine incarnations for the death of winter and the temporary burial beneath its shining snows. For all death is but a transient visitor, and nature ever sings the song afresh:

"O joy that in our embers something still doth live,
That nature yet remembers what was so fugitive."

So the anemones will come again, and spring, and songs of spring, forevermore. Fit type of this may be daily seen in the Horticultural building, choicest of all the Centennial structures, to begin with, and now for years crowded with richest and rarest perfections of ever-unfolding floral beauty.

"Here everlasting spring abides,"

and all around, even in these October days,

"All the hills stretch green (as) to June's unclouded skies."

Time cannot mar it; but go to it with a sour heart, drive over it with the gilded wheels of ambition, smite its ever-living greenness with the blackness of your sensuality, smiling, laughing all the while, you shall still find that nature is God's avenger, you shall miss the angels' voices from the hills and flowers and get only—Hades instead. In all the wide world is no park like Fairmount: not ours, but God's, and his and hers whose body and soul are pure enough to inhale its living air. The guide-books will tell you its acreage and dwell on certain antiquarian relics; I am only hinting at a divinity of joy that haunts it for me and may also haunt it for you; and sometime we may, in these pages, stroll through its even as yet comparatively unknown dells, and chat with the elfs and sprites that flit among its ever-changing shadows.

And this city of Penn, and the Quakers, and foreign elements, and modern success, and shoddy and want and debauchery and shame, how unique in all its types of business and beauty and deformity! How unlike the cosmopolitan London, the kaleidoscopic Paris, the provincial Berlin, the garish and gaudy New York, the snappy Boston, the loud Chicago; how unlike the prairie-flowers and snows and floods of Dakota, among which this writer has been

toiling and musing these last few years. How chaste and sweet and pure is this city of the descendants of Penn, with its unparalleled home comforts beautifully ranged on the old subdued hills. Here we have art surrounded with nature in its most perfect forms, the two ever blending in one. And we question the harsh critic who sings:

"Nature is sweet, I say: you think art is sweeter,
While ninety per cent. of its daubing's a lie,
And only here and there a touch that is meeter
For life than to rot in the gutters and die."

Let the art cynic pass unmolested. The prairie-roses and the unchecked stars have together whispered to me their secrets, and I know what they can do for an earnest soul. In these hours I have been walking among old familiar forms and faces. I think I could distinguish a Philadelphia lady in the crowded streets of London, and, after a good meal, could pick out a Philadelphia man from the midst of a Paris crowd. The trim, graceful figure-lines of the one, and the easy, elastic step of the other, when once studied and comprehended, are not easily missed in the most promiscuous crowd. And it all comes of the contour of the hills that surround us, and the soft, humid air we breathe.

"Our music"—the tone of our life—"is in the hills."

In these hours, too, I have been strolling through the choice libraries and public art-galleries of Philadelphia, all so unpronounced, so quietly beautiful, so steadily improving ever since the Centennial year.

From the corn of the prairie and the gold of the Black Hills and California, the Allegheny slopes, the Eastern cities are at last little by little getting the art and culture of Europe into their store-windows and parlors, and by and by doubtless will get more of it into their blood.

"As ever by symbols and slow degrees
Art child-like climbs to the dear Lord's knees."

So, would we transform the life of these tavern-loungers into the life that art and nature commend, and save the sensual from the broken pathways of shame, we, who read magazines by æsthetic lights, and spend our evenings praying for virtues that come not, must turn the keys upon our own self-condemnations, walking hand in hand, as children, with the best life that art and nature suggest, if, perchance, we may some day touch the height where these are lost in star-flame, and the old, old voices are still saying,

"Blessed are ye."

W. H. T.

Gossip and Scandal.—Objectionable as the latter word may sound to sensitive and refined ears, it is one, nevertheless, which most of us would do well to ponder; for in these days of excitement and exaggeration, when extremes of all kinds are permitted and indulged in, heedless alike of good

taste as of refinement of feeling, there is much danger of the boundary between the so-called "harmless gossip" and its near relative, scandal, being overstepped. To our mind, however, there is no such thing as "harmless gossip." To discuss our neighbors' affairs, at the best of times, seems to be an unworthy theme for cultivated women; and yet it is one commonly chosen when we meet at our "aesthetic teas," or before the gentlemen join us after dinner; the gentlemen, that is *some* gentlemen, perhaps most gentlemen, happily being above this sort of thing.

There is a certain temptation to some minds to say smart, clever things, and to provoke merriment at the expense of their neighbors. Such persons will tell you their sense of the ridiculous is so keen that, when once their risible faculties are excited, they cannot control it; besides, it is so tempting to enlarge upon a subject which they affect to be ludicrous. Harmless and amusing as this may appear, it is not a pleasant distinguishing trait of character. Again, who has not experienced in some form or other the mischief arising from the habit of repeating scraps of gossip which float about in a strange, intangible manner, and which cannot be traced to any more direct origin than is suggested by the vague answer, "I really don't know, but So-and-so told me." Then the discussion and speculations which this leads to—the "much implied," though possibly "little said;" the significant looks and equivocal answers which are exchanged; the real delight which some persons seem to take in repeating "a sad story." All this, and much more, must come home to the minds of most of us. We are told that "evil is wrought for want of thought;" we are quite sure that evil is *spread* for want of thought; for, surely, if people for a moment reflected on the positive pain and annoyance to which their victims are subjected by the repetition of some ugly or foolish *on dit*,—or, in plain words, scandal (which, by the way, instead of losing, gains force on its onward course),—they would certainly disabuse their minds of the false idea that there can be no harm in it. It is, however, difficult to know how to stem the torrent of evil, unless it be by contributing our individual share to the work—first, by setting our faces steadily against any gossip in print, for such, alas! is to be found in some of the journals of the day; in fact, is it not true that many of the journals of to-day feed on it, thrive on it, live and move and have their being in it, it having become a sort of god or idol to them, looking sometimes as if it were indeed the sole object of their love and worship in these last days, the evil of which cannot be too strongly deprecated? Again, by avoiding all needless criticisms of persons, remembering that what may begin by being good-natured may end by becoming malicious.

We hear of societies advocating reforms of various kinds, among others reform in dress, than which few things are more needed. At the same time we would suggest that there is crying need for reform in our manners and the tone of our conversation, and those who will aid in it by drawing the happy medium, without, in escaping from Scylla, falling into Charybdis, will confer a great benefit on society at large. The habit which we have been discussing is, to say the least, altogether unworthy of the high breeding which is imputed to Christian gentlewomen. There is so much that is interesting in music, art, and literature to suggest topics of conver-

sation, besides the numerous schemes of usefulness, and the advance of education on all sides, which are ever in need of sympathy, encouragement, and support, that it seems strange how a cultivated mind can descend to a lower region of thought, and partake of the unwholesome food which, through the united and harmful, not to say sinful, influence of gossip or scandal, is prepared for it. Then, besides, is it not true that the whole range of human relationships, passions, loves, hates, can all be discussed more finely without treading on our neighbors' toes or stinging our neighbors' soul than they can be when those questionable amusements are indulged in?

S. S.

The Art of Needlework.—Considering not only the various occupations and professions now open to women, but the various other fields which they are striving to cultivate, we are led to wonder why more women have not made needlework in all its branches a serious profession.

We have among our acquaintances many ladies who are selling their work, and, alas! many others who wish to do so; the societies for the sale of ladies' work are known to us, and we have heard of all the schools of art-needlework and embroidery; but, in spite of all this, we know of exceptionally few women who understand the art of needlework in the sense in which we now speak, and who are needlewomen in the sense not only of being able to mechanically copy patterns, but of being able to originate and execute their own designs; who can not only put garments together which have been already cut out, but who can themselves cut out on true principles without waste of material; who can not only sew on trimming, but who can finish their work in the correct sense by embroidering its borders and edges in whatever stitch or style is most appropriate; and, finally, who, understanding the history of needlework, its successive styles, and the capability and adaptability of its various materials, could produce an entirely original work in embroidery, suitable for any place or for any purpose for which it might be ordered. The woman who could do this would rank among true artists; the woman who can only copy a pattern given her is but a skilled artisan.

Needlework which is original both in design and execution is rare; being rare, it is among the precious things of the world. In the Scriptures we find "the wise-hearted women" among the Israelites who wrought the coverings for the tabernacle ranked with Bezaleel and Aholiab. The "divers colors of needlework on both sides," mentioned in the song of Deborah, was a "prey meet for the necks of them that divide the spoil." "Raiment of needlework" ranked with "wrought gold" in the clothing of the glorious king's daughter when she was brought to the king. The Homeric women appear to have been weavers rather than needleworkers, as were, perhaps, the women who wrought the tabernacle coverings; but they also were original designers, and therefore artists. "The robe shining like a star" given by Helen to Telemachus, the storied, never-ending web of Penelope, were no copies; indeed, were wrought out of woman's rights and mights and beautiful gifts and graces but little understood in these days. But of what real and abiding value is a mere copy of a design,

however good may be both design and copy, if it be only such a thing as can be reproduced a hundred times?

The higher branches, indeed, of what at the present day is called "art-needlework,"—such, for instance, as some of that which is executed at our schools of embroidery,—even though it be not designed by the worker, can never become common, for the designs are drawn by true artists, and require artistic skill and feeling to execute. But still there is very much called "art-needlework" which is merely the mechanical copying of patterns, and requires no artistic skill or feeling at all. And admirable as some of the modern work is, to know what can really be done by the needle, we must go back to the work which, not for its age alone, but for its intrinsic preciousness, its skill, its beauty, is preserved among the treasures handed down to us from past generations. Those who saw the ancient needlework at the Centennial Exposition, or who were fortunate enough to see the treasures in this line that were exhibited at the London Royal School last spring, must have gone away with a feeling almost of despair at such an art being really revived in these days of hurry, when quantity rather than quality is the end sought—alike in the length of our journeys for pleasure or in the decoration of our houses. We do not mean that we wish to see time spent on such mere *tours de force* as that Italian sixteenth-century work, "Orpheus with his Lyre," in which Orpheus, the tree under which he sits, the branches, the leaves, the animals, are all executed in raised work, every leaf being separate. But we do mean that the women who executed such work had a real art in which they delighted, and that they were mistresses of it, such mistresses as perhaps are hardly to be found now. And about all the old colored embroideries on linen, from the quilts stitched in gold-colored silk, with their superposed flowers, to the Spanish work in black stitching, shaded in crumb-stitch like line-engraving, and the embroidery in gold thread and colored silks alone, there is a freshness, an originality, a care and skill, a surprise here, a special bit of intricacy there, which speaks of joy in the work such as now we may seek in vain.

We may pass on again to the Italian work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; those panels, borders, and draperies in brick-stitch (unpoetical name) which seem to embody the exultant spirit of the old Italian Renaissance life itself, with their scrolls springing and bursting into flowers, roses, irises, tulips, anemones, as it were for the very joy of doing it.

Why should not the woman of the present day take up such work as this? not only to copy or restore, but to make it her profession to originate, design, and execute it? It would require especial gifts and training, as much as painting; but it would be as well worth doing; year after year might end, and the work would still be incomplete; but when completed it would be a joy forever. And to this artistic branch of needlework she might join a thorough knowledge of the more homely but more useful "plain needlework," so as to be able to make baby garments fit for the heir to a throne, or linen fit for his mother; and to make quickly and neatly the little garments needed not for the heir to a throne, but the baby whose only heritage is his hands, and his mother also, her training then would be complete. Such

training may be had, though scarcely as yet all under one institution; but there are schools of needlework at Darmstadt and Vienna in which the whole art might be acquired. At the Vienna School of Art-Embroidery the course of instruction is for two or three years, according to the pupil's previous knowledge of drawing, the authorities rightly judging that without this, art-needlework can never be thoroughly mastered.

For those who take the complete course the school is free; for those who take special lessons a fee is charged. It is open from October to the end of July, and thirty-six hours a week are devoted to instruction, twenty-four to embroidery, six to free-hand drawing, two to transferring, one to cutting out patterns, one to making up note-books of the various lessons and lectures. A lecture of an hour on the adaptation of needlework to objects of art, and another on the art-history of the subject, are also given; and the woman who goes through this course will indeed understand the "art of needlework," and be able not only to maintain herself, and show the true power lying in a woman's profession, but to produce work that will be precious forever.

Meantime, let those women who have a genius for such things, but cannot avail themselves of these advantages, work out in some simple forms of beauty such art-life and sacred fire as is in them, letting their own light be their teacher and guide, as has been the case wherever and whenever the very highest forms of beauty have been evolved out of the rich human life of this beautiful world.

H. R. M.

The Girls.—Between those young ladies on the one hand who, in virtue of their rank and wealth, have no need to concern themselves with the details of domestic management, and those on the other, who, by reason of straightened circumstances, have to assist and supplement the labors of the maid-of-all-work, there are an immense number of girls who inhabit comfortable and often luxurious homes, where servants are plentiful, and where mamma is her own skillful housekeeper. Such girls, released from the drudgery of the school-room and the regular routine of school life, have no need to devote their days to anything but busy idleness; nay, more, they are, as a rule, discouraged from being more than ciphers in the house. Why this should be so is easily explained. There is a skilled cook, who sometimes only admits the mistress of the house herself under tacit protest within her kitchen; there is a kitchen-maid to attend upon the cook; there is a trim parlor-maid, lighter of foot and defter of finger than many men-servants, to wait at table; there is a house-maid, fully equal to dusting the tables and chairs; and perhaps, in addition, a ladies'-maid, to attend to the wardrobes. Over all these well-trained domestics the mistress of the house exercises a strict supervision (for we are supposing a case where the mistress is capable of so doing); like the sun, she is the centre of her little system, and, like him, she too often would reign alone.

This brings us at once to one of the great defects, as it seems to me, in our system of training "our girls." Of course, mothers who know nothing of domestic management

themselves cannot be expected to teach it to any one else; but there are many mothers who are notable mistresses, and it is generally their daughters who are most ignorant in household matters. Why should this be so? Perhaps for two reasons. Either the mother, being herself capable and experienced, has not patience to correct the errors and enlighten the helpless ignorance of her child, or she is jealous of any possible rival near her throne, and fondly imagines that her daughter's ignorance to her being bliss, "'twere folly to be wise." So the girls are cast on their own resources for amusement, and then, forsooth, are accused of frivolity, love of dissipation, fastness, eagerness for excitement, etc. They cannot dig; to beg (for work) they are ashamed. What, then, are they to do?

Perhaps there are persons who will exclaim at once that my picture is far too highly colored; but I believe there are yet more people who will bear out what I say. I repeat advisedly, the crass ignorance of girls of the upper middle class regarding all details of household management is simply pitiable and astounding. And I repeat, also, that in many instances they themselves are not to be blamed for it. Yet these very girls, when they marry, will certainly have servants under them, who, as a natural consequence of their want of education, they can neither direct nor manage. We have only to listen to the tales of the difficulties of young housekeepers to know that this is the case. That "knowledge is power" is nowhere more forcibly demonstrated than in domestic management. We all—mistress and maid alike—have a natural reverence for superior wisdom; indeed, that reverence often seems, among the servant class, to increase in proportion to their own ignorance. For servants are very sharp-eyed to detect blunders on the part of their mistresses. After all, they are but "children of a larger growth," and don't all children delight to catch their tutors and governors tripping? And how can any one know whether work is thoroughly well done, and done within reasonable time, unless she herself knows how to accomplish the same task? Book-learning on domestic subjects is valuable in many ways, but practice is infinitely better than all the theory in the world. What book, for instance, tells how long it takes to properly black-lead a grate and lay a new fire; what book can describe the exact number of minutes it needs to dust any given room or to prepare the family breakfast? And, not knowing this, how is a young mistress to regulate the hour of rising in her household, or be aware how much work the servants can reasonably be expected to get through before the morning meal? For it is as fatal to authority, in my opinion, to expect too much of your maids as too little, and both alike equally display your ignorance. One pair of hands, be they the most active in creation, cannot do more than they can. I fear there are many mistresses who fail to remember this, and the dullest fingers will hang down idle if they are too heavily weighted.

I grant, of course, that many of these domestic sinners sin from ignorance. For instance, I have known girls, suddenly promoted to be mistresses of households, who had never been inside a butcher's shop, and barely knew the principal joints one from another. They had the vaguest idea how much meat was a fair quantity for a given

number of people; as to its quality or proper price they were steeped in the deepest darkness. I remember one instance of barefaced cheating, when the butcher set down a loin of mutton as of twelve-pound weight in his bill, and charged accordingly. The bill was paid all unsuspectingly, for the lady remembered she had had such a joint, and had had no idea of its proper weight. I know of another case where cook and mistress alike were perfectly ignorant how to prepare a hare, and the latter suggested that it had better be plucked. These are glaring instances, but space only fails me to recount a hundred others. How many mistresses know what can be done with dripping and bones in the way of pastry and soup; what good broth can be made from the liquor meat is boiled in; how pans should be cleaned, and refuse disposed of, and steels kept bright, and glass and crockery-ware in due order, and laundry-work sent home? And if servants find their mistresses ignorant of all these things, are they not likely either to trade upon their ignorance, or to relapse into slovenly, useless drones.

Of course, experience will come with time, when the mistress is worth anything; but how miserably uncomfortable for her husband and her household while the experience is coming, and how much waste and extravagance and contention has to be encountered during the process. Think of the troubles, too, arising from what we may perhaps call "indefinite engagements," when the maids are hired. How can a girl, whose sole employment has been amusement and fancy-work, be expected to have at her tongue's end the questions and stipulations which must be asked of and expressed to fresh servants? How can she tell where to cast her eyes when she knows nothing of their shifty ways, or how many of their ever-ready excuses for every neglect, carelessness, or misdemeanor to accept or refuse?

But we won't dwell longer on these far too patent facts. There is one remedy, I venture to think, for them, and but one, and that is practical knowledge. How and where is this to be obtained?

Of course, *home* would be the most proper place; but until a new generation of mothers appear this is probably out of the question. The cookery classes and schools have doubtless done something in a certain direction; but, so far as I have seen, their tendency is either to teach too high-class or too poor cooking, and naturally they only touch one branch of domestic management. For there are other servants in a household besides the cook who equally require supervision and direction.

Well, then, I boldly propose to "take the bull by the horns," and suggest the establishment of schools for regularly teaching household management in its minutest details. Such establishments could, of course, only be undertaken by very competent ladies; but are there not many among us fitted to teach "our girls"? I think there are, and here, perhaps, is an opening for certain women who have hitherto been seeking employment, and seeking it in vain. For the very women who could best undertake such teaching are those who could not throw themselves into any of the artistic and literary pursuits now so much in fashion. To teach others, they must know thoroughly all that they undertake to teach. But would it not be possible to open a well-ap-

pointed house to which girls could be sent when they leave school for three or six or twelve months, according to their own capacity and the wishes of their parents. Of course, house and domestic management would have to be taught on somewhat broad and general principles, so that each student, when her course was finished, could adapt what she had learned to her own especial requirements. But there are things useful to every one. For example, how to market well, the quantities of various articles which ought to suffice a household of a given number of persons, the methods of keeping pots and pans, and glass, and silver, and furniture in order, and of engaging and dismissing servants and regulating their duties.

I am aware it may be objected that the method taught may not be precisely what is wished, but I confess I cannot see how this objection can be valid against schools for domestic management any more than against any other kind of school. I am not advocating one establishment alone, but many; each one would of course differ in detail, and parents and intending pupils could choose the one likely to suit them best, just as they now do with educational establishments. Again, I am aware that the terms for such instruction must be high and the number of pupils limited, but I am not proposing any plan for the benefit of girls whose parents have "limited means." They will have plenty of opportunities of acquiring knowledge at home, and surely it would be worth while straining a point for a few months to save "our girls" the troubles and worries they must surely

undergo if they marry without any domestic knowledge. For a wife has certainly more chance of happiness if she can cook a dinner and sweep a room than if she cannot. Neither need this knowledge be acquired at the expense of any other. It is no disgrace, surely, to train to their fullest extent the heads and hands God has given to women.

But besides the drudgery of household management my proposed school must teach its graces as well. The due order and arrangement of a small and a large dinner-party, supper-party, and lunch and breakfast company, the arrangement of table decorations, the reception and entertainment of friends, would all be included in the course; and, considering the awkwardness and *gaucherie* of many girls when they first leave school, would surely not be unnecessary. In many cases, also, plain sewing and lectures on sick-nursing would prove most useful.

I think, also, there should be no limit to the age of pupils at this domestic establishment. Many a woman of forty knows less on the subject than a girl in her teens, and, if she wishes instruction, she should have the chance of procuring it.

This, in barest outline, is my scheme. Whether it approves itself to the public, whether any further effort can be made to give it shape and form, remains to be seen. A little discussion of the subject can certainly do no harm.

There are plenty of training establishments for servants. Why should there not be some for mistresses as well?

ROMA.

POT-POURRI.

Children oftentimes ask puzzling questions. The other day a little girl said to her mother:

"Mamma, what is an angel?"

"An angel? Well, an angel is a being that flies."

"But, mamma, why does papa always call my governess an angel?"

"Well, exclaimed the mother, after a moment's pause, 'she's going to fly immediately.'"

A man of tact will always get out of difficulty. At a negro prayer-meeting, one of the brethren earnestly prayed that they might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of the elders, "yer hain't 'zactly got de hang ob dat ar word. It's besetin'—not upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the corrected, "ef dat's so, it's so; but I wuz prayin' de Lawd ter save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' ef dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno."

One often receives a sharp answer from an unexpected quarter.

"Who made you?" inquired a lady teacher of a lubberly boy who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't know! You ought to be ashamed of yourself; a

boy fourteen years old. There is little Dick Fulton; he is only three, and he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dick—who made you?"

"Dod," lisped the infant prodigy."

"I knew he would remember."

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy. "It ain't but a little while ago since he was made."

A native of the Emerald Isle is credited with the well-known remark, "that he never opened his mouth but he put his foot in it." The subjoined example may be a case in point.

An Irish member of Parliament, boasting of his attachment to the jury system, in a roomful of company, of whom Curran, the distinguished barrister and celebrated orator, was one, said:

"With trial by jury I have lived, and by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die."

"Why, then," said Curran, in mock amazement, "you've entirely made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

An amusing anecdote is told of General Johnson. In the fall of 1863 he was riding along during his march to Bristow Station, when, perceiving one of his men up a persimmon-tree, he halloosed out to him:

"I say, there, what are you doing up there? Why ain't you with your regiment?"

"I'm gettin' 'simmons, I am," replied the soldier.

"Persimmons!—thunder! They are not ripe yet. They are not fit to eat."

"Yes; but, general," persisted the Confed., "I am trying to draw my stomach up to suit the size of my rations. If it stays as it is now, I shall starve."

The general had nothing more to say, but rode on.

To be equal with the occasion is with some persons a natural gift. We may mention an incident in connection with the famous French Marshal, Bassompierre. During his incarceration in the Bastille, he was observed by a friend one morning to be diligently turning over the leaves of a Bible, whereupon the friend inquired what particular passage he was looking for.

"One that I cannot find," was the reply: "a way to get out of this prison."

On his coming out of prison, Louis XIII. asked him his age. Fifty was all that the gallant soldier would own to. To the surprised look of the king, Bassompierre answered:

"Sire, I subtract ten years passed in the Bastille, because I did not employ them in your Majesty's service."

Some years, however, before this, when serving in the capacity of ambassador to Spain, he was telling the Court how he first entered Madrid.

"I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world——"

"Ah!" interrupted the joke-loving king; "it must indeed have been an amusing sight to have seen the biggest ass in the place mounted on so small a quadruped."

With a profound obeisance came the quiet rejoinder:

"I was your Majesty's representative."

We need not mention the particular county in which the following occurred; it is, however, very suggestive of the lively manner in which matters of a parochial kind are occasionally discussed in some districts.

"What a fearful thunder-storm we had last night," said a gentleman on meeting with the overseer of the parish; "the oldest inhabitant can scarcely remember a worse one."

"So I have been informed," was the reply; "but the fact is, we had a meeting of the town council at the time, and none of us heard a single peal of it."

An inquisitive youth, too young to fully comprehend the doctrine of total depravity, but old enough to have at least a vague idea of the hereditary principle of mankind, was recently detected by his paternal ancestor in falsehood, and punished therefor by solitary confinement. The punishment over, the youngster accosted his father with the question:

"Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?"

The father, perhaps conscious-smitten, evaded an answer, but the child, persisting, again asked:

"Did you tell lies when you were little?"

"No," said the father; "but why do you ask?"

"Did ma tell lies when she was little?"

"I don't know, my son; you must ask her."

"Well," retorted the hopeful, "one of you *must* have told lies, or you wouldn't have a boy who would!"

Among other famous dialect problems is the following dilemma, which is framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in its construction being probably unsurpassed. It is called *Syllogismus Crocodilus*, and may thus be stated:

An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it back to her if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted:

"You will not give it back."

The crocodile answers to this:

"If you have spoken truly, I cannot give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely."

The mother retorted:

"If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement; If I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back."

History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Few men are without ambition to become wealthy. The one great object of human existence seems to be the acquisition of riches; therefore the secret of attaining these desires will be welcomed by many.

A German gentleman, named Reuben Hoffenstein, has come about as near to the right method as any one we know.

"Herman," said Hoffenstein, as he glanced over a book in which he kept small accounts, "has dot shoemaker vot keeps de corner around baid vat he owes de sdore yet?"

"No, Misder Hoffenstein," replied the clerk, "but I think he vill. He vas a goot man if he vas poor."

"Dot may be so, Herman, but you had better vatch him. Don't let him haf noding more on gredit. You must always dink a man vas a rasgal until he bays vat he owes; if you don't, you vill lose money by dinking he vas goot. My g-racious, Herman, I have seen plenty uf poor men who vere goot. Dey would get dings at my sdore on gredit, and spend dere cash mit some von else. Vatch de shoemaker, Herman, I haf been poor myself vonce."

"De shoemaker, Misder Hoffenstein," said the clerk, "would haf baid before dis if he don't haf been so poor."

"But he don't got no pisness being dot vay," replied Hoffenstein. "A man vat vas poor, Herman, don't can blame no one but himself. Vy don't he get velty, like oder people? If a man vas sadsivied mit being poor, he don't be no 'count, you know. Ven I vas beddling, I vent to a velty merchant to get some goods on gredit. He don't

let me haf dem, und I dold him dat I vas honest if I vas a poor man. Vat you dink, Herman; he says, 'My frient, de lower regions vas so full uf beople in your fix dat dere legs vas sdicking de vindows out.'

"Dot exberience, Herman, learned me dot a poor man don't haf got invluence enough in dis vorld to make de dogs bark at him, und I vent to vork. Dree years after dot I haf a dry goods sdore, und vas de bresident uf a bolitical asso- ciation.

"My gr-r-acious, Herman, nefer vant to be a poor man! De only ding vot a poor man can get vas religion, und he vouldn't get dot if it cost anyding. Recgollect dot berse- verence in business vill make you velty, und dot if you vail in de righth vay dere vas money in it. Ven I vas keeping a redail sdore in de gountry, bisness got dull, und I vent to Simon Krausman, my vife's uncle, und I says, 'Simon, dink I vill vail, dere vas no money in de bisness any longer.' 'Reuben,' he says, 'de boys vas paying as high as dwendy cents, dis year, und I dink you better vait.' I dook his advice, Herman, und nexd, ven dey vas only baying den cents, I vailed, und made ober four dousand dollars. Shust dink uf it!

"Now dere vas Solomon Oppenheimer, who put a little sdore up avay out in Arkansas, und de gountry for fifdeen miles around vas so poor dot all de fleas vent avay. Vell, he put his sdore dere, und for seex years he vailed in pisness, und now Solomon owns a gouple uf brick sdores in Houston, Texas. He made all uf dot by his berseverance. Dink uf it, Herman, und vile you dink uf it, don't let de shoemaker ve vas dalking about get avay midout baying vat he owes."

Some people take life very composedly, as the following domestic incident would indicate.

A few weeks after a late marriage the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a "washing."

He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning, and kindled a fire. When putting on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets, and then exclaimed:

"My dear, what are you doing?"

He deliberately responded:

"I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one now for myself."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me too."

An artful negro named Sam Johnson was arraigned before the judicial authorities on a charge of burglary.

"If you wanted merely to examine the house with a view of purchasing it, why did you not ring the bell instead of climbing in through the back window?" said the judge. "I lacks de confidence in you, jedge! Dat's why I can't intrust you wid any of my bizness plans!" said Sam.

A story worth repeating comes from the *Detroit Free Press*: On the Bay City train the other day was a woman with a baby about eight months old, and in the next seat back was an old man who couldn't sit still until he had said:

"That's a baby you have there, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"About a year old, isn't he?"

"Mercy, no! He's hardly eight months old yet!"

"Isn't, eh? Well, I'm the father of nine children, but it's been so long since I've seen a baby that I've forgotten how they ought to look. Is he a girl?"

"No, sir; he's a boy."

"Just me, agin. I never can tell one from 'tother. Is he purty healthy?"

"Oh, yes."

"Squall much at nights?"

"Never squalls at all."

"Don't, eh? That's the kind of a young 'un I like to see around. My Samuel did nothing but howl for the first two years, Sarah was allus sick, Moses fell out of the cradle and broke his arm, and something or other allus ailed every one of the lot. Have you named this baby yet?"

"No, sir."

"Haven't, eh! Say?"

"Yes, sir."

"S'posed you call him arter me? My fust name is Jefferson, and they Jeff me for short. I've got two ten-dollar gold pieces here for him if you want to call him Jefferson."

"I'll do it!" promptly responded the woman.

"That's business. Here's the cash and the boy is named Jefferson, arter me. Lemme kiss him about four times."

The baby was duly kissed and congratulated, and at the next station he left the train with his mother. The old man was tickled half to death over the matter, until the conductor came along and asked:

"Did you pay her anything to name that baby after you?"

"Yes—twenty dollars. He's a clipper, and don't you forget it."

"And so is his mother. She's down in the Detroit House of Correction, and the woman who had him takes care of him for two dollars a week!"

"N-o-a!"

"Fact."

The old man's jaw fell, his eyes remained fixed on the ceiling for a minute, and then he fell back in his seat with the exclamation:

"Chaw me! Everybody has called me a fool for the past twenty years, and now I know they were right! Conductor!"

"Yes."

"Please mop the floor with me and break my neck, and step on me a thousand times, and then throw the mangled wreck into some swamp, for I won't be no more good in this world!"

That we do not always mean what we say in anger is exemplified in the following: The landlord of a hotel at Nahant entered, in an angry mood, the sleeping apartment of a boarder, and said:

"Now, sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must; I have asked for it often enough, and I tell you now that you don't leave my house till you pay it."

"Good," said the lodger, "just put that in writing—make a regular agreement of it—I'll stay with you as long as I live?"

The Collecting Mania.—It is astonishing to see how the collecting mania has pervaded all classes of society, even to the juveniles. On the recent day of prayer for the President's recovery, at the hour appointed for service in the churches, the pupils of a certain public school in a Western city were requested to study for a few moments a prayer which their teacher wrote upon the blackboard, and then at a given signal to rise and repeat it in concert. Upon the conclusion of this ceremonial, and while all was solemnity, a boy piped out:

"Miss C——, may I have a piece of paper and a pencil to copy that prayer?"

"Certainly," said his teacher, "but why do you want to copy it?"

"Because," said the boy, "it is the first time I ever prayed for a President, and I want to keep it."

That boy will be a first-class "collector" of something when he is grown.

Another Odd Prayer.—The amusing prayers in the last number of the MONTHLY reminded me of one I heard at a funeral last summer.

A minister who was not even the pastor of the deceased, only an acquaintance, had been invited, for some reason, to take part in the services. After praying for some time with great unction, and with an air of such deep distress as would certainly have led a stranger to suppose that he was himself one of the afflicted family, he finally reached the climax in this remarkable petition:

"O Lord, wipe the tears from our eyes *with thy tender kerchief!*"

A lady who was present rather irreverently remarked afterward, "that science had developed a great many things, but she never knew before that the Lord carried a pocket-handkerchief!"

H. G. F.

"King Solomon."—One of the eccentric characters connected with the early history of Lexington, Kentucky, was William Solomon, known familiarly as "King Solomon." He was born in Virginia, in 1775, and at what period he came to Lexington no one ever knew, as all who knew him there at all remembered him as one of the old familiar landmarks of the place. One of the kindest souls that ever lived, and quaint as he was kind, he seemed a part of the very town itself. He always boasted that he and "Henry," as he familiarly termed Henry Clay, had been boys together. He admitted, however, that "Henry" had risen somewhat higher in the world's regard than he had himself—he being a cellar-digger. He was one of the most incorruptible and Jackson-defying Whigs that ever lived, and clung to "Henry" through all his trials. One of the most independent voters in Fayette County, he was once approached by a candidate who gave him some money to go and vote. "King Solomon" pocketed the money and did go and vote, but against his benefactor. As we said, no one knew when he came to Lexington—he seemed to always have been here. Neither did any one ever see him in a new suit of clothes. His "rig," as he called his clothes, seemed always to have been old, and fitted him about as loosely as the hide on a rhinoceros,

while his old hat always had the same old mashed and battered look. He never washed his face, nor combed his hair, nor buttoned his shirt-collar, and when about "half-seas over," provided with the stump of a cigar,—he was never known to have a whole one,—smoking in peace on a rock-pile, he seemed supremely happy. With all these irregularities and eccentricities, "King Solomon" was as honest, upright, and industrious and, withal, had as big a heart in his breast as any man in Lexington or Fayette County, and in the dark, gloomy, and fearful days of 1833, when the cholera was thinning out the population, he dug many a grave after more boastful and better-dressed men had fled from the city.

How Solomon became a "king" is due to the following incident: One day, when scarcely "as sober as a judge," he was employed to trim a tree in the court-house yard. He climbed into the tree, and, putting himself astride of a large limb, commenced sawing upon it between where he sat and the tree. Falling into a meditative mood, he sawed away until the limb snapped off, hurling him suddenly, and somewhat short of breath, on the hard ground. The rare wisdom he displayed in sawing off the limb between himself and the tree obtained for him, without a dissenting voice, the title of "King Solomon," the wisest of earthly monarchs. While the good-natured old soul was in the zenith of his glory, an admirable portrait of him was painted by a first-class artist, Colonel Price, and copies of it now adorn many elegant homes in Lexington. He was induced to sit for it by being supplied with plenty of his daily beverage and the stump of a cigar to make himself pleasant on his favorite seat—a rock-pile. When the kind-hearted old fellow died (November 27, 1854), he was tenderly laid away to rest in Lexington's beautiful cemetery, and followed thence by a large number of sympathizing friends.

LA PARIERE.

"Well, Brown," said the second, "we have had some trouble to arrange about distance; but at length it is settled for twenty paces; both fire together, and the meeting is for to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Pretty short notice."

"Have you any other objection?"

"I should just as soon have it at fifteen, or even ten paces."

"Well, I wanted to put you up at fifteen, but Allison's second would not agree to it, so I yielded the point."

"Ah! you yielded that point. I am fully determined, however, that they shall not have another point yielded."

"No one asks it."

"I am the offended party."

"Undoubtedly."

"And therefore have the choice of weapons. Well, I choose small swords."

"Small swords! Why, did you not just now consent to fight at twenty paces?"

"Yes; I am not the man to retire from an agreement which a friend has made in my name. I repeat that fifteen or even ten paces would have suited me just as well. But you have said twenty, and let it be twenty."

As Brown persisted in "maintaining his rights," the duel, of course, never took place.

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A FAMOUS OLD CHURCH.

By H. W. FRENCH.

CHRIST CHURCH, on Salem street, Boston, is the famous old North church of Paul Revere. It is the oldest ecclesiastical and, with the exception of the old State House, the oldest public building in the city. And now it is going to decay, they say, spiritually, bodily, and financially—those who are really more ready to have it die than live. They are not an unimportant element, these destructionists, in the great provincial city called the Hub, but are almost a physical necessity, to counterbalance that other persistent passion for the preservation of antiquities. Were it not for this contra mania, Boston of a century or more ago would long since have been pickled and laid upon the shelf, to remain just as it was, for centuries and centuries yet to come.

It is much the same feeling that a few years ago declared that the Old South must go. But while the Old South has indeed been dismantled till the bare shell and the angular spire are really all that remain,—that illustrious pile of brick for which the illustrious ladies of Boston are still vigorously fighting,—Christ church, though older by several years, has changed very little since the spirited communicants of '76 turned out their too Tory pastor and locked the church doors, suspending worship for the time in order to keep him out; since the British officers held that famous council of war under its shadow; since Lafayette stood before the altar, and the signal-lights shone in the belfry. The little colonial grass-plot is still green before it, and the famous colonial cemetery is on Copp's Hill, just beyond.

In fashionable carnivals of authors, sacred fairs, dignified mask balls, and various other solemn and gilt-edged entertainments, such as the exhibition of the divine discoveries of Edison, the friends of



AMONG THE BELLS.

the Old South have struggled to redeem it from destruction; but in the act they have surely reft it of every vestige of sacerdotal dignity; while with the other the historic chime still cheers the heart, the historic organ still lifts the soul, the old chancel still echoes to the voice of prayer from the same altar, and still the belfry arch of the North church spire is a signal-light over a living and active house of God.

Chronic grumblers said that the Old South must go, because it stood too near the busy bustle

of the modern world. The North church they doom because it stands too far away from it. But what friends have so eagerly done for the Old South, circumstances are doing better for her elder sister. The class of residents has been perceptibly improving about the church that a

communicants. To-day there are over one hundred and twenty families in the parish and more than one hundred and sixty communicants. There have been one hundred and sixty-two confirmations during the eleven years' rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Burroughs. And as for the external church, with its solid old walls of colonial brick, two and a half feet thick, laid in that durable style called "English bond," with the north wall carefully protected by a clap-board sheathing, it is as young to-day as a century and a half ago.

The time to visit this ecclesiastical veteran is when it is completely caparisoned in its reliquiae and traditive habiliments and the altar is garnished with that famous service of plate that alone is worth a visit to Christ church to see.

The gray brick walls and the angular tower surmounted by its woodwork spire stretching one hundred feet upward will attract your attention long before you reach the spot. Unfortunately, the woodwork about the belfry tower is not the same as when Robert Newman held the lanterns as directed by Paul Revere, for in the terrific gale of 1804 the spire was blown down and went through the roof of a low house standing beside it. It is precisely the same in its model, however.

The doorway is not broad, for it was built in those days when narrow was the gate and straight the way that led to life. It was almost too narrow, indeed, to meet the demands of fashion in the period of immense hoop-skirts that has intervened between that time and this. A Boston wag, well-known in his day and generation, was sitting on the curb by the church, one Sunday morning, looking toward the old cemetery, and thinking, perhaps, of the rhyme of the sexton, when his eyes were directed to a lady who was evidently suffering a specific mental doubt as to her ability to enter the church.

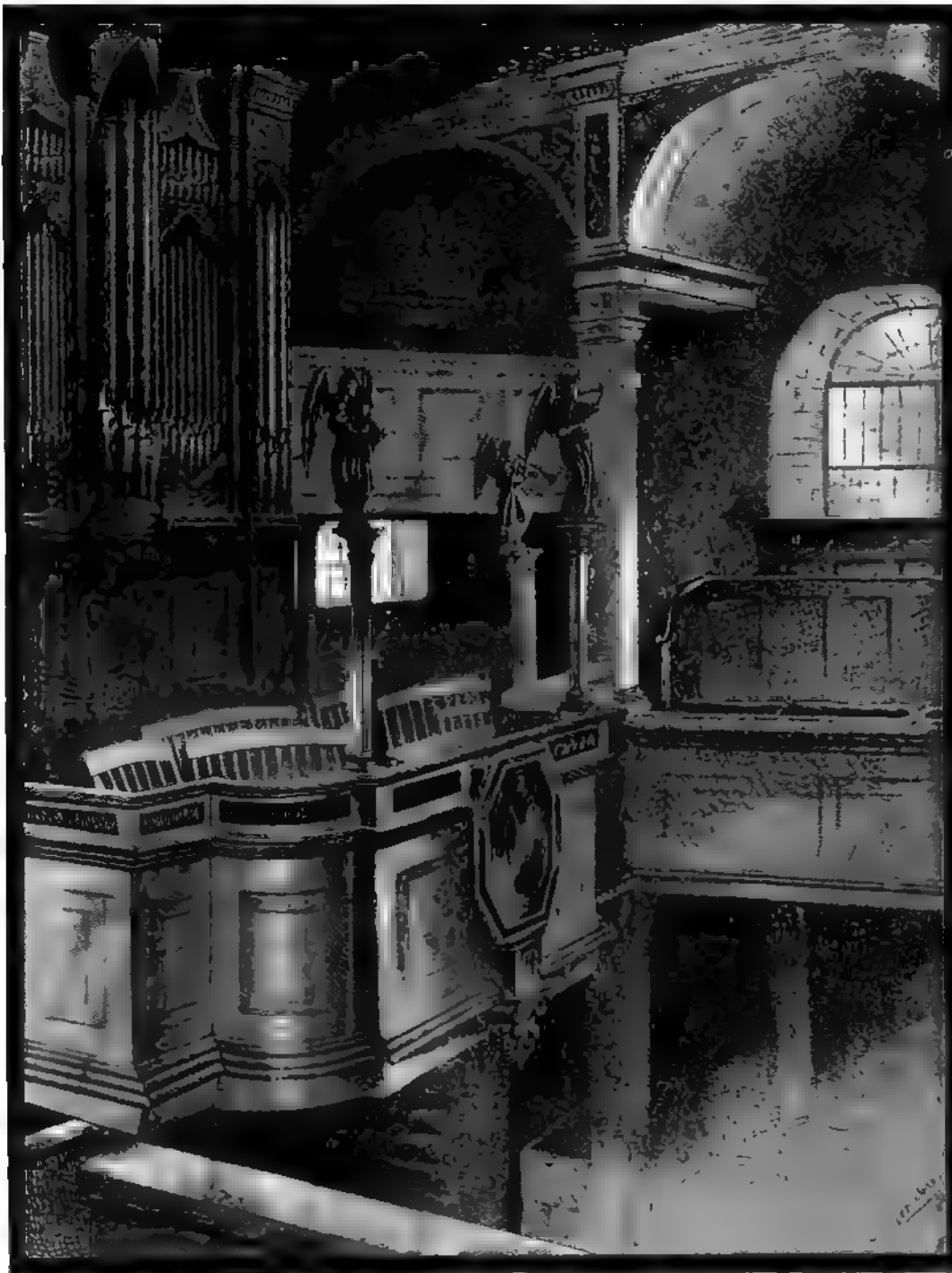
Thereupon he prepared a revised version of the old song, beginning—

"Nigh to a church, in her robes arrayed,
Stood a lady fair, and thus she said:
'Too bad! too bad! that I must wait
While they measure the breadth of this open gate.
Ah! 'tis only seven feet, six, I see!
Too narrow! too narrow, alas! for me.'"



THE COLONIAL BELL-RINGER.

few years ago had reached a very low standard, offering little support to the congregation, and making the ways of access exceedingly disagreeable. In 1874 the church had already begun its rejuvenation, and it was then announced with pride that the parish numbered one hundred families, and the church one hundred and twenty



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.



NAVE AND ORGAN, AS DECORATED FOR APRIL 18, 1875.

On the modest arch above the door there is a simple tablet with the indication, "Christ Church, 1723." Many with noble names, burned as with fire into the history of our country,—many before and many since the beacon-lights went out,—have entered beneath that low arch.

Before you is the inner door to the church, and to the left a low door opening upon the stairway that leads to the belfry. Will you climb? The way up is very narrow but not very straight; the view from the upper balcony, however, commands the Charles River, Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Breed's Hill, and the Bunker Hill Monument, with all their historic surroundings. It was there that several of the British officers stood to watch the battle of Bunker Hill. And the old belfry too; you would miss much to go away without seeing that—the dusty, cobwebbed belfry, where the famous old chime hangs on the great wooden wheels. After the service, you will wish to wander through Copp's Hill Cemetery; every one who visits Christ church goes up there after service. Then you will hear the chime, and the tones will sound to you all the sweeter for having seen the cluster of British bells hanging in that merry, dusty contiguity.

The chime came from the far-famed foundry of

Abel Rudhall, in Gloucester, England; a gift to the church from friends in the Old World. It was hung in 1744. The composition of the bells is still the wonder of founders, and their clearness and power the admiration of all who hear them. The smallest is six hundred pounds in weight and the largest fifteen hundred and forty-five, and upon each bell there is a message of some sort, in the quaint old style of long ago. One of them says, "This peal of bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church, in Boston, N. E., 1744. R.A." Another, "We are the first ring of bells ever cast for the British Empire in North America;" and another, "Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall sing aloud of his praise."

Belfry pigeons have made themselves at home in the old tower, and create strange noises moving among the rafters. If you visit the church as a stranger, you will doubtless first have drunken deep of that

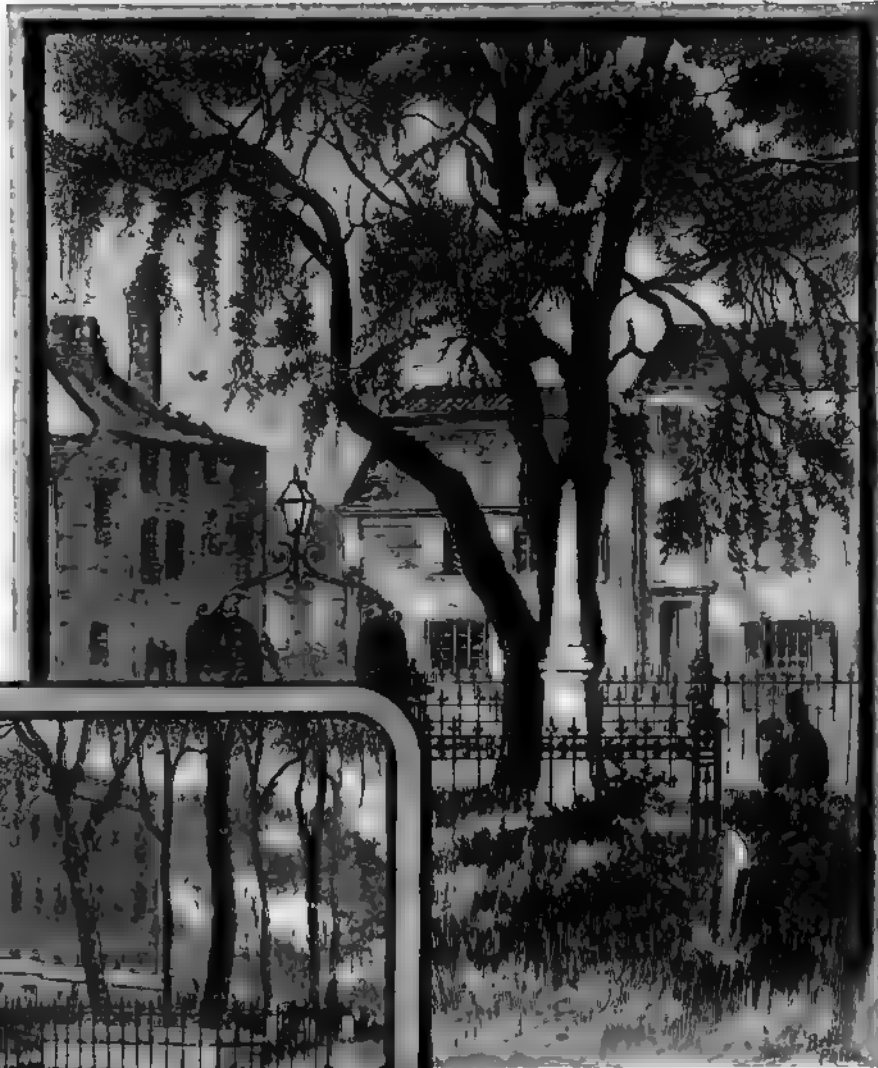
fountain of memories collected by the late Mr. Drake. Any one will tell you that you must read "Drake's Memories" before you know Boston; and you may shudder, as you pass through the low chamber intersected by its eight bell-ropes, that cut the air like threads of a spider's web, and find yourself creeping up into the dimness and dust of that belfry tower, recalling Drake's statement that a belief has been very popularly held that this chime you are approaching has the power of dispelling evil spirits! But Mr. Drake was mistaken in that statement, as also in the sentence which follows, in which he so eloquently asserts, "The same bells still hang in the belfry, but few have ever heard their caroling of a quiet Sabbath. There they still hang, voiceless and forgotten, waxing in years like the old church itself." The bells do carol on, notwithstanding, on Lord's Day and Christmas and New Year's, besides the other ordinary times of ringing.

It was only forty-six years before this church was founded that the first service was permitted in New England, after the recognized order of the Church of England. The first churchmen coming over from the Old World found that those brave pioneers who had fled from religious persecution and dictation to establish themselves with their

grand motto, "Freedom to worship God!" had passed a law making it a criminal offense to observe the English form, or own a Church of England book of prayer, and had even gone so far as to impose a fine of five shillings upon any one who should dare to recognize Christmas Day. Not till 1677, on receiving a second command from the king, did they cease to punish any minister convicted of "repeating written prayers." In 1689 a little wooden chapel was built on the site of the present King's chapel, and in 1722 there was such a demand for more room that the rector of King's chapel joined

heartily with his most influential church members to instigate a subscription for a new church to be built at the north end.

The Right Honorable Earl of Thanet headed the list with ninety pounds. His Excellency



THE NAPOLEON WILLOW, COPP'S HILL.



THE MATHER TOMB, COPP'S HILL.

Francis Nicholson, Governor of South Carolina, gave sixty-nine pounds, five cedar posts, and sixty-five planks, "freight free." In the list of subscribers there are also the names of the Hon. Lady Blackett, Peter Faneuil, Leonard Vassall, and several from Antigua and

Barbadoes. The entire collection amounted to two thousand one hundred and eighty-four pounds, and the pews sold for twelve hundred and thirty pounds.

On the fifteenth of April, 1723, the Rev. Samuel Miles, incumbent of King's chapel, officiated in laying the first stone, closing a most impressive ceremony with the words, "May the gates of hell never prevail against it!" On the twenty-ninth of December of the same year the church was opened, though not completed, and the Rev. Timothy Cutler, D.D., formerly President of Yale College, preached the first sermon of his long pastorate from the text (Isaiah lvi. 7), "For mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people."

The little church is before you! A puritanic oblong, only seventy feet by fifty, and thirty feet high, surrounded on three sides by a broad gallery about twenty feet from the floor. It is altogether puritanic, but also so thoroughly English that there seems very good grounds for the assertion that it was modeled after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It is but slightly changed from its appearance when first completed. Then there were three aisles and the pews were square; now there are but two and the pews are long. These pews were originally sold to the highest bidder, and all affairs that came before the church were settled by a vote of the pews. Only one vote was allowed to each, and no non-holder had a voice. In 1726 the vestry voted that a new pew be built on the north side of the altar for Mr. Miles, "he paying as much for said pew as any other person." Then they voted that a pew be built for the use of Captain Wells, "ranging with Captain Temple's," and a few years later a very large pew was constructed and handsomely lined, "being supplied with six prayer-books, for the use of the gentleman of Honduras who sent gifts of log-wood to the parish."

The pulpit then stood on the north side of the middle aisle, perched at a level with the gallery and balanced upon the same "Prince of Wales feathers" that now support it. But the feathers were then above the reading-desk, and the reading-desk itself above the desk of the clerk, who was a very important personage in those early days.

There were certified orders hung about the church to the effect that "no nails nor pinns be put in the pillars nor the front of the galleries with

a design to hang hatts on." An old fellow was paid three pounds a year to keep the boys in the gallery in order, and the vestry voted to impose a fine upon any member "who doth not appear within two hours after the time set for a meeting."

Above the illuminated text in the chancel, dimly seen beyond the shivering shadows that fill the nave, where the light falls softly down about the altar, one reads the dedication of a century and a half ago, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Above this is a heavy drapery in dark oil colors, with the golden halo crowning the oval. Below it is the "descent of the Holy Spirit," the dove above three little cherubs with fat little faces and tiny little wings appearing in three little niches; the work of the artist Johnson. Below them is the conception of the Lord breaking the bread and blessing the wine, by Mr. Penniman. The face of the Saviour, while not so strong as some that have a much wider fame, is one of the most tender and loving in its delicate delineation, one of the sweetest to look upon and study for years, and one of the truest realizations of the ideal head that brush ever put upon canvas. Below this there are four oblong tablets illuminated in old text. The inner ones are comparatively modern, filling the place that was previously the door leading from the vestry to the pulpit; but the outer ones were originally placed there.

During the first years of its life, the church had but a single silver cup in its communion service. It is the smaller of the two chalices, upon which are the words, "The gift of Captain Thomas Tudor to Christ Church, in Boston, 1724." Then the gold and silver received at the regular collections were set aside for the purpose of increasing the plate, and after the offerings of Thanksgiving Day, November 13, 1729, had been added, the whole amount was melted down and cast into the two flagons marked "Belonging to Christ Church, Boston, New England, 1729." Every one of the many pieces of the present service bears an inscription and the donor's name. One of the two flagons, the large chalice, and the receiving-plate are of especial interest as "The gift of His Majesty, King George II., to Christ Church, at Boston, in New England, at the request of his Excellency Governor Belcher, 1733." In 1786 this entire service of plate was pledged for the debts of the church, but was fortunately redeemed without loss.

Besides the plate, King George II. presented to the church the large folio Bible and the two folio prayer-books, bound in Turkey leather, that are now in use, and "twelve other prayer-books bound in calf, with book-marks made of the ribbon worn by the Legion of Honor and decorated with gold fringe, an altar piece, cushions, carpets, damask, and two surplices of fine Holland."

The royal Bible and Turkey-covered prayer-books were consigned to a closet when party feeling rose too high for them, but later they were brought out again. The royal coats of arms and the objectionable parts in one of the prayer-books have been pasted over, while in the other the American form was printed in exact imitation of the rest of the book and inserted entire in the old covers. The Bible was printed in Oxford, in 1717, and is a remarkable specimen of typography and a most valuable collection of old engravings; while among bibliographers it is widely known as one of the famous "vinegar Bibles," on account of an error in the page-heading of the twentieth chapter of Luke, which reads, "The parables of the vinegar." There are red lines running perpendicularly through the centre of each page and horizontal lines beneath each page-heading in both Bible and prayer-book that are the work of pen and ink.

There is a little gallery clinging to the rear wall of the church, half-way up between the main gallery and the roof. You can hardly discover it even when you know that it is there. The only entrance is through a low door opening from the tower behind the organ, and there, upon narrow planks, so cramped that even the shortest legs could not have bent to them without difficulty, without any King George cushions or even unplanned boards for backs, the blacks and slaves of early days, and of not very long ago, were obliged to sit in humble and constant recognition of their innate and undoubted degradation, if they either desired or were obliged to worship the God of all in the church where the first signal-lights of freedom and liberty were hung.

To the right of the altar is a high and ungainly wooden fence shutting off the farther corner of the church, making an ugly little vestry under the

gallery. And there, looking down upon us from over the fence, we recognize the benign face of our father Washington. It is that famous marble bust—the first one that was made of Washington—that was cut from life by an Italian artist whose name has unfortunately perished before his fame. It was presented to the church by Shubael Bell, and was carried in state in the procession at the death of the first President. As a work of art, it may not be astonishing, but it certainly is not bad. It is strong and bold; full of character and energy. It looks like a leader, while it lacks



COMMUNION SERVICE ARRANGED ON THE ALTAR TABLE.

that sort of "cherry-tree" halo that modern artists insist upon throwing about the head of Washington, and the square rigid jaw that was so painfully exaggerated by a set of ill-fitting false teeth. There are any number of records and legends attesting to the accuracy of this likeness. When Lafayette first entered the church, he looked at it, and is said to have exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Why, there is my dear old friend!"

The organ was placed there in 1759, but, like the tree and truth, it has not even the general odor of mild decay. Through its first year of duty it was in the hands of a native of Boston, who was well educated in the profession, but who, for the sake

of the church, gave his services gratis. Every one was delighted with his skill, and, thus encouraged, he ventured to suggest a small salary for the second year. This so enraged the authorities of the church that with the customary gratitude they only waited till the first responsible man of the congregation sailed for the Old World, to instruct him to bring back with him an organist, "one who had some trade,—if possible a barber,—whom the congregation might improve in his occupation."

Arranged before this organ, upon little spinning pedestals, like overgrown muezzin on Mohammedan minarets, are four gaudy little angels. Drake calls them cherubim. They are certainly more like angels than mortals, at least, for they are neither male nor female figures. They are dressed in carved robes of many brilliant colors and are a little over two feet high, with chubby cheeks puffed out to their utmost capacity, and rosy lips pressed closely about the tips of long wooden trumpets. Their hair falls in luxurious masses over their shoulders, from which burst heavily-feathered pinions in such an unfortunate way as to leave no possibility for those little creatures to undress without first taking off their wings.

These angels were presented to the church by a certain Captain Grushea, who, in his privateer, the *Queen of Hungary*, amassed an immense fortune for those early days. He once came upon a Spanish vessel on board of which he found these figures on their way to a Catholic church in Canada; and because the booty was so large that he thought it proper to make some return to the gods who had favored his stealing, or, more probably, because there was no other way of disposing of this comparatively worthless part of his prize, he presented the figures to the church. Horrible things they are, and why they are kept there is one of Lord Dundreary's problems. Just at their feet a quaint old clock is hung in the front rail of the organ gallery.

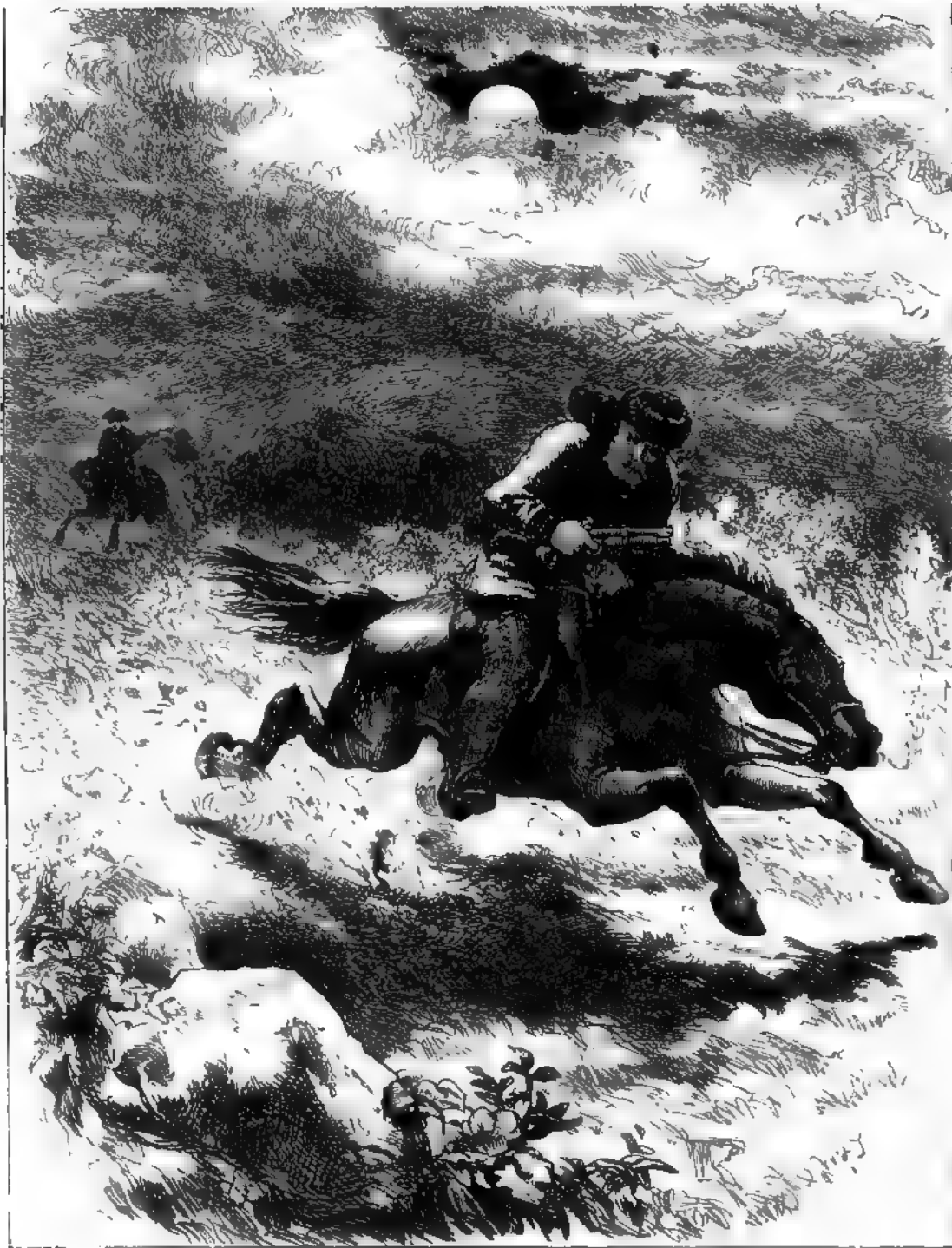
The ancient chandeliers hanging in the nave are another evidence of the munificence of Captain Grushea, and were taken while upon the same trip to Canadian Catholics. They are suspended from the roof in the good old-fashioned way; a triple tier of great brass balls and a double row of long branching arms supporting unlighted tapers, bidding defiance to dust and frowning upon the

puny little gas-jets by which they are now surrounded, while they remember in their uselessness how the water in the modern meter has sometimes run low, or ice formed in the supply-pipe, and they have been called out again for their unfailing light of other days.

But the Boston Protestants thought the polished brass of their Catholic brothers too bright and gaudy for their puritanic modesty, so they covered the chandeliers with a preparation that in color resembles the contents of an old snuff-box, intended to represent a fashionable bronze.

And now, if you will, the crypt. The entrance is through the Sunday-school-room, in the rear. As you pass through the chapel, you will notice upon the wall a copy of Hunt's "Light of the World," "with the glory-crowned hair," standing with the glimmering lantern in his hand, "knocking, knocking, ever knocking," by the high wall, at that gate that is "ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled; dusty, rusty, and forgotten." A short time ago, an apparently well-educated gentleman, who was accompanying several ladies through the church, stopped before this picture, and in all good faith suggested that it must be a likeness of Paul Revere waking up Robert Newman, to have him go and display the lanterns in the tower.

Ugh! You shiver! Of course you do, as you look through the old iron gate down into the long galleries of tombs. There is a double bank in the centre and a line entirely surrounding it, with a narrow gallery running between. The shadows are denser than above, severed here and there by a narrow shaft of warm light in which the dust dances up and down as though it had never heard of such a thing as attraction and gravitation. And sometimes, all together, the little particles will rush away into the shadows and new ones come out of the shadows to take their place. You may think it a spirit passing down that way, and possibly you are right. There are thirty tombs filled full of coffins; that is all. There are large coffins and little ones, and all sorts and shapes of them. And they are piled in pell-mell upon each other till the vaults are nearly full. There are plain pine board coffins and faint imitations of rich and costly hard-woods; but while the pine boards that have been on duty for a century and a half are as sound as the day they were made into coffins, though every nail and screw has rusted out of them, the rose-wood and mahog-



THE PURSUIT OF PAUL REVERE.

any that have not been there for their first quarter century are already crumbling, and have no more fibre than chalk. As one follows the flicker of the light creeping into those ghostly tombs, he cannot help moralizing upon the vanity of vanities represented in rose-wood and mahogany when worked into coffins, and the honesty of plain wood boards with wooden pegs to join them.

Of course, the Rev. Timothy Cutler was buried here, and there is a strangers' vault in one corner, and a carnal vault outside the regular line. Bodies were only allowed to lie for a specified time in the strangers' vault, and then the coffins were broken up and thrown as unrecognized into the carnal vault, there to wait till "a mightier voice than that sexton's old" should "gather them in."

Among the noted names of those that have slept in this crypt is Major Pitcairn, a corpulent man, whose remains were laid away here after his fierce struggle and fiercer oaths against the "d—d Yankees" of the Revolutionary War. At almost the same time the body of one Lieutenant Shea, a very similarly corpulent man, who died of brain fever, was left in the same tomb. Shortly after the war, the friends of Major Pitcairn in England sent for his body to establish it more gloriously in a vault in Westminster. But during that very troublous period, while the old sexton's work had been driving, he had failed to keep so perfect a record as would have been well, and found himself at a loss as to which was which of the two large coffins. It mattered little. He sent on one of them to England. He alone knew of the uncertainty, and hence he alone fully appreciated the force of it when the report came back from England concerning a curious appearance about the head of the body that had been placed in Westminster, indicative, perhaps, of brain-fever. But murder will out; the sexton's secret came to the knowledge of a few friends, and by them was handed down as a sort of legendary wonder as to whether the body of Major Pitcairn had really been sent to England, or was still quietly resting in the dusty and almost forgotten crypt of Christ church, in Boston.

In 1823 the body of a Mr. Thomas was taken out of a tomb where it had lain for eighty years, and found to be perfectly mummied.

On the 18th of April, 1875; the church was elaborately decorated, and the lanterns were again hung in the belfry tower. This anniversary not

only set in motion a host of new deeds and wonders, but it also some unheard-of contradictions.

It was during this celebration was proposed that now appears tower with the inscription :

"THE SIGNAL-LANTERNS OF
DISPLAYED FROM THE STEEPLE
APRIL 18th, 17
WARNED THE COUNTRY OF
OF THE BRITISH T
TO LEXINGTON AND C

But such was the force of that were raised, that it was not to a day, later, that the tablet. It was declared that the glory not due to Paul Revere; that Newman who held them, and the spire of Christ church at displayed. The community alarmed by these startling charges that had never been doubted even though there were many acquainted with the principal of the story over and over again and had never heard any other time, seemed to have taken. And the more the believers looked the more tangled they became almost all of them had grown into certain versions—Henry W instance—that when they four was certainly radically wrong, tempted to agree in doubting their own senses and memories.

One of the most unaccountable whole course of the dispute was as Richard Frothingham should lead in doubting, founding his so weak a footing as a little mechanically to find which was what professedly written from memory the occurrence of the events memorandum, the writer, Richard it appear that he, and not Paul and took charge of the signal Paul Revere to give the warning the alarm through every Middle farm." Some of Mr. Frothingham

ever, when they saw how thoroughly worsted he was in the end, claimed for him that he himself had not believed what he had said, but, seeing that at some time or other the question would surely come up, he thought it wise that it should be thoroughly sifted while the living proof was at hand to set the matter once and forever upon an established and recognized basis.

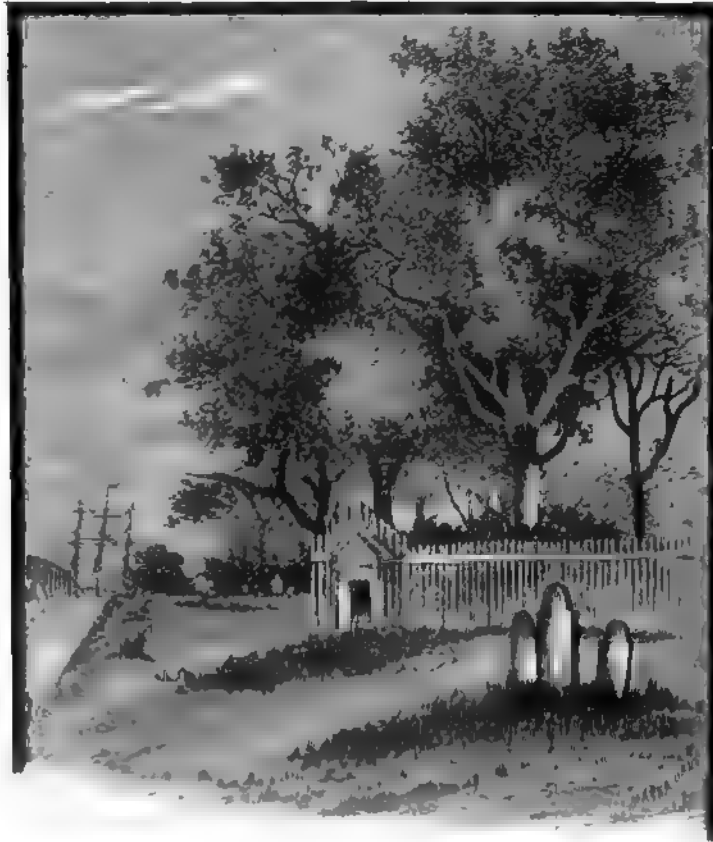
The statement of the memorandum was as follows:

" . . . I soon received intelligence that the enemy were all in motion, etc. Soon afterward the signal agreed upon was given: This was a lanthorn hung out in the upper window of the tower of the N. ch. towards Charlestown. . . . I kept watch at the ferry to watch for boats 'till about eleven o'clock, when Paul Revere came over and informed me that the T. were actually in the boats. I then took horse from Mr. Larkin's barn and sent him. . . . I procured horse and sent off P. Revere to give intelligence at Menotomy and Lexington. He was taken by British officers before mentioned, before he got to Lexington, and retained 'till near day."

With abundant other proof testifying to the error of this statement, Paul Revere's own account of the matter is still in existence, published in popular form in 1793, while all of the principal actors were still living to read it, and object if it were the glaring lie that it must have been to admit of Richard Devens's story being strictly true. Paul Revere says, "They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got to town, I met Colonel Conant and others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting and went to get me a horse. I got a horse of Deacon Larkin." He then says that while he went to get the horse, messengers carried the news to Mr. Devens, who is here for the first time mentioned in the narrative of Paul Revere. "Richard

Devens came to me and told me that he came down the road from Lexington that evening after sundown; that he met ten British officers, all well mounted and armed, going up the road." He adds that after leaving Lexington, having there given the warning, he was met and stopped by the British officers.

All of this, however, works sad havoc with



THE COLONIAL CEMETERY, COPP'S HILL.

Longfellow's poetic dream; for it was doubtless Paul Revere himself who discovered the intention in the British to march, and who directed his intimate friend, Robert Newman, to hold the lanterns before he started to cross the river, in order that if he were prevented by capture or accident from gaining the other shore, Colonel Conant and others upon the Charlestown side might be able to take the matter in hand and carry on the work. Nor was it "in the belfry tower of the Old North church," as will appear later. Nor



THE CLARK TOMB.

was it "two by the village clock when he came to the bridge by Concord town," for he was taken prisoner by some British officers just after leaving Lexington; and it was Dr. Prescott, when returning to his home in Concord, from a rather late call upon his lady-love in Lexington, who witnessed the arrest and carried on the news.

The next contradiction came in the form of an address made at a later centennial celebration at Christ church by the Rev. John Lee Watson, of New Jersey, and a pamphlet which he published to the same end, in 1876, claiming that it was a relative of his, and not Robert Newman, the sexton, who held the lanterns in the belfry tower. The pamphlet was entitled "The True Story of the Signal Lanterns," but was so full of internal error that no close observer of facts gave it credence, and after a temporary and only partial withdrawal the laurels were again placed on the head of Robert Newman, where they undoubtedly belonged.

While these matters were under consideration, the statement that it was not Christ church at all where the lanterns were shown came up for discussion. To accept it they would be obliged to

set down Paul Revere as a fool, though he was one of the most prominent of those famous "North-end mechanics," by profession a gold-beater, an engraver upon copper of considerable skill, one of the movers of the great tea-party, a lieutenant-colonel in the militia, the founder of the first colonial powder-mill, the establisher of the first cannon-ball foundry, and proprietor of the Canton works in copper bolts and bars, as well as the first president of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, in which capacity he made the published statement referred to—by no means the record of a fool.

Another objection against Christ church was, that, being Episcopalian, it would doubtless be too thoroughly English to admit of such treason. But upon that very day the rector was expelled from the church, after an exciting demonstration, as being altogether too severe a Tory to meet the notions of the free-thinking congregation, and the keys had been given to Robert Newman, the sexton, with instructions to lock up the church and keep it locked till the war was over.

At last the matter was once more settled, and the original trinity, Newman, Revere, and the North church, more strongly believed in than ever.

Christ church also successfully claims the distinction of having organized the first Sunday-school in America, though Drake and some other writers state to the contrary; and a neighboring church has innocently held it for many years, until at last, by its own records, it has been found that its Sunday-school was organized by several teachers and scholars who came over from the Christ church Sunday-school. Among the successful scholars of this first Sunday-school under the superintendency of Dr. Eaton were Dr. Edson and Dr. Price, of New York, and the late Dr. B. C. Cutler, with many others.

Not far from the door of the church is the famous Copp's Hill Cemetery. It is a lovely oasis, amid the surrounding dust and decay. It was in the corner of this cemetery that the British battery stood that set fire to Charlestown, over the river. From here Burgoyne and Clinton watched the battle and the conflagration. Just beside the

grounds, at the surrender of Quebec, forty-five tar barrels, two cords of wood, fifty pounds of powder, and several other appropriate combustibles were burned in celebration. Originally, there were four independent burial-grounds in this one, and, coming together, there was left in the very centre a bit of land a rod square that was owned by none of them; and to this day it remains an unencumbered piece of property. It was bought when half the cemetery was a pasture, by the famous ship-builder, Joshua Gee, to accommodate his nervous and somewhat aristocratic wife, who loved quiet, and something a little out of the common rabble and round of the world. For the sum of thirty-two shillings Samuel Sewall and his wife Hannah gave to Joshua Gee a free and independent title to one square rod of their pasture, adjoining the cemetery. Joshua secured a perpetual right of way to it through the existing burial-ground, and when his wife died he laid her body there. As the village on the hill grew and increased in size, the Gee square rod became, as it now is, the very centre of the town of tombs. Poor Mrs. Gee had lost her quiet suburban resting-place, and her demonstrative nerves are now subjected to the constant rumble and roar of the veriest city life. The little lot still remains in the family, and the very next heir could erect an ice-cream saloon upon it if he should chance to choose, or indeed it may yet be sold in some bankrupt estate between the block and the hammer.

At a little distance there is another lot, containing a green mound of earth that covers an unlettered tomb, where the true, good-hearted Calvinists and Puritans buried all their babies indiscriminately, if the little ones were so unfortunate as to die without the rights of baptism, and thus become doomed to the eternal tortures of the damned.

There is a slab in the cemetery of most interesting design and extraordinary workmanship, dated 1625, sacred to the memory of Grace Berry, said to have died at Plymouth, May 17th, and have been removed to Copp's Hill in 1659, the year that the cemetery was opened. There is a disagreement about the latter, however, and a claim that the date has been changed, by manipulation, from 1695. But there are arguments upon both sides

of the question, leaving it still very possible that this is the oldest tombstone in America. This stone, being a prominent one, made a good target for the British soldiers to practice upon when off duty, and the bullet-marks still remain.

A plain brick vault with a rough stone slab marks the tomb of the three Doctors Mather, Increase, Cotton, and Samuel, and at a little distance the willow is still weeping that was brought as a slip from the grave of Napoleon, at St. Helena, by Captain Joseph Leonard.

In a low stone slab there is a curious reminder of the fate that befell Captain Thomas Lake, who was "riddled with bullets by the Maine Indians." When his body was found and brought back to Boston, the bullets were taken out, and, being melted, were poured into a deep slit that was cut in the tombstone.

The boys of the neighborhood have made many raids upon the relic, and with knives and little swords have taken out and carried off most of the lead, but they have not yet succeeded in carrying away the slit itself, which now is filled with fine gravel. About a slab that is sacred to the memory of Betsey, wife of the grave-digger David Darling, there is an old mortality romance: a quaint request made by the bereaved husband is engraved upon the wife's tombstone. But when the time came to cover up the old grave-digger's ashes no one remembered it, and Darling's mortal coil was left in an out-of-the-way corner.



THE OLDEST TOMBSTONE IN AMERICA.

A most outrageous vandalism has been more common than desirable in times past in this old cemetery. The slab over the Hutchinson tomb, for instance, bearing the quaint and famous coat of arms, in a finely executed *bas-relief*, has had the scroll entirely chiseled off that bore the name of the illustrious family, and that of Lewis cut deeper down. Upon another fine specimen of carving, upon the tomb of William Clark, there is the inscription :

"An eminent merchant of this town, and an honorable councillor for the province, who distinguished himself as an affectionate and faithful friend ; a fair and generous trader ; loyal to his prince, yet always zealous for the freedom of his country, a despiser of sorry persons and little actions, an enemy to priest-craft and enthusiasm ; ready to believe and help the wretched ; a lover of good men of various denominations, and a reverent worshiper of the Deity."

But there was once one Samuel Windsor, an undertaker, and sexton of Dr. Neal's church, who by some means obtained possession of the tomb, and, with a forethought that was wonderful and a self-esteem that was little less, had his own name cut in bolder characters beside the epitaph. Then he cleared away the bones and ashes that were lying there, and, having the tomb swept and garnished, he rented it to temporary occupants until he himself was reduced to the need of such a home. There his body was laid away and the door was sealed.

In the southwest angle of the ground is the mariners' lot, and the monument which was bought and erected from contributions of sailors under the direction of the Rev. Phineas Stowe.

Many of the names and graves and epitaphs are exceedingly interesting. You will note them all as you wander through the winding ways, under the delightfully cool shelter of the dense young shade-trees, surrounded by the old streets where the grass grows between the paving-stones in mid-summer, and feel the cool breeze that now and then sways the tender branches as it wanders up from the dark water that you catch glimpses of occasionally, and listen to the chiming of the bells that rang for the Revolutionary victories. Involuntarily you will recall that quaint story by Cooper, and imagine that from one of those cable windows you hear the grumbling of poor Job, or yonder the warnings of Polwarth, or from that narrow alley the curses and the blessings of Abigail over her idiot boy, and breathing in the very air and in all the quaint surroundings some memory of Lionel Lincoln. But, whatever you may miss, or whatever else you may forget, do not pass unheeded the grave of "James Seward, grandson of James and Catherine Seward,"—a poor boy who doubtless never had any parents,— "who died Sep. 27, 1792, aged six months." To the everlasting glory of this baby boy it is written, "He bore a lingering sickness with patience, and met the king of terrors with a smile."

AUTUMNAL PICTURES.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

WHAT floral pomp crowns now the year,
How rich the harvest's queenly dower !
Grand scenes now glow and disappear ;
The cloud, the mist, the tinted flower.
The eye unsated loves to view
The trembling leaves whose bright hues mingle
In rich perfection ; skies so blue,
And e'en the great pine standing single,
Whose antlered crest, now dry and dead,
O'er rustling wood is widely spread !

How shines the ivy's oriflamme,
The sumach all its glory spilling ;
The maple o'er the rural dam,
Where gay love-bird sits sweetly trilling !
A burning bush yon bunch of furze,

And e'en like gold shines farm-yard litter ;
Where the ruffled grouse for safety whirrs,
Vines closely wreathed like rubies glitter !
Elusive glories though they be,
How much they tell, how fair to see !

The sprouting seed, Spring's tender bud,
The sun-lit, 'broidered, happy meadow ;
The hills that varied glories flood,—
Now rosy-red, now wrapped in shadow,—
All, all God's wondrous skill display,
His boundless love, strength, wisdom, power ;
Though on the leaves we see to-day
Time sadly writes of Life's brief hour,
The sun's own pencil brings to view
The path that angel feet pursue !

THE AUTHOR OF "BITTER SWEET."

By A. J. H. DUGANNE.

ARE we edified, in our day, with witness of royal courts to the worth of an American President? Are we sweetened by fragrance of flowers from England's queen, to be laid upon his bier? Yet sharpness tower above others, we may be sure of its thrust meeting thrust from behind an American shield.

It is within our memory that a leading British "quarterly" gave currency to that flippant question, "Who reads an American book?"

Let the "inexorable logic of events" suffice to reconcile Past with Present. I lay my finger upon words of an American statesman, Roscoe Conkling, yet fresh from his pen and sagely instructive:

"Time, over the uproar of an hour, is arbiter in all things!"

Book for book, writer for writer, what measurement may unmatch American literary stature, since Irving and Cooper cast gage into listed fields where waved on high resplendent banners of "Ivanhoe" and "Childe Harold?" Mottled have been those fields with other pennons since; pennons of knights and squires, from poet-laureate Southey to poet-laureate Tennyson. Pursuivants of James, gentlemen of Bulwer, sea-boys of Marryatt, nondescripts of Disraeli, with unnumbered Anglo-Saxon men-at-arms, giants grotesque, and dwarfs arabesque, have trod their turf, and our American men and manikins, of story and song, have kept pace with as much easy rivalry as our architects display in adapting satyrs and gargoyles of English abbey-piles, to join in marble and brown stone on Madison avenue house-fronts.

But if steel pen shimmer or glimmer in hand of giant or dwarf at British barriers, straightway an answering steel-point shall be leveled in American land; and if a British lance of unusual sheen and

Confronting all array of transatlantic English speech, we answer tongue with tongue, and challenge with challenge. If we tarry yet for an American Dickens, may we tarry long, likewise, for such sombre materials of letters and art as "Boz" made pictures in his books, and Hogarth made sad histories in his pictures. And if we exalt Milton and Shakspeare in our New World Valhalla, it is not that we reserve not room for shrines to some Milton and Shakspeare yet to sing under our skies, but that—awaiting their advent—we have room for all sweet intellects, whether British or American airs first kissed their lips and stirred their heart-fires.

And in retrospect of those dim years before steam and caloric wove webs of human thoughts with warp and woof of international merchandry, while electric telegraphs were yet to thread, with filaments of fire, new tissues of enlightened souls on either shore of the Atlantic, we may pleasantly recall that supercilious question of a British reviewer,— "Who reads an American book?"—and we may remember it fitly, in commenting upon a literary life so salient in good work, well done, as that of Josiah Gilbert Holland, lately called from record unto recompense.

A busy life, in busiest of vocations, editorial work! Yet, with time to write a score of books for bookshelves of lofty and lowly; cherished because they rehearse those "simple annals of the poor" he loved to dwell upon; but more because



DR. JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

they reflect experiences, trials, joys, and griefs, doubts and fears, hopes and aspirations, common to all lives; human lives rehearsed by him to modulate their harsh dissonances into harmonies of Christian philosophy, to revolve their jagged edges and sharp-set angles, until, under kaleidoscopic lights of thought, they present symmetric shapes and hues of beauty.

This Massachusetts boy, moistening Poverty's bread with waters of that green Connecticut River valley which in future years was to glow under his influence, from Hampshire hill-tops to silver sands of Long Island Sound; his boyhood stressed with "*res angristi domi*," lamented by Roman bard, but never deplored by our son of New England sires; this youth, attending his mechanic father in journeyings from town to town, seeking work and wages; his summers roughened by toughening toil in field or factory, his winters melted into summer weather under roof-tree of some "district school," *Alma Mater* of worthiest American manhood. What record is peculiar to this young man's career which is not likewise lined upon the lives of other American citizens, whose mentalities—quickened by wintry winds that feed all quickest fires with electric super-heat—expand their faculties and aspirations into motive power, uplifting them from penury to potency—out of pent-house of logs to pentastyle of marble—gateway through which Lincoln and Garfield passed from human honors unto apotheosis of History?

Such lives erect and establish nationalities. Puerile was that boast, whether of Pericles or Augustus, that he found a city of clay and left a city of marble! Better if every domicile were a mud-hovel, and at its door a *man*, whose house of human clay contained a manly soul! It is our American republic's history, thus far, that her log-huts and "red school-houses" have given egress unto workfields of men, high-minded men, whereof material comes which "constitutes a State!" And it is our American work to transmute these clay-hovels, from which genius struggles outward and upward, into mansions of marble, through motions of human lives consorting with nature's movements; activities of manhood, forever developing inner worth under hard and unpromising outer shells; fruit and milk in husk of cocoa-nut—symmetric core within rugged shard of geode.

Out of his harsh but happy associations of youth

the boy emerged upon manhood, self-reliant, self-assertive, to make his way among men, while ever mindful of home ways in that home he left, tenderly pictured in his "Gold Foil":

"A home among the mountains, humble and homely, but priceless in its associations. The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing, through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tanzy under the window, the neighboring orchards, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood-pile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim, blue haze upon the retiring mountains—all there comes back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes."

And the human life of that home!—in its harmony with nature!—what need for "ministries of evil" to mould its inmates into harmony with Him who looked on nature, created by his word, and "saw that it was good!"

"The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man, in middle life,—though very old he seems to me,—takes down the well-worn Bible, and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knee, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around. I do not understand the words, but I have been told that they are the words of God, and *I believe it!* The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down, and the good man prays. I fall asleep, with my head in the chair, and the next morning remember nothing of the way in which I went to bed. After breakfast, the Bible is taken down, and the good man prays again; and again and again is the worship repeated, through all the days of many golden years!"

New England ancestry, through two centuries, and the character of his father, pictured in his typical poem of "Daniel Gray," were influential, doubtless, on our author's mind, to make it "racy of the soil;" so that his nature, harmonizing with belongings of New England, made him an exponent of its social life and a sharer of its sympathies. In his novel of "Arthur Bonnicastle" he reveals not only the domestic features of a single family, like his own, but admits his readers into the interiors of households peculiarly American, in primitive Americanism of Massachusetts and

Connecticut patterns; such as Berkshire County, amid mountain airs, kept sacred fifty years ago, when post-coaches were the only means of public travel between South Hadley and Worcester, and a lumbering wagon, dragged heavily through pass-ways of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, brought wares to Berkshire hamlets from Worcester and Providence railroads.

This primitive Americanism overflows in Dr. Holland's books, one open secret of their popularity; and the innovations of present years upon old-time habitudes are shadowed in "Miss Gilbert's Career," a story that recalls, with its vivid limnings, some of George Eliot's portrayals in "Adam Bede."

From "district schools" to "High School" at Northampton, working, season by season, as a writing-master, or a teacher in schools where he had conned "first lessons," until study left him to lingering sickness, and from medical care, thence, he became a medical student, and graduated as "M.D.;" thereafter three years of practice with impecunious patients and poetry-writing for non-paying newspapers, until pitying friends predicted that Josiah Holland would never get rich; until, to contradict such friends, he "started a newspaper" himself, the "*Bay State Courier*," and wrote its epitaph six months afterward.

With a young wife then, and his energies aroused, he accepted an offer of employment "down South," as assistant teacher of a school at Richmond, Va., removing therefrom to Vicksburg, Miss.; "much to my surprise," he averred, "elected superintendent of Vicksburg public schools." Twelve months sufficed to gather the children of a city into a single building under his rule. King Solomon's rod his sceptre, which he wielded so impartially that, in after-years, when our civil war came, he was wont to say jocosely, that he had whipped more rebels than any other man in America.

From Southern official station, Dr. Holland returned to his native State; leaving Vicksburg, and arriving at Springfield in March, 1850; and I extract from the *Paper World* for March—thirty years afterward—a paragraph recalling his immediate "home" experience:

"As he was riding past the *Republican* office, on his way home, he saw the late Mr. Samuel Bowles standing in the door-way, and he said to himself, 'There is the place I want!'" Mr.

Bowles afterward said that he then remarked to himself, 'There is the man I want!' The day before Dr. Holland's arrival, young Samuel H. Davis, of Westfield, assistant editor of the *Republican*, was buried. The place was vacant, and here was the man to fill it. The negotiations were not long, and in the course of a couple of weeks the doctor took young Davis's position, and began his literary career; for from this point his fortunes began to grow. His first year's pay amounted to four hundred and eighty dollars. His second year's pay was seven hundred dollars. At the end of the second year, having become discontented, he proposed to leave the office. This drew from Mr. Bowles the offer of a partnership, and a quarter of the establishment was sold to him for thirty-five hundred dollars, or for his notes given to that amount. He remained for four years in active employment, reporting cattle-shows, public meetings, incidents of the street, writing editorials; and two men did the work of five."

His prolific pen imparted new interest to an old-time paper. His "Max Mannering" papers began a series of didactic essays, written with an eye to future book-making; but it was not till journalistic drudgery could be lightened by help of other laborers, warranted by increasing prosperity of the *Republican*, that he found leisure to write "The History of Western Massachusetts," enlarged from his journalistic ledgers relating to Berkshire County and printed in 1855, and his first novel, "The Bay Path," followed by "Letters to the Young," under *nom de plume* of "Timothy Titcomb."

"Bitter Sweet" waited for publication until 1858; but it did not wait for readers. "Timothy Titcomb's" letters had ushered the poet's way to sixty thousand book-buyers, and his ethic teachings in verse compassed a sale of seventy thousand copies before demand slackened; while the hearts of a hundred thousand readers responded to the love and piety of "Kathrina," his reset poem, portraying the trials and triumph of a Christian woman.

Meanwhile, the Springfield *Republican* had flourished; enhanced from a valuation of fourteen thousand dollars, when Dr. Holland purchased a quarter of it, to an estimate of two hundred thousand dollars, when he sold his share, seventeen years after purchase.

Assuredly, the doctor's career, as editor and author, was an effective response to that query, "Who reads an American book?" as well as to the ever-recurring question, "Who can read all these American journals and magazines?" And as a lecturer, likewise, Dr. Holland was eminently successful, contracting from seventy to ninety engagements each season.

Two years of travel in foreign lands inclined our author, a twelvemonth since, to contemplate retirement, for enjoyment of his elegant home, "Brightwood," in Springfield, Mass., and his summer residence, "Bonnicastle," built on an island he bought among the "Thousand Islands" of our St. Lawrence River. But at this juncture an engagement with his publisher, Mr. Charles Scribner, resulted in his editorship, during ten years, of Scribner's Magazine, in which he held a property interest, until it became the Century Magazine, which he conducted until he died, an editor to the last; his "Topics of the Time" esteemed as a magazine feature peculiarly his own and affording wide scope to his varied pen.

Is there more to write concerning this representative American author? To enumerate the volumes of that series of works, in prose and verse, which, from "Plain Folks on Familiar Subjects" to "Topics of the Time," grew up under editorial labors to become a library of moral, social, political, religious, and æsthetic instruction, and to compare his "Mistress of the Manse" and "Marble Prophecy" with kindred revelations of poetic nature, past or present, what is to be sought by such reviewal but an arbitrary place for Dr. Holland among authors? And what place? His merits mate him no less with English bards he held highest, like Wordsworth and Montgomery, than his prose works, as social pictures and moral essays, assimilate his powers to Beattie (poet, like himself) and Jonathan Dymond, accepted as a standard moralist. I think the verdict of our generation may index the position his writings will keep in future years of our literature. If Wordsworth and Montgomery be read by their national posterity, and the quaint numbers of Quarles and Herbert awaken fervent feeling in centuries following their life-time, there will be editions of Timothy Titcomb's "Letters and Lessons," and reprints of "Nicholas Minturn" and the "Story of Seven Oaks," and re-issues of "Garnered Sheaves," while American libraries contain "British Poets,"

and through coming centuries Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell shall be dog-eared by fingers which sever uncut magazine pages, to open them upon notices of Longfellow and Whittier, in *de luxe* covers of "blue and gold."

Capstone may never be lifted, nor keystone raised, to Literature's expanding arch. For the edifice of human mind is eternal; quarries of nature, yielding stones for it, are inexhaustible; and no ashlar, rough or hewn, shall lack its place in ascending walls.

Yet there are stones hewn out, in Dr. Holland's work, which may be used to strengthen an altar of infidelity to the faith he taught and the truth he worshiped. "Bitter Sweet" is a poem of dialectic power—reminding us of those brilliant but evanescent metrical essays on theologic points, Alexander Smith's "Drama of Life" and Bailey's "Festus"—both for dramatic interest and array of imagery to validate an author's argument. But the argument of "Bitter Sweet" advances an old Neo-Platonic proposition—that God instituted evil. And sequences of chosen words, apparently logical, reiterate this proposition, which Augustine found too difficult to grapple with, and which to Leibnitz was more complicated than the differential calculus he disputed over with Newton; that God created sin, and ordained misery, as agencies of temptation, to be overcome by fractions of mankind, in order that Divine Mercy might bring them to repentance and salvation. Such an assumption jars a melodious discourse on Love and Light, like "Bitter Sweet": always sweet in its Christian exhortings; bitter only in this effort to reconcile light and love with darkness and hatred. Zoroaster imagined an "evil principle," the antagonism of Deity, to his "good principle." But Dr. Holland's idea is to accept sin in the world, with its concomitant, misery, as instrumentalities ordained by God as means of grace. And when a repentant sinner dies, at the close of "Bitter Sweet," our Christian poet calls upon surviving friends to unite in prayer, and

"Breathe blessings upon evil, and give thanks
For knowledge of its sacred ministries!"

And the whole poem is a plea for recognition of a decreed and righteous subsistence of evil in human life; an assertion that

"Evil is not a mystery, but a means,

Selected from the Infinite Resource,
To make the most of me!"

Shelley's genius was deplored as wickedness,
because he said that Jehovah

"Planted the tree of knowledge, so that man
Might eat of it—and perish——"

Yet Dr. Holland's "poet David" affirms that

"The great Salvation, wrought by Jesus Christ,—
That sank an Adam to reveal a God,—
Had never come but at the call of Sin!"

And he exclaims:

"I am ashamed that, in this Christian age,
The pious throng still hug their fallacy,
That this dear world of ours was not ordained
The theatre of evil!"

But it is not my province, as a layman, to cultivate matters pertaining to the office of religious teachers in our pulpits, who have never seen fit to arraign Dr. Holland's theology; and I prefer to snare with him his unqualified confidence in Divine wisdom and goodness, reserving my own views of Divine ways and means. His poetic "dreams," such as "Ruth" rehearses, are of more worth, in my estimate, than his gnostic philosophy; dreams

"—of sunsets when the sun supine
Lay rocking on the ocean like a god,
And threw his weary arms far up the sky,
And with vermillion-tinted fingers toyed
With the long tresses of the evening star.
. . . of dreams more beautiful than all,
Dreams that were music, perfume, vision, bliss—
Blent and sublimed, till I have stood enwrapped

In the quick essence of an atmosphere
That made me tremble to unclose my eyes,
Lest I should look on—God!"

He has passed beyond sunset gates; his inverted torch of mortal life trailed, with unnumbered torches, under shadows of earthly night. But his light, lifted lovingly in our midst, may never be separated from his identity in those abidings of eternal light that encompass his spiritual way.

We cannot follow that spiral flame which escapes into impenetrable azure deeps, out of a crucible that held it only until earthly substances were precipitated under its potential heat.

We gather up these precipitates of a soul that wrought their shapes from light and air, from thought and word; these pages of an author's genius; these "bitter-sweet" acids and alkalis which he dropped as lessons for mankind; these salts of intellect, white and pure—these concretions of true metal, ringing as steel, and bright as golden ore.

But for the flame whence they were distilled into substances through fervent heats; for the white light of that immortal soul ascendant, beneath which these books of his are but shadows of the life he lived among men, what word upon mortal breath shall follow its pathway? Let the "dreams" he rehearsed answer this, while distillations from his works on earth, influencing lives and ameliorating souls, dispense upon air like heats from the crucible he wrought with. We may not follow those "sweet influences," any more than we may trace his soul amid "dank-bright" light above us. But we may be sure of this—that soul and works will meet again in a life which is light and love forever.

DAYDAWN.

BLUSHING and bright, from out the misty East
The morn comes, ushered in by joy-bells pealed
From each sky-haunting lark, each woodland bird.
The happy earth is clothed anear, afar
In garb so fair, so mystically woven
Of many-tinted grasses, 'broidered o'er
With flowers a-drooping 'neath the heavy dew.
Deep in the pinewood wakes a little wind,
Wooes from the primrose cups of perfumed gold
Their hidden breath—then dies away, to leave
A lingering wave of fragrance all around;
While new-blown violets trembling, ope their eyes
In wonder at the beauty of the world.

The glowing purple of a sun-kissed hill,
Uprising, like a link 'twixt earth and sky,
A cascade flashing o'er a moss-clad stone,
Sunbeams and shadows mingling dreamily:
All, all combine to make one perfect whole!

Ah, lonely heart, aweary of thy care,
Some time will dawn for thee a cloudless morn,
More bright because of shadows in the Past;
For Joy is born of Sorrow, even as Spring
Steals from the arms of Winter, and the Day
From darkest Night emerges, purified.

A. M. M.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By M. J. S.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN A GERMAN HOME.

UNEXPECTED business detained me in the city of B— during the Christmas holidays of the year 186—. Instead of celebrating the joyous festival amid the circle of my family and relatives, I should have been compelled to spend the "sacred eve" at a hotel or restaurant, if my old friend, Justizrath Bromsel, had not been kind enough to invite me to his house to see the Christmas-tree prepared for his children. He had three, two boys and a girl, the boys as wild as imps, the girl mild and gentle as an angel. The mother—

When Bromsel called on me at my hotel—he

had happened to hear of my arrival and did not wait for me—I started at the appearance of the once vigorous man. His tall figure was bent; his thick dark hair tinged with gray. He looked like a person who had just left his bed after a severe nervous fever. He was dressed in black from head to foot.

"My wife is dead," he said, in a hollow tone, when he perceived my surprise at the change which had taken place in him, and sank into a chair.

The explanation was so sudden, so unexpected, that it cut short every word of sympathy.

I had known Henriette well. She was a native of the same city—Hamburg. She had been married to the Justizrath eight years, and they were one of the happiest couples that could be imagined. They seemed to have been created for each other. He was a highly-educated, imaginative man; she was a clever, practical, resolute little woman. When my business took me to B——, which occurred almost every year, I never failed to spend an evening with these happy people, and when I clasped their hands in farewell it was with the firm, rough clasp which only envy can give.

"My wife is dead!" Bromsel repeated.

I approached him, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Poor fellow," I said, deeply moved, "spare me any words."

Bromsel drew a long breath. His breast heaved. He seemed to feel the need of giving vent to his emotion, but could find no words.

"Speak out, my dear friend," said I.

"Henriette is drowned!" he burst out, and convulsive sobs choked his voice.

"Drowned!" I exclaimed in horror. "For God's sake, man! How? Where?"

"Let us go," said Bromsel. "I'll tell you about it at home. Not here! Not here!"

We took a carriage and, sitting side by side in silence, drove to the suburbs, where my friend had a charming villa. The snow fell in large, heavy flakes, and smothered the rattling of the wheels. It was real "Christmas weather" without the Christmas cheer, which in warm, cosy rooms makes us forget the gray December sky.

The children rushed down the steps to meet us as we alighted. They were a merry little party, full of joyous anticipations. The boys tried to climb up our legs; the little girl pulled at our hands.

"Gretchen wanted to peep through the key-hole," cried one of the boys.

"That isn't true, Eugene," replied the child; "it was Curt."

"No, it was Eugene," said the youngest boy.

So the merry little ones mutually accused each other of having a desire to peep through the key-hole into the room where the fir-tree stood—the fir-tree, that central point of Christmas delights.

Life affords strange contrasts. The three children, like their father, were dressed in black—in mourning for the mother who "had gone to the dear God, where it was much more beautiful than

on earth," and "where it was always Christmas," as little Curt said.

The old maid-servant had told them this, and the father did not contradict the pious consolation. Dore had also added, that if the children were very good the mother would come back again from heaven in a few years, and bring them beautiful Christmas gifts. This had soothed the little ones.

The same air of comfort that had characterized Bromsal's sitting-room in former days, still pervaded it. The fire blazed as cheerily on the hearth as it had done the last time I was a guest. And yet there was a something about the apartment that cannot be described—a void. It seemed as if the walls reflected a "mood."

"Go down to the nursery, children!" said Bromsel. "You know we must wait for 'Uncle Schmidt' before the tree can be lighted."

The little ones obeyed, and their merry shouts and laughter soon reached us from the ground floor, while an occasional shrill cry betrayed that the boys were very noisy in their delight, and perhaps practicing acrobatic exercises with chairs and tables.

Bromsel took from a cupboard a bottle of port wine and two glasses, which he placed upon the table.

"Henriette used to do this," said he. "There were *three* glasses then. Now there are only *two*."

"Pray, Bromsel, satisfy the interest I feel in your fate!"

"Then listen," replied the Justizrath. "The story is simple as it is short. My wife had some property left to her by a relative in San Francisco. The settlement of the estate would perhaps have required years if we had merely sent an agent to attend to our interests. My business detained me here. One day Henriette told me she would take the journey herself. Hamburg ladies are not like those who live in inland cities. The bustle of the great seaport gives them different views of the ocean and ocean travel. A voyage to New York is a passage, and Henriette, when a young girl, had taken the trip twice to visit a married sister who lived there. She laughed when I expressed my reluctance.

"What is a passage to New York?" said she. "From there you go in a comfortable steamer to Aspinwall. Then a few hours of railway travel

across the isthmus, and then eight or ten days on a steamer to San Francisco !

"Henriette spoke English fluently, and I know very little about the language. In short, she represented the matter so plausibly that I was really ashamed to oppose her.

"She left here the first of May. Her reports of the journey to New York, Panama, and San Francisco entirely soothed my fears. The finest weather, the quickest passages, and the speedy settlement of the estate were announced. The property had increased in value, but the uncertainty of business induced Henriette to invest the whole amount in bank notes instead of bills of exchange. A few failures, such as were of daily occurrence, and everything would have been lost. She told me that she should sail from San Francisco on the steamer Ohio. I could almost calculate the day of her arrival in Europe. Four weeks ago to-day.

"Yes, on the Ohio," repeated Bromsel, as he saw my startled look. "The passengers on this steamer reached Panama safely, and crossed the isthmus to Aspinwall. There they went on board the steamer Central America. You have read her fate in the newspapers. Out of nearly two hundred persons, only sixteen were saved. Henriette was not among them. But"—and Bromsel's voice was almost inaudible—"in the list of the lost I read her name.

"The property was bought dearly enough. I thank God that it sunk with her," he added bitterly, after a long pause.

Bromsel was silent. I felt that it was my duty to say something, but knew not what consolation to offer. I was familiar with the particulars of the accident, and knew that an American schooner and English bark, which happened to be near the fated steamer, had cruised about all night and half the following day in the vicinity, to save all who remained alive, and with the best will I could not give my friend even the slightest hope. The certain disappointment would have been even more terrible than the present terrible certainty.

"Bear it as well as you can, dear friend !" I exclaimed at last, pressing his hand. "I can give you no consolation. You have lost what cannot be replaced."

Bromsel burst into loud sobs.

I let him give full vent to his grief. Tears are a relief; tears, I might say, are a joy of sorrow.

Bromsel's outburst of anguish lasted fifteen minutes. Neither of us heard a carriage drive up, but after a short time both distinguished louder shouts of delight than ever from the children below.

Soon after a servant appeared, and asked me to come down-stairs. A messenger had come from the hotel, who wished to speak to me in person.

I obeyed, and—but I won't anticipate my simple story.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Bromsel, when I returned to his room.

"Nothing," I replied. "Unpleasant news from home—family troubles. I shall be obliged to leave here early to-morrow morning. But let us talk of something else."

"Of what?" replied Bromsel.

"Yes, of what?" I rejoined, struggling to repress my agitation.

"My friend Schmidt must have missed the train," said Bromsel. "It's nearly seven o'clock. He ought to have been here long ago. I forgot to tell you that he went to Hamburg on business, and was to have returned to-day, that I might not be alone this evening."

"Perhaps he wanted to buy some presents for you or the children, forgot it in Hamburg, as often happens while traveling, and is now getting them here," I observed.

"No," replied Bromsel; "Schmidt is very particular about such things. He has missed the train, and won't come until to-morrow. It's fortunate that you are here," he added; "but you seem very thoughtful."

"Ah!" said I, rubbing my forehead, "an idea just entered my head—but no, it's too fantastic, quite too romantic. An author's fancy."

Bromsel smiled mournfully.

"Perhaps my fate will afford you a subject for a novel."

"Perhaps so," I replied; "wherever we writers find a subject, or even the skeleton of one, we deck it out with all sorts of inventions, and then put it into the book market."

Again merry shouts and laughter reached us from the nursery.

"Oh, yes," replied Bromsel gloomily, "you can even restore the dead to life, and have imagination enough to bring my Henriette back from the depths of the sea. But it is growing late.

"I'll light the candles on the Christmas-tree. Would to God the festival were over!"

"Wait a little while," said I. "Come, let us drink to happier days."

"Yes, to happier days!" murmured Bromsel, swallowing the contents of his glass. "With her! You were down-stairs a long time," he added. "I hope the news from home wasn't very bad?"

"I gave the messenger a dispatch to take to the telegraph office," I replied. "Let's have another toast."

"I can drink no more!" cried Bromsel, pushing his glass away.

"Do it for my sake," said I. "You need strength for this evening."

The fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. A fresh lump of coal had caught the blaze and snapped and crackled so joyously that it was a real pleasure to look at it—or might have been.

"If I were sure that it wouldn't cause you pain," I continued, after Bromsel had drunk the contents of his glass, "I should really like to give my imagination the rein, and——"

"Wake the dead?" cried Bromsel.

"That I cannot do," I answered quietly. "But my imagination would not need to work miracles if it took your Henriette for the foundation of a story, and said to you, 'all hope is not yet lost.'"

"An excited imagination would reproach you for trying to increase my misery by fanciful pictures," said Bromsel. "But you are incapable of that, dear friend. So go on with your romance."

"First take another glass of wine."

"My nerves don't require it."

"Then I won't tell you."

"Well!" exclaimed Bromsel, half angrily, pouring some wine into the glass and drinking it. "But I've had enough now."

"Listen!" I began. "The Central America was lost. You read your wife's name in the list of the missing. But who told you Henriette was really on board of that ship?"

"Man, don't drive me mad!" cried Bromsel, starting from the seat on the sofa at my side.

"Be calm, my friend!" I said warningly. "You wished the author to set his imagination at work. Will you hear me out, or not?"

Bromsel let his arms fall by his side, leaned back upon the sofa, and said quietly:

"Go on!"

"It is a gleam of hope which I thought I could give you," I continued. "Call it imagination, call it what you choose. Life too often touches the extremes of happiness and misery, for us to despair of either. Henriette might have bought a ticket for the Ohio, but some illness might have prevented her from sailing on the ship, and she might therefore have sold it to some other lady. Americans think more of the money than of the identity of the individual, and such sales of tickets happen every day. If that occurred, Henriette was not on board the Central America, which connected with the Ohio."

"Your wife might have sent a letter informing you of the delay in her arrival, and this letter went—I mean might have gone to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean in the Central America, while Henriette was sick in San Francisco. So you see, without any wonderful adventure, without being cast on a desert island, without clinging to a chair that kept her above water for one and twenty hours, which, by the way, no woman could endure, the author's 'imagination' might devise a way of escape in your case. Henriette might have remained ill until the departure of the second steamer after the Ohio. Meantime, she would have thought your mind was at ease, for she knew nothing about the fate of the Central America, and did not learn it until too late to calm your anxiety by letter. Finally, she might have returned from Aspinwall to Europe by the West Indies, in order to reach you more quickly, thus avoiding the roundabout way by New York, which she at first intended to take. All this might—may have been. You see, old fellow, this was the idea that darted through my mind as I was coming up-stairs."

Bromsel had turned very pale.

"Man!" he cried, "if it were any one else, I should say that you were a fiend with your sophism. You would probably prolong my tortures by arousing a belief that there was still a doubt, and that would be infamous. Pardon me," he continued, "I don't say it is so, for you are my friend."

He pressed my hand.

"And I tell you now, Bromsel," I eagerly exclaimed, "you have no right to despair yet."

"Author's fancies," replied my friend. "Let us drop the conversation."

"That's the way with you laymen!" I ex-

claimed. "In books you accept everything ; the wildest, most unheard-of incidents. But when the possibilities of real life are described, you shrug your shoulders. I am sorry I gave the rein to my imagination."

"I did not mean to wound you, my friend," said Bromsel.

"Suppose it should be so," I continued ; "suppose a combination of circumstances and accidents should have saved your wife—upon my honor, I believe you would be less able to bear the shock of joy than that of sorrow. Don't be vexed, you have not been man enough to consider every pro and con of possibility. You have not the courage of hope."

"Torture me no more !" exclaimed Bromsel.

"But, my dear fellow, I think it is my duty to torture you," I replied. "You ought not—must not let all hope disappear. You must hope ; and—I'll claim poetic license—are you a man who could bear the sight of one risen from the dead ? Not in a month, a fortnight, perhaps——"

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed Bromsel bitterly. Would it were this hour, this moment. I don't believe in ghosts. My Henriette"—his voice trembled—"I would not fear if she had risen from the dead."

"I believe you," I answered.

"No, no, no !"

This reiterated "No" sounded to me like the voice of firm conviction.

"If it *were* possible ? If any accident were possible that would take the place of a miracle ! O God, my happiness would be so great that I should kneel before it, like the devotee at an altar !"

His voice had grown calmer. I uttered a sigh of relief.

"The children will fall asleep," I said, glancing at my watch. "It's already eight o'clock, and the little ones' impatience seems to have exhausted itself. Come, let us light the candles on the Christmas-tree."

We rose. The room where the tree was placed adjoined the sitting-room. We opened the door. The candles on the tree were already burning ; the table containing the children's presents stood before us with the glittering tree at one end. Directly in front lay a costly set of furs Bromsel had bought for his wife a few weeks before. A note was attached, on which were the words :

"For my Henriette !"

The room was full of the odor of the fir branches, which always, no matter how old we may be, recalls the memories of childhood, but the apartment was empty. Where were the children ? and who had lighted the candles on the Christmas-tree ?

Tears gushed from Bromsel's eyes as he saw the gift intended for his wife and read the label written by his own hand. He had forgotten that he had prepared this torture for himself on Christmas Eve.

Suddenly the branches of the Christmas-tree seemed to rustle. No ! Yes ! The boughs trembled, the lights flickered, and Gretchen appeared from behind the tree, saying :

"You'll have the best Christmas present, papa."

And behind Gretchen, out from the shadow cast by the Christmas tree, came Curt and Eugene, and between them—*Henriette !*

A shriek echoed on the air, and Bromsel was clasped in his wife's arms. Restraint was no longer possible. The children had recited the small parts taught them in the nursery by "Uncle Schmidt" and now were frolicking around the Christmas-tree, snatching at their gifts. Uncle Schmidt had also emerged from behind the tree and held out his hand to me.

Noise and shouts from the children ; two men cordially pressing each other's hands and seeming to say, "We have managed all right." For the reader has doubtless already guessed that the "messenger from the hotel," to whom the servant called me, was no other than Uncle Schmidt, who had met Henriette in Hamburg. The husband and wife remained clasped in a silent embrace for several minutes.

This was the picture under the fir-tree.

Uncle Schmidt came forward and said to Bromsel :

"Your friend has prepared you, I see. Everything happened just as he told you. But now, children, I'm almost starved. I hope you've left something for me to eat. I forgot to bring you any presents, but you see heaven led me to *one* gift, and you must all be satisfied with that."

A happier Christmas Eve was never celebrated anywhere on earth than in my friend Bromsel's house in B——, in the year 186—.

Just ten years later, on Christmas Eve, I myself sat alone, weeping for a dead wife, who did not return.

KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXVI.—RANDULF.

THE ball had been kept up until morning, if not till daylight.

When people began to stroll in to the very late breakfast at Danesdale Castle, not a lady, was to be seen among them, save one intrepid damsel, equally renowned for her prowess in the chase, and her unwearying fleetness in the ball-room.

As she appeared in hat and habit, she was greeted with something like applause, which was renewed when she announced that she had every intention of sharing the day's run. Sir Gabriel, in his pink (for no ball would have caused him to be absent at the meet), gallantly placed her beside himself, and apologized for his daughter's absence.

"Philippa has no 'go' left in her after these stirs," he remarked, "and a day's hunting takes her a week to get over; but I'm glad to see that you are less delicate, my dear."

"We shall not have many ladies, I think," said she, smiling, and looking round upon the thinned ranks of the veterans.

Here the door opened, just as breakfast was nearly over, and Sir Gabriel paused in astonishment in the midst of his meal.

"What, Ran? You!" he ejaculated, as his son entered equipped, he also, for riding to hounds. "The last thing I should have expected. If any one had asked me, I should have said you were safe in bed till lunch-time."

"You would have been wrong, it seems," replied Randulf, on whom the exertions of the previous evening appeared to have had worse effects than they had upon Miss Bird, the bright-looking girl who was going to ride.

Miss Bird was an heiress; the same pretty girl with whom Randulf had been walking about the ball-room the night before, when Aglionby had come to call Lizzie away.

Randulf himself looked pale, and almost haggard, and was listless and drawling beyond his wont. Sir Gabriel eyed him over, and his genial face brightened. Of course it was bad form to display fondness for your relations in the presence of others. Every Englishman knows that, and

Sir Gabriel as well as any of them; but it was always with difficulty that he refrained from smiling with joy every time his eyes met those of his "lad." He looked also more kindly than ever upon Miss Bird, who was a favorite of his, more especially when Randulf carried his cup of tea round the table and dropped into the vacant place by her side.

The meet took place at a certain park a couple of miles from Danesdale Castle, and soon after breakfast a procession of six—Miss Bird, Sir Gabriel, his son, and three other men who were of their party—set off for it. It was a still, cloudy day, with a gray sky and lowering clouds, which, however, were pretty high, for all the hill-tops were clear.

That was a long and memorable run in the annals of Danesdale fox-hunting—"a very devil of a fox!" as Sir Gabriel said, which led them a cruel and complicated chase over some of the roughest country in the district. Sir Gabriel, as will easily be understood, was a keen sportsman himself, and had been a little disappointed with Randulf's apparent indifference to fox or any other hunting. He had put it down to his long sojourn abroad with people who, according to Sir Gabriel's ideas, knew no more about hunting than a London street-Arab does, who has never stepped on anything but flags in his life. He had always trusted that the boy would mend of such outlandish indifference, and he certainly had no cause to complain of his lack of spirit to-day.

Sir Gabriel was lost in amazement. He could not understand the lad. Randulf's face—the pale face which he had brought with him into the breakfast-room—never flushed in the least: his eyebrows met in a straight line across his forehead. He seemed to look neither to right nor to left, but urged his horse relentlessly at every chance of a leap, big or little, but the uglier and bigger the better it seemed, till his father, watching him, began to feel less puzzled than indignant. A good day's run, Sir Gabriel would have argued, was a good day's run; but to drive your horse willfully and wantonly at fences which might have been piled by Satan himself, and at gaps constructed

apparently on the most hideous of man-and-horse-trap principles, went against all the baronet's traditions! for all his life he had been very "merciful to his beast," holding his horse in almost as much respect as himself. He had always credited Randulf with the same feelings, and his conduct this day was bewildering, to say the least of it.

As Sir Gabriel and Miss Bird happened to be running almost neck and neck through a sloping field,—the chase nearly at an end, the fox in full view at last, with the hounds in mad eagerness at his heels,—suddenly a horseman flew past them, making straight for a most hideous-looking bit of fence, on the other side of which was the bed of a beck, full of loose stones, and in which the water, in this winter season, rushed along, both broad and deep.

All day long a feeling of uneasiness had possessed Sir Gabriel; this put the climax to it. Forgetting the glorious finish, now so near, he pulled his horse up short, crying:

"Good God! Is he mad?"

Miss Bird also wondered if he were mad, but put her own horse, without stopping, at a more reasonable-looking gap, considerably to the left side of the fence Randulf was taking.

Two seconds of horrible suspense, and—yes, his horse landed lightly and safely at the other side. Sir Gabriel wiped the sweat from his brow, and caring nothing for the "finish" or anything else, rode limply on to where, not Randulf, but another, was presenting the brush to the amiable Miss Bird.

"What the devil do you mean, sir, by riding at a fence like that, and frightening me out of my senses?" growled Sir Gabriel, at his son's elbow.

The latter looked round, with the same white, pallid face, and far-off eyes, which the father had already noticed, and which had filled him with vague and nameless alarm. Randulf passed his hand across his eyes, and said:

"What did you say?"

"What ails you, lad? What is the matter with you?" asked poor Sir Gabriel, his brown cheek turning ashy pale, and a feeling of sickly dread creeping over his heart.

"What ails me? Oh, nothing that I know of," replied Randulf, with blank indifference, and then suddenly heaving such a sigh as comes only from the depths of a sick heart.

The laughter and jesting and joyous bustle of the finish were sounding all round them. No one took much notice of the two figures apart, apparently earnestly conversing. Neither Sir Gabriel nor Randulf was given to displaying his feelings openly in public, but Randulf knew, as well as if some one were constantly shouting it aloud from the house-tops, that his father worshiped him—that he was the light of his eyes and the joy of his life, and that to give him any real joy he would have sacrificed most things dear to him. And Sir Gabriel knew that his worship was not wasted upon any idol of clay or wood—that it fell gratefully into a heart which could appreciate and understand it. During the last month it had occasionally crossed his mind that Randulf was a little absent—somewhat more listless and indifferent than usual; but the baronet had himself been unusually busy with magisterial and other concerns, and had scarcely had time to remark the subtle change. Of one thing he was now certain, that Randulf, as he saw him now, was a changed man from what he had been four-and-twenty hours ago. The poor old man felt hopelessly distressed. He knew not how to force the truth from a man who looked at him and said nothing ailed him, when it was patent to the meanest comprehension that, on the contrary, something very serious ailed him. He sat on his horse, looking wistfully into Randulf's face. The groups were dispersing. The young man, at last looking up, seemed to read what was passing in his father's mind, and said:

"I have something to say to you. Could we manage to ride home alone? How will Miss Bird do?"

Sir Gabriel's face brightened quickly. If Randulf had "something to say" to him, no doubt that communication would quickly put to rights all these shadowy disquietudes which troubled him.

"I'll arrange for Miss Bird to be escorted," he said; and, turning round, he requested the man who had already presented her with the brush, to see her safely to Danesdale Castle, as a matter of business obliged him and Randulf to ride home by Scar Foot.

The youth yielded a joyful assent, and went off rejoicing in charge of his "fair." Sir Gabriel and Randulf, with a general "Good-afternoon" to the rest of the party, turned their horses'

heads in a southerly direction. Scar Foot was a little distance away, farther south, and then there were ten miles to ride to Danesdale Castle.

They soon found themselves in a deep lane, beneath the gray and clouded afternoon sky of New Year's Day. Behind them, Addlebrough reared his bleak, blunt summit, and the other fells around looked sullen under the sullen sky. It was Randulf who had proposed the ride, but still he did not speak, till Sir Gabriel asked, in a voice which he strove to make indifferent:

"What did you make of the dance last night, Randulf? Philippa informed me before she went to bed that it had been a success."

"A success, was it?" said Randulf indifferently. "I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. I don't know anything about it."

"What did you think of Aglionby's intended?" pursued Sir Gabriel.

"Miss Vane? Pooh! She may be his *intended*; it will never go any further."

"I should hope not, I'm sure. What a mistake for a man of that calibre to make! It shows what soft spots there are in the strongest heads."

Silence again for a short time, until Sir Gabriel, resolutely plunging into a serious topic, said:

"Well, surely there were lots of nice girls there. Did none of them strike your fancy?"

"Surely I've seen most of them before."

"Well, I'll tell you which girl I like the best of the lot. I wish you could see her in the light I should like, Randulf."

"And which is she?" asked Randulf, with a sudden appearance of animation and eagerness.

"Evelyn Bird."

"Oh!" There was profound indifference in Randulf's tone. Sir Gabriel went on steadily:

"It is time, without any jesting, that you began to think about marrying. I've thought about it often lately. An only son is in a different position from——"

Randulf looked drearily around him. They were passing the back of Scar Foot just now, and the profoundest silence seemed to reign there. Slowly their horses mounted the slope of the road which was for Randulf, and for one or two others, haunted with the memories that do not die. The lake lay below them, looking dull and dismal—the ice with which it had been covered turning rapidly to slush in the thaw-wind—its wall of naked fells uncheered by even a ray of sunshine.

Randulf remembered certain other rides he had taken along this road, and walks too, which he had had there. He glanced toward his father, and in that kindly face he read trouble and perturbation: he knew that that brave old head was filled with plans for his happiness, his welfare—with schemes for securing gladness to him long after those white hairs should be laid low. Yet it was long before he could summon up words in which to answer his father's last remark. At last he said:

"I know what you mean, sir: I wish I could gratify you, but you must not expect me to marry yet."

Deep disappointment fell like a cloud over Sir Gabriel's face, as he said:

"Boy, boy! was that what you brought me out here to tell me?"

"Partly; not altogether. It was because I wanted to be alone with you, and make a clean breast of it."

He paused. "A clean breast of it?" Vague visions of dread floated through Sir Gabriel's mind—dreams of foreign adventuresses who entrapped innocent youths into marriages which were a curse and a clog to them all their days. Was his boy, of whom he was so proud, going to unfold some such history to him now? Randulf's next words somewhat relieved him:

"I know you wish me to marry, and I know the sort of girl you would like me to marry, but surely you would not have denied me some tether—some free choice of my own?"

"Bless the lad! Of course not. Every Englishman chooses his own wife, and with the example before me of old John, and the results of his severity——"

"Just so," said Randulf, with rather a wan smile. "I've had something on my mind for a good while now. I wanted to marry too. My only doubt was, what you would say to the girl I wanted to have, and I fully meant to talk it all over with you, and tell you all about it, before I did anything." Randulf raised his eyes full to his father's anxious face. "I wanted to marry Delphine Conisbrough."

"Good Lord!" broke involuntarily from Sir Gabriel.

"You don't know her much, I think. I was not going to do anything rashly. For though I love her,—better than my life,—I knew that who-

ever I married, you must have a great deal to say in the matter—as it is right you should. I intended to get you to see her, to learn to know her a little better, before you said anything one way or another. You would have consented to my wish—most certainly you would have consented. I heard what you said about her last night, to her sister—about some men's heads being turned by her beauty. Ah, it's not only her beauty—it is everything. But if it were only that, you cannot deny that she surpassed all the women there, in looks?"

He turned to his father with a sort of challenge in his voice and eyes.

"Well, who wants to deny it?" said Sir Gabriel. I own I was enchanted with her, and, as you say, not only with her beauty. But you must remember, my boy, that you have to think not only——"

"I know, I know," said Randulf, with a little laugh, not of the gayest description. "I had to think that if she had been one of this abominable old Aglionby's heiresses it would have been the most suitable thing in the world. But she just missed it—and of course a miss is as good as a mile. She was not so worthy of a wealthy young Admirable Crichton like me, in her poverty, as she might have been *with* the money and the acres. Bah!" He set his teeth, choking back a kind of sob of indignant passion at the picture his own fancy had conjured up, so that Sir Gabriel became very grave, realizing that it was more than a mere flirtation or a passing fancy. "I tell you she would have honored any man by becoming his wife. But that's not to the point. I had duties toward you—toward the best father a fellow ever had—and I knew it, and was resolved to have it out with you."

"And suppose I had refused?"

"But you would have seen her, as I wished?"

"Naturally. But I might still have refused, finally. What did you propose to do in that case?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me. I didn't *propose* to do anything—only I felt that if she would be my wife, my wife she should be, against all the world."

"Well?" said Sir Gabriel, with a sigh; "and what next?"

"The next is, that last night I lost my head the moment I saw her. From the instant she came into the room, I knew nothing, except that

she was there. It was not of my own will that I left her side for an instant. She sent me away many times, and told me to attend to what she called my duties. Well—there's no good in describing it all. I don't know what I may have done or said, or looked like; a man doesn't know, when he's off his head like that. But she took the alarm, and asked me to take her back to Mrs. Malleeson. She got up, and wanted to go out of the room. We were alone in my study——"

"The deuce you were!" said Sir Gabriel, in displeasure.

"Yes, I know it was all wrong. I had no business to take her there. I had no business to do anything that I did. I can't exactly remember what I had said, but I saw her turn red and white, and then she started up, and said, 'You must not say those things to me. Take me to Mrs. Malleeson, please, Mr. Danesdale.' I begged her to wait a moment. She said no, if I would not take her she would go alone. I said she should not go yet, and I set my back against the door, and told her she should not leave that room till she had promised to be my wife."

"Well?" was all his father said, but he watched askance his son's face.

He could not understand it all. Randulf did not tell his tale by any means joyously. His words came from between his clenched teeth; his brow wore a dark frown, and his nostrils quivered now and then.

"If I had done wrong," Randulf went on, "I got my punishment pretty quickly, for she sat down again and looked at me, and said as composedly as possible, 'No, that can never be.' I had expected a different answer—yes, by —— I had!" he said passionately. "I could have sworn from a thousand signs that she loved me, and she is no silly prude—pure-minded women never are prudes. And it was not coquetry. She could not coquette a man in such a case. I felt as if she had shot me when she said that. There was a scene. I don't deny it. I forgot you—I forgot everything except that I loved her. I couldn't take her answer—I would not. I begged her to tell me why she could not be my wife. First she made some objections about you; she said I had done wrong to ask her in that way. What would Sir Gabriel say? She reminded me that I was an only son"—he laughed again. "I put all that aside. I told her it was no question of fathers

and mothers and only sons, or of anything else, except the success or failure of our two lives. I said that I loved her, and she loved me; she gathered herself up, as it were, and said coldly, 'No; you are mistaken. Now will you let me go?' Oh, sir, I ought to have let her go, I know. But I felt quite beside myself when I heard her say that. I refused to believe her. I repeated that it was not true—that I knew she loved me——"

"You did wrong," said Sir Gabriel sternly and coldly; "and I cannot understand how a gentleman——"

"Don't say that to me!" said Randulf, looking at him with so haggard a face, lips that twitched so ominously that his father became silent. "I cannot understand it now. I must have been mad. I'm concealing nothing from you. I went on telling her that I knew she loved me, and that she should never perjure herself while I could prevent it. I reminded her of this thing and that thing that she had said and done, and I asked her what they all meant, if not that she loved me. But I came to my senses at last, for I saw that she looked frightened——"

"And it required *that* to bring you to your senses—shame on you!" said his father, very angrily indeed.

"Yes, it required that," replied Randulf, without noticing his father's tone. "But when I did come to myself again I humbly asked her pardon. I threw the door wide open, and said I would take her to Mrs. Malleson, or anywhere that she liked to go. I made her look at me, and I told her, 'When I know you are married to another man, then I will believe you do not love me, but not till then.'"

"And what did she say?"

Randulf turned his white face toward his father, and said, with a kind of wrathful triumph:

"She said *nothing*—she looked away. She took my arm, and we got into the drawing-room somehow; and she sat down beside Mrs. Malleson—ah, poor child!—with a white face, and a look in her eyes like you see in a bird's eyes when you've just shot it, and you pick it up and look at it. And I heard Mrs. Malleson say that she looked cold; and she shivered a little, and said yes, she was rather, and very tired. I said nothing; I think I bowed to her and came away. . . . But I've seen nothing, nothing since but her eyes

and her face, and herself creeping up to Mrs. Malleson. And if I see it much longer I shall go mad," said Randulf, drawing a long, sobbing breath. "Right before my eyes it has been ever since, so that I couldn't sleep. It looked at me out of my glass while I dressed, till I flung a handkerchief over it. It was just before my eyes in the field all the morning. Why do you suppose I rode as I did?—not for the pleasure of catching a fox, but because *her face* was there before me, in its misery, just out of my reach, and I felt as if I must catch her, and kiss some life back into her eyes and her lips, or break my neck. And it's here now—there, just before me."

He shuddered and drew his hand across his eyes. Sir Gabriel was too disturbed to reply at once; too much astonished and, as it were, paralyzed at the discovery of this fiery drama which had been going on under his very eyes without his knowing it, to speak. Yet he heard Randulf say darkly, half to himself:

"My poor little Delphine! What have they done to her? What have they said to her that she should turn and stab herself and me in this way?"

Sir Gabriel was still silent, trying in vain to make what he called "sense" out of the story. When Randulf had first mentioned Delphine's name, his father's feeling had been one of strong disapproval. Lovely as she was, and charming, she had had neither the training, the position, nor the acquaintance with the world and society which he would have wished for in a girl who was not only to be Randulf's bride, but sometime Lady Danesdale. Be it said for Sir Gabriel that by this time he had forgotten that, and considered only the deeper issues—his son's future happiness—the question of his joy or sorrow. He at last looked up, meaning to ask another question or two; he met Randulf's eyes, dull and clouded, now that his narrative was over, looking at him rather appealingly. Prudent questions, conventional doubts, were forgotten.

"My poor lad, I wish I could help you!"

"Ah, I knew *you* would understand," said Randulf. "But no one can help me now—except time. If she had consented, then your help would have been everything; now it is nothing."

"Suppose I saw her?" suggested Sir Gabriel.

"Perhaps I could induce her to state her objection. It may be a shadow, after all. Girls

do make important things out of such very trifles."

"It was no shadow—to her, at any rate. It was some reason which she feels must outweigh all others. I tell you she looked like one stricken to death. It is when I think of her look, and of her fate, shut up there—horrible! With every joy cut off, and in such poverty——"

"They ought not to be in poverty; though if Aglionby's feelings——"

"Do not misjudge Aglionby. He has been repulsed too. He would give his right hand to help them—they are his kinswomen, as he says. Every advance he attempts is repelled. He is in despair about it."

"That's very odd."

"Yes, very. But I do not know that we have any right to inquire into their reasons for what they do."

They rode on in silence again, for a long time, through Yoresett town and all along the lovely road to Stanniforth, and thence to Danesdale. It was shortly before they entered their own park that Randulf began again:

"And now, sir, you won't resent it, if I am not counted in the list of Miss Bird's or Miss Anybody's suitors, at present?"

"Heaven forbid! We understand one another now. After all, to look at it from a selfish point of view, you will be all my own for so much the longer. 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife,' you know. All I ask, my boy, is that you will be as open with me after a time, when any fresh scheme comes into your mind, or if you decide upon anything. You shall find me more than willing to arrange things as you wish them, if it is possible."

"I know you will," said Randulf. I suppose these things can be lived down. It pleases me to think that you *would* have done as I wished; you would have taken it into consideration. . . . Sometime, when the time comes, and years are past, I suppose I shall find a wife—not like her, but some one who will marry me."

Sir Gabriel did not answer this. He did not like it. It did not suit him. He would have preferred almost anything to this calm looking forward to a joyless future.

It had grown dark, and the wind was rising, as they drove into the court-yard of the castle. They had to put on one side all that had passed between

them; their long ride together, and the emotions which filled both their hearts. The house was full of visitors. There would be fifteen or twenty guests at dinner; all the ball, and the hunt, and the dresses, and the incidents to be discussed. They took their part in it all bravely; and this courage brought with it balm, as moral courage, well carried out, infallibly does.

CHAPTER XXVII.—LIZZIE'S CONSENT.

TOWARD noon, on that same first of January, Miss Vane came slowly strolling into the parlor at Scar Foot, yawning undisguisedly, and looking around her with half-open eyes.

"Law, Bernard! you don't need any sleep, I do believe! You look as if nothing had happened."

Aglionby forced a smile, and touched her forehead with his lips. As is usual in such cases, the less he felt to care for her, the more anxiously did he make himself *aux petits soins* on her behalf, drawing an easy-chair to the fire for her, placing a footstool, putting a screen into her hand—delicate attentions which a year ago, when he first had the felicity of calling her his own, it had never entered into his head to render.

"I am not fatigued, certainly," he said. "My aunt has been down-stairs a good while too."

"Oh, but she wasn't dancing; I was. My word! But it is a grand house, Bernard, that Danesdale Castle; and they are grand people too. I don't like Miss Danesdale a bit, though. Stiff little thing! And I thought some of the other ladies were very stiff, too. I guess some of them didn't like sitting out when the gentlemen were talking to me."

"Very likely not," said Bernard, with a praiseworthy endeavor to appreciate the joke.

"I heard one of them say," pursued Lizzie, with a musing and complacent smile—"she said, 'Why on earth doesn't Mr. Aglionby look after her? It's atrocious! So you see you were not considered to be doing your duty. I dare say if you, or anybody else, had been looking after *her*, she wouldn't have felt so ill-tempered.'"

Lizzie laughed, and Bernard's face flushed, for he interpreted the remark in a wholly different and less flattering sense than that suggested by Lizzie.

"I hope the Hunt ball will be half as jolly," pursued Miss Vane. Eh, and did you see those

Miss Conisbroughs, Bernard? But of course you did, because I saw you talking to one of them. I wonder you condescended to speak to them, after all their designs to keep you out——”

She paused suddenly, with her remark arrested, her eyes astonished, gazing into Aglionby's face.

“You are quite mistaken,” said he, in a voice which, though quiet, bit even her. “You must not speak in that manner of my cousins. They had no ‘designs,’ as you call them. They have been most shamefully treated, and in short, my dear, I will not allow you to mention them unless you can speak more becomingly of them.”

“Upon my word! Well, they can't be so badly off, anyhow; and look at their dresses! Lovely dresses they were! and that youngest one is sweetly pretty, only she does her hair sq queerly; there's no style about it, all hanging loose in loops, where every one else wears hers small and neat. But she is pretty, certainly. The eldest one I don't admire a bit, she's like a marble figure.”

“Are you talking about the lady Bernard took in to supper?” asked Mrs. Bryce, joining in the colloquy for the first time.

“Yes, I am, Mrs. Bryce.”

“I thought her one of the truest gentlewomen I ever saw,” said Mrs. Bryce, counting the stitches of her knitting. “Her manners are perfect, wherever they were acquired; but I should say that ‘grand air’ is natural to her, isn't it, Bernard?”

“Entirely, aunt. She always has it.”

“Yes, I thought so. One can see at once when that sort of thing is natural.”

“Well, I thought her the stiffest, proudest creature I ever saw. I couldn't tell why she gave herself such airs,” said Miss Vane.

Here Bernard abruptly left the room, unable to bear it any longer, and Mrs. Bryce continued calmly:

“I am afraid you are no judge of manner, my dear; and I wonder at your speaking in that way of Bernard's cousins.”

“Cousins, indeed! Pretty cousins! Much notice they would have taken of him if they had come into the money.”

“And *à propos* of manner,” continued Mrs. Bryce, who seemed resolved thoroughly to do her duty as chaperon, “let me recommend you to tone yours down a little. Try to make it rather

more like that of the young ladies we have been talking about, and then perhaps there will not be so many comments passed upon it as I heard last night.”

“Comments!” cried Miss Vane angrily. “What do you mean? Does any one dare to say that I behaved badly?”

“Not badly, my dear; but what, in the society you were in last night, means almost the same thing—ignorantly. At the Hunt ball, if I were you, I would not put on that pink gown, and I would keep a little more with Bernard and myself, and——”

“I'll just tell you this—I won't go to the Hunt ball at all,” said Lizzie, with passionate anger, wounded in her tenderest feelings. “I hate all these grand, stuck-up people with their false ways like that nasty proud Miss Conisbrough. I won't go near the Hunt ball. They may whistle for me.” (Mrs. Bryce's face assumed an expression of silent anguish as these amenities of speech were hurled at her.) “And what's more, I shall tell Bernard, this very day, that I wouldn't live at this horrid, dull old place, if he would give me twice the money he has. I must have society. I must have my f—friends,” sobbed Miss Vane, breaking down.

“Mrs. Bryce smiled slightly, but said nothing. She had a strong impression that her nephew, and not Lizzie, would decide, both whether they went to the Hunt ball or not, and whether they lived at Scar Foot. He came in again at that moment, with a letter-bag. Lizzie speedily dried her eyes, and watched him while he opened it, came behind his chair, in fact, and looked at all the envelopes, as he took them out.

“That's for me,” she said, stretching out a slim hand from over his shoulder. “It's from Lucy Golding. She promised to write.”

“Did Percy promise to write too?” asked Bernard, arresting the same slim fingers as they made a snatch at the next letter. “Because if this isn't Percy's fist, I'll——”

“You need not say what you'll do, sir,” was the coquettish reply. “It *is* Percy's ‘fist,’ as you call it. Most likely it's a New Year's card. We are old friends. I sent him one at Christmas, and I don't see why he shouldn't return the compliment.”

“Oh, certainly. There is absolutely no just cause or impediment to my knowledge,” replied

Bernard, with supreme indifference. "There's another—your mother's handwriting, isn't it."

"Yes, it is. I wonder what she's doing with herself to-day."

"Aunt, here is one for you, the last of the batch," he said, rising and taking it to her; while he collected together his own, which looked chiefly like business letters, newspapers, etc., and took them to a side-table.

Mrs. Bryce read her letter and then remarked that she would go into the drawing-room and answer it at once. Lizzie and Bernard were left alone. He began to open his papers; his mind pure of any speculation on the subject of her correspondence. Why did she take herself as far away from him as possible, as she opened her letters? In perusing one of them, at least, her face flushed; her foot tapped the floor. She finished them, put them all into her pocket, and took up the strip of lace she was supposed to be working. Perhaps the prolonged silence struck Bernard, for, suddenly raising his face from the intent perusal of a leading article, he perceived Lizzie, said to himself, "Now for it," laid his paper down, and went to her side.

During the sleepless vigil he had kept last night, he had made up his mind as to his immediate course. He would talk to Lizzie to-day, make her fix the day for their marriage, as early a day as he could get her to name. Then they would be married, and he supposed things would somehow work themselves right after that event. He could live a calm, if joyless, life; plan out some scheme of work that would take up a good deal of time. One could not go on being wretched forever, and one's feet by degrees harden to suit a stony path. He had got engaged to this girl; she had not refused him in his poverty; he had kept her to himself for a year, and thus hindered her from having any other chances. To try to break it off, now that he was in such utterly different circumstances, would indeed be a pitiful proceeding. He knew that, and it was a proceeding of which he was not going to be guilty. He knew now that she was everything he would rather she had not been. It was now a matter of constant astonishment to him that he could ever even have thought himself in love with her. A sense of shame and degradation burnt through him every time he realized how easily he had yielded to the sensuous spell exercised by a pretty face and a

pair of beguiling blue eyes; how densely blind he must have been to have imagined that the soul, or what did duty for the soul behind that face, could ever satisfy him. But it was done: it must be carried through.

Perhaps he began somewhat abruptly. At least she looked very much startled as he said:

"Put down your work, Lizzie. I want to have a talk with you. How many months in the year do you think you can spend at Scar Foot, when we are married?"

"Months, Bernard!" she cried; "oh, don't ask me to do that? I'm very sorry, I am really, because I know you like this place, though I can't for the life of me imagine why, but I really *couldn't* live here. I should go melancholy mad."

"Then you shall not live here," said he promptly. "I shall keep the place up, because I shall often run down myself and spend a few days at it." (In imagination, he felt the soothing influence of the place, the asylum it would be, the refuge, from Irkford and from Lizzie.) "But you shall live in town, since you prefer it, and you shall yourself choose the house and the neighborhood."

"Oh, that will be nice!" said Lizzie. "I shall like that. Then I shall have all my old friends round me. Bernard, it's a load off my mind—it is really."

He took her hand.

"I am glad if it pleases you, dear. And now, one other thing, Lizzie. Houses can be looked after any time, and there are plenty of them to be had at Irkford. But when will you let me take you to live in that house we are speaking of?"

She looked at him hastily, and turned first red, then pale, so that he congratulated himself on having taken a straightforward course, for she loved him, poor Lizzie, and it would have been shameful indeed to play her false.

"When?" faltered Lizzie, and looked at him and thought how dark and grim-looking he was, and how much graver and sterner he had become since he left Irkford. If he were always going to be like this—he never now said anything soothing or pleasant to her; he was dreadfully severe-looking.

"Yes; when, dear? I suppose the house is not to be taken just to stand empty. Some one will have to go and live in it—you and I, surely."

"Yes, yes; I suppose so," said Lizzie slowly and constrainedly, and dropping her eyes.

"Well, all I want to know is, when? Some-time soon, surely. There can be nothing in the way now. For my part, I don't see why it should be put off more than a week or two."

"Oh, no! Impossible!" she cried, crimsoning, and speaking with such vehemence as surprised him.

"Recollect, we have been engaged more than a year. We have only been waiting till we could be married. Now that we can, why put it off any longer?"

"It is so fearfully sudden," said she, startled out of her affectation, and fumbling nervously with her handkerchief.

As a lover he was sombre enough. As a husband—almost immediately? There must be no more New Year's cards from old friends, when Bernard was her husband.

"Fearfully sudden—well, say in a month or two, though I call that rather hard lines. But—this is January—why not in the beginning of March?"

"March is so stormy and cold; it would be a bad omen to be married in a storm," said she, laughing nervously. "No, a little later than March."

"Fix your own time, then, dear; only don't put it off too long."

"Suppose we said the end of May or the beginning of June," suggested Lizzie, plaiting her handkerchief into folds, which she studied with the deepest interest.

He uttered an exclamation of dismay. Five months longer of unrest, misery, suspense, waiting for a new order of things. The idea was terrible. He felt that he could not face it. He could make the sacrifice if it were to be done at once, but to have to wait—it could not be. He set himself to plead in earnest with his betrothed—at least with him it was pleading, to her it seemed more like an imperious demand. He said he thought there was a little estrangement between them, which caused him pain.

He begged her not to be so hard. His gravity and earnestness oppressed her more and more. The darkest forebodings assailed Lizzie as to her future happiness with this Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.

She had no fixed plan; he had: therefore he prevailed. He would have prevailed in any case, by his superior strength of will, as he had done at

the very first when his imperious manner and tones had almost repelled her, and when yet he had contrived to gain his own way. He gained it again. He made her promise that they should be married at the end of April: he promised her on his side all manner of things. He completely reversed her decision about the Hunt ball. She would go with him, she meekly said. All these things she promised and vowed, and at last he let her go, having promised, on his part, to take her home to Irkford the day after the Hunt ball. She said that if they were to be married so soon she would want all her time for preparation—and to be with her mother, Lizzie added, almost piteously. And then she made her escape, looking exceedingly tired, and very much disturbed. He being left alone, realized with a singular clearness and vividness these comforting facts:

First, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he had succeeded in maintaining a tranquil and affectionate manner toward his dearest Lizzie. Secondly, that never had there been so little sympathy or even mutual understanding between them as now, when they had just agreed upon the very day of their marriage. Thirdly, that though she was a willful girl, with plenty of likes and dislikes, yet he was completely her master the instant it pleased him to be so. That he could make her yield to him and obey him in whatsoever he chose, but that he could not—charm he never so wisely—make her agree with him by light of reason and understanding, could not make her like his way, or like doing it—could not, in a word, change her nature, though he could subdue it: a pleasing discovery, perhaps, for the tyrant by nature, who loves always to have the whip in his hand, and to see his slaves crouch as he comes in sight, but a most galling one to Bernard Aglionby.

A cheering prospect! he thought. A wife who, if he left her entirely to her own devices, would constantly be doing things which would jar upon all his feelings and wishes—who had not force of character enough to heartily oppose him—who would unwillingly, servilely obey, puzzled and uncomfortable, but not approving. What a noble, elevated character he would feel himself, with such a life-companion by his side! Perhaps in time she would become like some women whom he had seen now and then—quite broken in; having no will or opinion of their own, turning appealing eyes to their lords upon every question. Hideous

prospect! Would it ever come to that? Which evil would be the lesser? The woman whom he was to marry was a fool—that fact was clearly enough revealed to him. It depended upon him whether she should be an independent fool, unrestrained, and at liberty to vaunt her folly; or whether she should be a fool tamed and docile, making no disturbance, but cringing like a spaniel. He had the power to make her into either of these things. It was not a pleasing alternative. He would have preferred a companion; one whose intelligence, even if exerted in opposition to his own, should be on something like a level with it. But that was never to be. Lizzie was his: he had wooed her, won her; since she loved and trusted in him, he must wear her—and make the best of it.

* * * * *

Less than a week afterward, Aglionby escorted his betrothed home. The Hunt ball was over; it had been more of a success, so far as decorum and strict propriety of demeanor went, than that at Danesdale Castle, but Lizzie had not enjoyed it one-half so much. The Misses Conisbrough, whom she honored with her peculiar dislike, had not been there. Randulf Danesdale had, looking very pale, behaving very courteously, but as it seemed to Miss Vane, chillingly; dancing very little, and apparently considered a dull partner by the young ladies whom he did lead out. A dull ball, she vowed to herself, and she was ready to come away early. It was on the day following that Aglionby escorted her home. They had not much to say to one another on the way. Bernard's thoughts were busied with the future, and that disagreeably. Lizzie's were engrossed with a letter which lay at that moment in her pocket. It had come in an envelope addressed by Lucy Golding, and when Bernard had given it to her he had casually remarked:

"You and Miss Golding seem great allies, Lizzie. I didn't know there was such an affection between you."

"Oh, she's quite an old friend," Lizzie had replied.

But the handwriting of the letter was not the handwriting of the address.

In truth, Lizzie was in greater perplexity of mind than she ever felt before. The one thing that bound her to Bernard was his wealth, and the position he had to offer her. All her feelings,

inclinations, associations, inclined to Percy, who had lately been raised to a responsible post in the bank in which he served, and who was now in a position to support a wife in great comfort. Percy had addressed words of the deepest pathos and the most heartrending despair to her, and she was distracted what to do with him—now more than ever, for her taste of aristocratic society had not altogether been palatable; and as for Bernard, she felt chilled every time she looked at him. It was not as if he maintained even his former brusque fondness and affection. He seemed to have changed entirely. She had been able to laugh at the brusquerie, knowing that it needed but a caress on her part to soften his most rugged mood. But now there was nothing rugged to be softened—only an imperturbable and majestic courtesy which literally overwhelmed her; and a gravity which nothing seemed to have power to lighten. To have to live with him always—if he were always going to be like that—was a prospect which appalled her. She shrank, too, from before his strong will. She did not wish to do the things he wished her to do; but when he persisted, when he fixed his eyes upon her, and took her hand in his strong grasp, and spoke in what no doubt he intended for a kind voice, but which was a voice that most distinctly said, "Obey!" then she felt her heart beat wildly—felt a passionate desire to angrily fling off his hand and say, "I will not!" and wrench herself free; felt at the same time a horrible, hot sensation which was stronger than she was, so that she always ended by submitting to him.

He seldom caused her to have this sensation, it is true—she had felt it when he forbade her to speak slightly of his cousins, and in the conversation that followed; but it was a sensation which left a smart behind it long after the first rush of it was over: it left her quivering, angry, yet helpless; confused and miserable. In a word, it was the sensation of fear. She feared her master because she was incapable of understanding him. It was not a happy state of things. Looked at from Lizzie's point of view, she was a misunderstood being—a *femme incomprise*. And I am not sure that there was not a great deal of truth in her view of the case.

Bernard only stayed two or three days at Irkford; long enough to choose and take a house, and to give Lizzie *carte blanche* as to the furnishing

of it. He said he would go and see after Scar Foot being brightened up a little, and Miss Vane said yes, that was a very good idea. If she wanted him, she was to send for him, he said; and Lizzie said yes, she would. He would in any case be sure to come and see her before April, he added; and Lizzie said yes, indeed, she hoped he would; only he was to be sure and let her know before he did come, which he promised.

He called to see Percy, and thought his old friend was stiff and ungenial. He went to Messrs. Jenkinson and Sharpe's warehouse and found his old friend Bob Stansfield there, looking very pale and overworked. Aglionby carried him off with him to Scar Foot, and said he had better learn to be a farmer. He returned to Scar Foot in the middle of January, found Mrs. Bryce there, and greeted her with the words:

"Aunt, it is good to be at home again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—DELPHINE.

WHEN Judith and her sister left Danesdale on the night after the ball, they drove home without exchanging a syllable. Judith was for once too absorbed in herself and her own concerns to notice her companion.

Delphine had folded her cloak around her, and crouched, as if exceedingly weary, into one corner of the carriage. With her face turned toward the window, away from Judith, she remained motionless, voiceless, until at last they arrived at Yoresett House. It took a long time before Rhoda could be roused from her sleep by the parlor fire, to let them in. At last she opened the door to them, and they went in, and paused in the great bare stone passage. Their candles stood there, and a lighted lamp.

"Well," said Rhoda, yawning, and rubbing her eyes. "What sort of a party was it?"

Delphine made no reply, but lighted her candle.

Rhoda was too sleepy to be very determined about receiving an answer to her question, and still stood rubbing her eyes and inarticulately murmuring that it must be very late.

"Good-night!" observed Delphine, with a shadow of her usual shadowy smile, and, drawing her white cloak about her, her white figure flitted up the stairs.

Then first it was that Judith began to remark something unusual in Delphine's behavior. She said nothing, but contented herself with telling

Rhoda, who had summoned up animation enough again to inquire what sort of a party it was, that it was very large and very brilliant, and that she was too tired to say anything about it to-night—she would tell her to-morrow. Thereupon she put a candle into the sleepy maiden's hand, and with an indulgent smile bade her go. She would follow when she had looked round the house.

It came as something soothing, after the powerful agitation of the past hours, to go, candle in hand, through all the dark, cold passages, trying the doors, and seeing that all was locked up. Then she put out the lamp in the parlor, and took her way up-stairs. She entered her own room, which, as has been said, opened into Delphine's, though they both had doors into the landing. The first thing that struck Judith was that this door between their rooms was shut. The shut door chilled her heart. She put her candle down, and stood still, listening. A silence as of the grave greeted her. Delphine could not, in less than ten minutes, have taken off her finery and got into bed, and gone to sleep—*ergo*, she must be sitting, or standing, or at any rate waking, conscious, living, in that room, behind that closed door.

Dread seized Judith's heart. They were accustomed to undress with the partition-door open, walking in and out of each other's rooms, chatting, or silent, as the case might be, but never debarred either from entering the other's chamber. And they always left the door open at last, and exchanged a good-night before going to sleep. What did this miserable, this unnatural closed door mean?

"I wonder—I hope—surely it is not anything that Randulf Danesdale has said!" speculated Judith, in great uneasiness. She began to undress, but that closed door importuned her. Still not a sound from within. She began to question herself as to what she was to do. To get into bed and take no notice of Delphine was a sheer impossibility. When she had taken off her beautiful frock, and hung it up, and put on her dressing-gown, and taken her hair-brush in her hand, she could bear it no longer. If any sound from within had reached her, she could have endured it, but the silence remained profound as ever. She put the brush down, stepped across the room, and knocked softly at the door. No reply.

Another knock, and "Delphine!"

She had to knock again, and again to cry "Del-

phine!" and then her sister's voice, calm and composed, said:

"Well?"

"May I not come in, and say good-night?"

A slight rustle. Then the door was opened—a very little, and Delphine stood on the other side, still fully dressed, and without letting Judith in, said "Good-night," and bent forward to kiss her.

"Del, what is this?" asked Judith, in great distress. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," replied the same sweet, composed voice. "I am a little tired. Let me alone."

"Tired—well, let me come in and help you to take off your dress, and brush your hair, Del!"

There was an almost urgent appeal in her voice.

"No, thank you. I shall sit by my fire a little while, I dare say. You look tired. Go to bed. Good-night."

She waited a moment, and then—closed the door again, gently, slowly, but most decidedly.

Judith retired, almost wild with vague alarm. Some great blow had befallen Delphine. She, who was now so well "acquainted with grief," was quite sure of that. Who would have supposed that she would take this trouble so coldly and sternly, so entirely to herself, as to shut out even her best-beloved, her perfect friend and companion, from participation in it? She passed a sleepless night. She could not tell whether Delphine ever went to bed. She lay awake with her nerves strained, and her ear intent to catch the faintest sound from her sister's room, and still none came. It was a cruel vigil. When it was quite late, though before the late daybreak had appeared, Judith dropped into an uneasy sleep, which presently grew more profound. Wearied out with grief, emotion, and fear, she slept soundly for a few hours, and when she awoke, the daylight made itself visible even through the down-drawn blind.

Feeling that it must be very late, and forgetting for a few blessed moments the ball, and everything connected with it, she sprang up and began to dress. Very soon, of course, it all returned to her: the brief flash of hope and new life was over; gray reality, stony-hearted facts, the clouded future reasserted themselves, and it was with a heart as heavy as usual that she at last went downstairs.

In the parlor she found that which in nowise tended to reassure her, or brighten her spirits.

The breakfast-things were still on the table; Rhoda and Mrs. Conisbrough appeared to have finished. The latter was seated in her rocking-chair by the fire; the former was at the table, her elbows resting upon it. Both faces were turned toward Delphine, with an expression of pleased interest, who sat at the head of the table, with a face devoid of all trace of color (but that might easily be fatigue), and looking the whiter in her black dress. She, too, was smiling: she was talking—she was entertaining her mother and sister with an account of last night's ball—of the company, the dresses, and the behavior of those present; and her descriptions were flavored with an ill-natured sarcasm very unusual to her. Just now she was describing Miss Vane and her pink frock, and her manners and conduct in general, holding them up in a light of ridicule, which, could the object have been cognizant of it, must have caused her spasms of mortification.

When Judith came in, she was welcomed also, as being the possible source of more interesting information; but very soon her mechanical, spiritless recitals and monosyllabic replies drew down Rhoda's indignation, and Judith, with a forced smile and a horrible pain at her heart, said she would not attempt to rival Delphine, for that she had not enjoyed the party and could not pretend to describe it in an amusing manner.

Two or three days passed, and things were still in the same miserable state. Delphine still wore the same blanched face, still continued to show the same spirit of raillery and indifference. When she was with her mother and sisters, it was always she who led the conversation, and was, as Rhoda gratefully informed her, the life and soul of the party.

"I wish you could go to a ball every week, Del," she said fervently. "It makes you quite delightful!"

To which Delphine replied, with a little laugh, that monotony palled. Rhoda would soon be tired of hearing of balls, which must all bear a strong family resemblance the one to the other. Occasionally Judith had found Delphine silent and alone, and then she realized how completely the other demeanor was a mask, put on to deceive and to cover some secret grief—secret indeed.

There are girls, and girls. Delphine surprised the person who knew her best by the manner in which she took her grief. Whatever it was, she

kept it to herself. She had taken it in her arms, as it were, and made a companion of it, of whom she was very jealous. She kept it for her own delectation alone. No one else was suffered even to lift a corner of the thick veil which shrouded it. No one knew what it said to her, or she to it, in the long night-watches, in the silent vigils of darkness, or alone in the daylight hours; nay, so fondly did she guard it, that none in the house, except Judith, even suspected its existence. Though her mother noted her white face, she was completely deceived by her composed and cheerful demeanor, and said that when

the weather was warmer Delphine would be stronger. It was Judith alone who instinctively felt that never had her sister been stronger, never so strong, as now, when she looked so white and wan. But she also felt it was that terrible kind of strength which feeds upon the spirit which supplies it: when that is exhausted, body and soul seem to break down together in an utter collapse, and this was what the elder girl feared for the younger; this was why she longed irrepressibly that Delphine would only speak to her—confess her wretchedness—impart the extent and nature of her grief.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STATE AND THE RAILWAY.

By JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

EIGHT years ago intense financial disaster, nicknamed the "Panic," crossed this country. Certain Western States which suffered much had mortgaged many of their towns and counties to entice railways through them; and straightway these States attributed their calamity to the unchecked growth of railways. Then followed at the West an era of anti-railway legislation of the most malignant type. "Grangerism" became the name of the opposition, and became king at Western capitals. And during the succeeding five years many feeble lines of railway made their final station the court of bankruptcy. Yet the people recovered not by this surgery. Multitudes of men expired on the same cot with the roads. And the infection spread to other parts of the country, but with less inflammation. Then these heroic doctors rested.

Now that business activity again comes to the survivors,—both people and railways,—strangely there also comes a new crusade against the self-management of railways. But this time it is the large shipper, the middleman between continents, rather than the producer, who seeks to obstruct, or control, the carrier. The middler, seeing that small gain to the producer would be large gain to him, will, he says, organize one monopoly to cure another, only calling his "*anti-monopoly*." He grips the locomotive by the smoke-stack, and demands, "'Your money or your life!' This is a free country for business en-

terprise, but not to *two* mammoths. Here shall thy proud smoke be stayed! I have become so attached to the principle of naming the prices of my own wares and services, that I cannot resist the wish to make a schedule of rates for you too."

This late outburst of the battle against rails rises in the East. That giant trafficker in the earnings of one side of the world and the necessities of the other,—the New York Chamber of Commerce,—eager for the largest profits, has pamphleted the country with its speculations on transportation, has organized its "National Anti-Monopoly League," has saturated the press with the litany of its attorneys, has held mass conventions, and has laid under tribute to its schemes several popular magazines; all to foment indignant enthusiasm in favor of managing railway transportation by those who have no money invested in the business. This agency has aided to revive the issue also among Western legislatures; but down to present date the raw "East wind" has newly unbedded no ties on the prairie.

It may be pardonable, therefore, if not wise, to inquire whether there be no flaws in the verdict of this shipper's jury, seemingly "organized to convict;" also to inquire what are some of the rights of railways, and the probable effect of their close control by State or nation.

I find the recent advocates of legislative control over railways begin their alphabet with a

court dictum as the supreme exponent of what ought to be. They build upon the following utterance by the Supreme Court of the United States in a warehouse case—*Munn vs. Illinois*:

“Property becomes clothed with a public interest when used in a manner to make it of public consequence and affect the community at large. When, therefore, one devotes his property to a use in which the public has an interest, he, in effect, grants to the public an interest in that use, and must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good to the extent of the interest he has thus created.”

This theory for the conversion of the bulk of private property into communistic hodge-podge was not called for by the case at bar, for the Constitution of the State had “granted to the public an interest in the use” of the warehouse. Further than that, this dictum bears not upon the “use” of railways; for a constitutionally restricted warehouse is not an unrestricted railway.

Hence this careless or volunteer burial of personal energy in business is entitled to no more right in adjusting the relation of railways to the public than is the assertion of any unofficial citizen. But even were it a genuine finding, and applicable to our issue, it would not be final. Thanks to our system of government, the nominally Supreme Court is not the court of last resort. The court of popular comprehension is above it, and does, from time to time, review and reverse its opinions. Enforce the above gratuity of the court as the law of the land, and industry becomes the chaos demanded by the Commune, without one lawless blow. Men cease to work well when they must divide their profits with those who work not.

The “property” of the country is small which is not “devoted to a use in which the public has an interest.” How is it with the capital multiplied in chambers of commerce, in ships, and in vast manufactures, devoted to hotels, houses for rent, theatres, churches, press, law, physic, saloons, etc? Are they not all “clothed with a public interest”? Do they not “affect the community at large” as directly as railways? But must they therefore “submit to be controlled by the public” to the extent of dictation in rates, rents, prices of machinery, of silks, calicoes, opera-seats, ministers’ services, newspapers, and drinks, or of petty-fogging and medical attendance? Beyond this,

absurdity could not travel. Yet, as showing the spirit propagated by the sweeping language of the court, it is noticed that the Illinois Assembly was lately considering a bill making every shareholder in any manufacturing corporation personally liable for all its debts.

Another claim is, that the State *creates* the railway corporation, and may, therefore, manage it. But this claim is almost as broad as the court dictum. It grasps too large an armful. Nearly all corporations come into being under general laws authorizing capitalized co-operation in many other fields than that of the railway. The property is contributed by the stockholders. The State contributes nothing but the general franchise law, which it is bound to grant so long as the State exists for the people—so long as the people are the State. And under the general incorporation laws one company gets only what others may take. The State cannot, then, be convicted of creating “monopolies,” as it is popular among the dissatisfied to nickname railways. Such men, too, may enjoy a “monopoly,” if they will invest money enough and brains to make it profitable. But the State holds no power to create private property by monopoly, or control that which it does not create. To do either is to deprive somebody of property without due process of law, which wrong the Federal Constitution forbids. So, too, since railways and other corporations are authorized to contract debts and execute bonds, if legislation may interfere to reduce their incomes, it may impair the obligation of contracts, which further wrong the Federal Constitution also forbids. Otherwise, who would loan money to individual or corporation?

Half feeling their Supreme-Court plank shaky, and half doubting their theory of State creation, the self-styled “anti-monopolists,” like stupid summer insects, dash violently against the light that will burn their own wings. They assail the right of property, its security, its sacredness; for the essence of all property is the right of control over it. They have it that the public, simply because it is the public,—composed of all citizens,—holds proprietary interest in the railways where-with certain citizens serve the public. The very lion of the coterie (Judge Black), in feeble uncertainty, first proclaims that “the railway belongs to the people,” then suddenly cheats the people of half by affirming that “the railway is a partner-

ship between the people and the corporation." How does he distribute the duties and rewards of the "partners"? The people he burdens to supply what land the other member of the firm pays full value for; also to have itself and its separate estate transported by its partner; to exercise full control of the partnership property, and enjoy all profits above a "fair income on the capital." This arrangement relieves the other member of all duties, except to provide the capital in money and brains for construction and operation; to do all the work, take all the risks, meet all losses, pay all taxes to the popular side of the firm, and enjoy such "living" as its generous mate may consider "reasonable." •

In such theory, is there not a dull confounding of property with its possessor? In a vague sense, all persons subject to common government are "partners," whether they be natural or artificial persons. But their property is in no just sense *partnership* property, beyond the tax fraction which is needed to oil the wheels of State. Nor can the natural persons in the State be awarded a forced interest in the property of its artificial persons. Destroy self-control, and the personal interest of corporate investors is destroyed; repair and improvement are checked, stopped; dilapidation and uselessness follow. And if the people possess not even a partnership interest in the railway, how does "the railway belong to the people" wholly?

During forty years England has tried to subject railway transportation to the will of politicians, but has lately named the result as "nothing accomplished, nothing hindered," and the issue still vexes her "regulators." The late "granger" effort at the West proved only a spasm of folly, suspending prairie development and credit. Its statutes soon practically retired from activity, and no class profited less or suffered more by the movement than the producing guild that "travailed" with it. So precedent scarcely smiles in the face of present endeavor.

In seeking adjustment of this issue, there are certain foundation stones immovable and safe to build upon. To hold property is the natural right of every person. It is given with life. It is also second in our trinity of constitutional rights—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is not only a large factor in "liberty," but without this right, only the minimum "pursuit of

happiness" is practicable, and no "life" above slavery possible. Nor is the personal right to hold property one of limitations. It embraces the right to accumulate and to employ, with but a single check upon the will and ability of the holder—that he get and use property as not abusing any of the rights of others. There is, however, no natural obligation upon man to use his property for the *benefit* of his fellows, however far that way revealed duty may reach. Further, the right to employ property at will carries the right to combine it with that of consenting others. And here, the consent of all the people, through their agent, the State, to the right of way being granted, is reached the right to combine individual properties for the construction and operation of railways; and this without other than charter release of the right of control.

Hitherto this has been the general voice of the commercial world. And now, even those who ask to control others' earnings concede that this right of self-control belonged to primitive railways, poor and few, with rates inversely as their speed and conveniences. But to-day, when rail locomotion rivals lightning, and railways supply comforts and luxuries at half the price of old hardships; and since the generation which rode half-way through life in "prairie schooners" and "horrible stages," and hauled wheat one hundred miles to market with oxen, and bartered a bushel for forty cents in sugar and calico—since this generation has died, its wiser sons in palace cars find railway corporations "natural monopolies," their capital and income no longer the property of their shareholders, but of the State, and subject to a consuming legislative control. Thus does the fullness of excellence sometimes cloy appreciation. It is not strange large co-operative industry is always antagonized by those whose profits are curtailed by its success.

A single "co-operative institution" handles the merchandise of all Mormons in Utah, to their gain, and is accordingly cursed as a "monopoly" by all "Gentiles" seeking Utah trade. The vast co-operation stores in England—combinations of individual capital—find the multitude cheaply, but prevent large profits by small rivals, and, to the latter, they become "odious monopolies." If the combination of capital to promote one industry is morally right, its most magnificent achievement, the railway, cannot be wrong, even though it de-

cline manipulation by the average legislator. Society, the State, or the nation is but a huge combination of capital in brains, money, and morals, whose success is conditioned upon wise *self-control*. And all wise management must come from within. Discreet men do not resign their business to adversely interested parties. And the rivulets of private fortune flow together in great enterprises only as they are left undammed by hostile legislation. The sole success of capital is in its independence of non-capitalists and its removal from politics. The merchant who should permit his clerks to name their salaries and the prices upon goods would be running across lots toward insolvency.

Having made the corporation its own master, what shall determine the cost of transportation to the patron? The same conditions which determine the cost to him of other services, or of wares. The truest and almost universal arbiter of prices is competition. This is a "governor" on all well-worked industries, from the milk-cart to the ocean steamship. As it droops, prices rise. Displace it, and there is danger of calamity. Demand and supply form the natural balance in commercial prices. If you say that among railways competition does not always compete, all lines of trade are subject to the same infirmity. Dealers in any given town usually make concert of prices upon their staple goods. And when, as not unfrequently occurs elsewhere, the Illinois roads, during the fall of '80 and much of the following winter, provided first-class passenger transportation for five hundred miles between Chicago and Kansas City for a single dollar, the most ultra anti-monopolist temporarily smiled and conceded that competition *was* the natural adjuster of railway rates. And he has kept on smiling between Chicago and the ocean for five dollars all the past summer. Pooling does not always "pool."

Nevertheless, nothing else so adds to supply and reduces prices as do high prices. They are the seed of new effort, and, sooner or later, of real competition; for as rivals multiply, side-interests and impediments to pooling multiply. Had the early sewing-machine companies received but ten per cent. returns upon their capital, their family had not so rapidly increased, their work so soon approached perfection, and their prices universal ability to pay. Still, why should men reaping large profits from the operation of railways be

called "swindlers," while men reaping larger profits from the manufacture of sewing-machines are called "gentlemen"? Legislation has more fostered the machine than the railway, but has not mooted the regulation of its cost to patrons. Yet its patrons at least equal those of the road. No class ever grew rich so fast as not to see "the dear people robbed" by the class that ran in its way of growing rich faster. So do boards of trade look upon railways. "Straining out gnats and swallowing camels" did not pass from earth with the Author of the rebuke; and his practical business parable, teaching man's right to do what he will with his own, has worn bright as the eighteen Christian centuries have worn dim.

Railway corporations are made of real men with souls, consciences, and generous sympathies, no less than are other business associations. No other men so systematically tax themselves for the benefit of the clergy and the indigent. To sample their souls, it may be related that four great Chicago companies contributed each six hundred dollars per annum to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city.

Judge Black and other writers against railway self-control unite to insist that transportation by water and transportation by rail are not to be subjected to like codes. Possibly; but if the public is to adjust the tolls for carriage over only one element, it should be that wherein no man has ever been allowed the right of private property, not that which is rendered traversable only by vast expenditure of private property. True, the sea and the railway are no more comparable than the sunbeam and the chandelier; one is God's, the other man's. What nature renders serviceable without taming by man is public domain, and its government, if governed at all, must emanate from the public. But the control of what man makes belongs only to him who produces it. Nature opens the stream; private parties do not pay taxes upon it; if its bed or bank needs mending, the public is taxed for that; it is the property of the public. But private wealth opens the railway, pays taxes upon it, keeps it in repair, and alone renders it valuable; it is the property of private persons, built for private revenue, public convenience being incidental. If a navigable stream fails, the loss is spread upon the public; but if a railway fails, the private stockholders bear only the direct loss, other people—the public

—feeling only a relative loss of convenience, which convenience is the public's full compensation for its charter privileges to the builders. And before any locality may fairly call itself wronged by a railway, it must prove its transportation conveniences less with than without a railway. By land and by water income justly flows back to the source of the invested capital; and the fair measure of income is what the public pays deliberately, and by the decade, rather than invest its own wealth in transportation. Comparatively, however, it is more reasonable that the public should schedule rates over the road-bed whose only cost it meets, than over the road-bed toward whose cost and equipment it contributes nothing but the fiction of a franchise.

Power is always accompanied by responsibility. This seems to be forgotten by the corporation of advocates that the State, having consented to be blessed with many railways, becomes thereby the practical owner of the investments, general manager of the improvements, and consumer of all profits above the "ordinary market income of capital." Such power would carry with it the responsibility of securing to the stockholders the "ordinary market income of capital," which in the past would often have subjected the State to great inconvenience. The father is entitled to the services, the income, of his minor son above his "running expenses"—food, clothing, and schooling—solely because he must meet those expenses, securing to the child an income in growth and improvement.

But State power, delegated to a handful of those men who make office their trade, is also dangerous—a tool liable to cut two ways. A commission (the plan thus far) in charge of rates has power to increase, as well as to reduce, thus possibly making its control onerous to the public and profitable to corporations. And precedent has hardly proved this class in power clean above possible corruption.

The distinguished president of the National Anti-Monopoly League is positive that "the legislative and judiciary departments of government are corrupt and must be purified!" But if they are impure now, will they become better with greater power over private fortunes, *alias* temptation, put upon them? Once unleashed, this hybrid spirit of paternalism and communism may prove a hound upon the track of other industries than transportation. Already certain legislatures

debate the control of telegraphic tariffs. And if great services and great properties have their prices stamped by statute, precedent and analogy will soon subject all minor enterprises to this theory's bending-iron. Consistency would require that legislative manipulation of prices downward, once assumed, should work amazing revolution among certain industries. All our national life legislation has manipulated upward the prices of many manufactures by protective tariffs.

Manufactures have ridden the people with the bridle of monopoly and dictated legislation as defiantly as is possible to railways. Government has contributed infinitely more to the profit of manufactures than of railways. Then whose profit, if any, may it rightly toll? But, say the advocates of control (possibly), manufactures can't live without government aid—taxes upon the consuming people. But the profits of the rail are so large that transportation can divide with the people and still live. Very well; if it is the policy of popular government to insure to every guild a living income and paré all success down to that point, then truly did communism come in with the Constitution!

Only attempt to spread the principle of price-paternalism over all industries which have had legislative permit to exist and to try for wealth, and this warfare will lose its delicate flavor for its soldiers.

If the theory that a railway charter is a contract is to be successfully traversed, leaving incorporators no rights which the State is bound to respect, then is that fickle faction called a legislature to terrorize over our largest private contributions to public prosperity. It may impair the charter at any moment; it may even cancel the charter upon first completion of the road, totally defeating investments. Clothe the legislature with such power and the ambition of bad men to become member is stimulated, not quieted. Legislative control is simply the transfer of the railway's power to oppress to the legislature. If abuses must come, it is better that they be open than under cover of law. But it is true in the history of unrestricted railways, that they have steadily reduced their rates of transportation. While there is freedom, there is a subtle spirit of competition which thrives under the very eyebrows of the pooling system.

Is there a sort of chemistry of commerce whereby private property, invested in railway construction,

becomes public property? If so, who cares to cast his millions into the crucible? If railways are State assets, their shareholders are serfs whose fate follows their property, and they may be compelled to operate their transformed property at a *losing* rate, for the benefit of the public. The right to reduce profits by a cent is the right to take all profits and principal. Such is the despotism the logic of the regulators leads to. Yet one eminent attorney for the shippers grants that "the tolls ought to be high enough to give the corporation a *fair* profit on the capital they have actually invested."

But to control profits legislation must control more than tolls. Receipts do not figure on balance-sheets much more conspicuously than do expenses. Legislation must appoint the quality and quantity of railway appurtenances, the number of trains, and the salaries of officers. Fancy the corporation committee of a legislature visiting the headquarters of some trunk line, summoning the president, superintendent, general freight agent, clerks, conductors, engineers, and the rest, then addressing them somewhat as follows:

"*Gentlemen*: By a fiction of law in a free country, which you of course cannot understand, this 'road is the property of the State;' and the legislature has concluded that it cannot afford to continue to you, as 'the agents of the State,' your late salaries. Henceforth, wages will be reduced all around from twenty-five to fifty per cent!"

Yet this is only the attorney's "fair-profit" theory before a field-glass. Apply this theory to the fourteen hundred railways of this country, and not epizootic and yellow fever in every city and hamlet could induce equal lamentation, non-intercourse, and financial stagnation.

To illustrate a former position more fully and familiarly, I note that the growth of grain is "clothed with a public interest." Still, the farmer, or farming section, that gets good crops in a generally bad year, enjoys something of a "monopoly" in grain, but is not thought unsound in morals or common sense to so use his advantage that the excess of demand over supply shall afford him the largest possible price. Yet to-day's aim is, in transportation, to overcome the natural law of demand and supply and adopt the arbitrary law of "clothed with a public interest" as apology for legislative regulation of rates, that the "monopo-

listic" grain grower, or the grain-speculator, may augment his natural profit by reducing that of the grain-carrier. More inconsistent still is that zeal for regulation which skips the coal mine to fasten upon transportation. As a combination of capital, favored of legislation and "clothed with a public interest," the mine is not a whit behind the road. Yet law has never laid hand upon coal to approximate its cost to the producer or the middleman, and its price to the consumer. Its sales have no reference to a "fair profit on the capital invested." As a late large instance, throughout the West at least, stocks of coal laid down in the summer of '80 were sold during the following winter at two or three dollars per ton above what dealers reckoned their "fair profit" in the fall. And this is the right to be exercised unquestioned by all industries, save transportation. Merchants of every line and mechanics of every guild make demand and supply a basis for prices.

One of the anti-monopoly *savants* already quoted has it, first, that "the *road* belongs to the State;" second, "that the *franchises* are property in which the company has a vested right." Just how the State may own the road, and the company hold the only attributes which render ownership available, is a dim proposition to one not accustomed to reach the mysterious harmonies of the bar. If this germinal theory means anything, it is that, though the State owns the cow, the corporation has "a vested right" to milk her. If it is this toy ownership that is to delight the public, why, let them play with the same.

But, again, Judge Black declares, "The amount of tax, toll, or freight, in any case, is not a subject of bargain between the shipper and the corporation, but a thing to be settled, fixed, and prescribed by public authority." That is a plain proposition in absolute despotism which no discreet man will vote to apply to his own industry; he will not put himself in the place of the company and approve it. He adds:

"The privilege of taking a certain fixed, prescribed, uniform, reasonable rate of toll from all persons alike, according to the use they make of the road, is a power that the State may bestow upon any person, natural or artificial."

This is true, but not the whole truth. The State may do much more. It has done much more. Almost uniformly it has bestowed the

power to *name*, as well as to "take" rates—has left "the amount of toll a subject of bargain between shipper and corporation." And this is wisdom. The few States whose Constitutions reserve to the legislature the power to alter and repeal charters are not those wherein capital has gone farthest to accommodate the people, as well as itself.

But the "taking of tolls, uniform and reasonable, from all persons alike, *according to the use they make of the road*," has been the essence of corporate self-rule. What it specially antagonizes is arbitrary uniformity *without* reference "to the use made of the road." Its custom is chiefly *with* reference to the use which shippers make of the road. With the same justice and business sagacity which actuate all other capital and labor, the railway corporation has its wholesale and retail rates, and rates modified by the conveniences demanded by the patron. Second-class fare takes a second-class car. That is fair. The shipper who loads fifty cars per day, and every day in the year, pays a lower tariff per hundred-weight than does he whose whole patronage is to annually ship one barrel of apples to his cousin. This, too, is fair. They whose persons or possessions are transported one thousand miles without "breaking bulk" pay less per mile than do they whose termini lie but ten miles apart. Is this, either, *unfair*? Cities whose size, enterprise, and sacrifice have drawn thither two or more parallel roads get better terms than the petty, intermediate town, which owes even conception to the fact that the pioneer road halted its train on the spot prior to the coming of the grocer, the liquor-dealer, and the tavern-keeper. Is this "discrimination" in favor of some points and against others unfair, unjust? If so, local push doesn't pay for cultivation, and the competition demanded as between railways is denied as between towns. For where real competition prevails, there is no ground for complaint; it is not left standing-room.

Yet it is a thing of greatest grief to one Eastern writer against self-control—the only possible introduction to competition—that the Fink pool cuts off New York's right of competition against rival seaports. Here he asks for New York, on a great scale, the same chance which his legislative control refuses to all other points having rivals—the chance to compete. Trades-unionism is not a pet in any broad and wise economy. Yet it padlocks the mechanical labor of the country almost without

remonstrance in law. But national management of railways were little else than a stupendous trades-union, with the added evil of acting upon compulsion. Under it, the industry that by its freedom has grown the most important in the nation would be dominated by a few of the men whom the accidents of election push into power. There is a rivalry between localities as natural and just as between brains. And before one town complains that favor shown to another wrongs it, it should well consider whether its former capital and income have been advanced or reduced by the presence of the railway.

Centres of traffic confer special favors, and are entitled to returns upon such investment. Their patronage is large; and, in aid of railways, they endure detentions, rail-cut streets, viaducts, smoke, screech, and risk of life, much more serious than attach to minor towns. For these evils competition affords them their sole compensation. All these and other advantages and disadvantages to travelers and shippers adhere closely "*to the use they make of the road*." Similar discriminations fall upon the patrons of every other great factor in the world's commerce, according to the use they make of it. But were the theory tenable that the railway belongs to the State, even thus the large city and the large shipper, being large taxpayers,—large elements of the State,—must be given corresponding benefits from the property of the State. They are its large "shareholders," and one thousand shares in a stock-concern entitle their holder to a larger dividend than is drawn by the single share.

At the common law, the railway, "undertaking for hire to transport goods and people from one place to another," is a common carrier. If its charter does not change its status, then does the State, if it be the owner of the railway, assume all the responsibilities of the carrier, even to insurance against loss of goods, and damage to the person. Are the people hungry for a tax-levy in support of such assumption of liability by the State? Or, if charter grant can relieve the State from such liability, then is a charter a valid contract, and the road does *not* belong to the State, but its simple duty is to see that its contract is kept. And if a charter is not a contract, securing to the railway rights, as well as holding it to duties, then is a charter worse than waste paper—taking all and giving nothing.

Not all railways can carry upon like terms, any more than can the steamboat and the wheelbarrow. Yet the most radical attorneys for State control maintain that all should receive "a liberal compensation, wear and tear, repair, and interest on capital; but all beyond this is mere lawless robbery." If, however, the State establish "uniform rates" so "liberal" that the weak lines live well, the strong will fatten beyond their present "bloated" estate, and the class miscalled "the people" will exchange their present fancy sleeve-crape for full sackcloth and ashes. On the other hand, if the State act fairly and schedule to one at three cents the service which another performs at two, it does that which its self-retained attorneys now cite as the most odious feature of corporate conduct—it "bases tariffs on what the traffic will bear;" it "discriminates."

Such is the dilemma led to by the logic of "liberal compensation" for all by law. And if it place rates so "uniformly" low that only the strong can live, the weak must die, and again "sackcloth" will symbolize the public feeling. How is it more just that legislation "discriminate" between railways than that railways discriminate between towns and between shippers? Or, is the principle by which, as the indictment runs, corporations sometimes graduate rates by "what the traffic will bear," improved if the State graduate rates by what the roads will bear? Corporations are but men, and in the eye of the law the servant is on a par with his patron. What one may *receive* and live is no fairer measure of wages than what one may *pay* and live. Still, another Anti-Monopoly chief prints his opinion that "charges should be based upon cost of service." Why cost rather than value? This, also, would compel "discrimination" between lines. It would cut off those frequent railway contributions to the public wherein railways carry *below* cost rather than not carry at all. They are better economists than many individuals—they keep busy at small pay rather than stand idle at no pay. Nor is it unworthy of consideration at this point, that large improvements depend upon large profits. The public of shippers and travelers demand the former, therefore they must yield the latter. They do not wish the trunk line to become as the backwoods branch whose income exhibits but the margin of a modest living above "cost." And, as a rule, large profits have afforded the public large improvements.

With something of strange inconsistency, these gentlemen who purpose the absolute dependence of railways upon legislative bodies complain of the political corruption growing out of their semi-dependence. Even Congress is invited to the supervision of inter-State lines. Is it wise? By some law of affinity, this issue and corruption seem to combine.

Is it clear, this right of Congress to lay hand upon the throttle-valves of the country? Is the constitutional clause, "right to regulate commerce between the States," positive authority to impose commercial plans upon the States, or only something in the line of veto power, admitting interference simply to prevent one State impeding the commerce of other States seeking transit through it?

At the sacrifice of harmony, the distinguished Pennsylvanian before quoted herein seems to lean to the latter view. He asks, "Is Congress not strictly within the scope of that authority ['right to regulate commerce between the States'] when it makes a law forbidding carriers through the State to *injure, impede, or destroy* the general trade of the country by extravagant and discriminating charges?"

The right of "forbidding" is purely the right of veto, not of original direction. Unless, however, the State lay sticks in the way of free transportation, "the general trade of the country" will not be "injured, impeded, or destroyed." For transportation always transports. It needs no insurance against suicide. Its profit lies in promoting, not "impeding" trade. Whatever is free is not hindered, and the railway's freedom helps the purpose of its existence. If "impediments" come needing the Congressional veto, they will wear the likeness of legislation, not of corporate effort. The clause in question seems rather to have been designed as an inter-State remedy—as a peace-maker between States—than for encroachment upon individual or corporate enterprise. And, touching this point, the unanimous opinion of the United States Supreme Court stands in these words:

"The power to regulate commerce among the several States was vested in Congress in order to secure equality and freedom in commercial intercourse *against discriminating State legislation*. It was never intended that the power should be so exercised as to interfere with private contracts not designed at the time they were made to create impediments to such intercourse."

If, also, as by the theory of the "reformers," the railways belong to the States wherein they have a local habitation, can Congress rightfully direct the use of such property? The ground assumed for State control defeats national control.

But, admitting control by the general Government, what are the probabilities of purity! Already, all the way from ward caucus to Congress, corruption is said to keep tavern. Will its guests grow less by clothing every ballot in the country with a bearing on the value of every share of railway stock in the country? What will be the effect as this power condenses into the hands of a Congressional commission, with authority to prescribe all tariffs? When a vote is worth a million dollars, how many men who seek office will shun the market? If corrupt relations now exist between corporations and people, both deserve punishment. But to reduce the tolls of the bribed community is to reward the recipient at the expense of the giver. And if bribery exists among legislators, will it be lessened by increasing their temptations? The business is not to be bankrupted in that way. So long as merchantable men are foisted into office, they will be likely to find a market. If the venality of the few whom the people recklessly permit to manage politics is not the primary course of all legislative corruption, at least complete cure would come with the expulsion of the venal from political management. Money cannot buy that which is not for sale. It takes two to achieve bribery. There is a beam in the eye that is looking for a mote.

The confessions of the leader in Congress for railway regulation by that body are valuable as being those of a student of transportation, and as being adverse to most of the theorists who aim at his mark. From the *Tribune's* report of Congressman Reagan's remarks before the mass-meeting called by the Anti-Monopoly League at New York in February last, it appears that he made the following statements:

"Several remedies have been proposed in Congress for restraining the power of corporations, and among other things the establishment of regular freight rates have been contemplated. This plan has been considered impracticable as thoroughly injurious to the corporations and ultimately so to the public. It has then been suggested to fix maximum rates for inter-State commerce. But upon consideration it appears

that if maximum rates are fixed for the benefit of the public, the railroads will suffer; and if they are fixed for the railroads, the public will be no better off than at present."

The author of the Inter-State Commerce bill also condensed this late, and probably future, effort into these words:

"It is proposed to declare that railroads shall not have the power to charge one person more than another; to prohibit the pooling of freights by otherwise competing railroads, and thus give the public all the advantages of fair competition, and to limit the power of railroads to discriminate between places."

I have already covered the main points of this bill, aiming to show why one person and one place may fairly enjoy lighter rates than do others. And to prohibit pooling will avail but little. Tacit understanding to collect like tariffs between the same places will accomplish substantially the object of pooling.

Any plan of supervision by Congress must also involve an executive commission, or a department head and a corps of subordinates. The favorite thought at times has been the granger method of the West,—to place the detail of rates and enforcement along individual lines with a commission of nine, one from each judicial circuit. In such case, a majority would probably constitute a business quorum, and the majority of the quorum would control action. Practically, then, three men might dictate the income of seven or eight billions of capital they did not own. How many political trios bless the country with virtues so athletic as to throw away this gorgeous temptation, is a very pretty problem for the "reformers."

Railways, left to themselves, contend for individual superiority; but, driven together into a single herd, naturally they will contend against the driver; individual ambition to excel must be lost in a common ambition to outgeneral their common enemy. Nor does it appear that the result of conflict between political management and universal business interests would be doubtful unless Congress should attempt to compel stated and ample operation of roads. For let but the inter-State lines run all their locomotives into dry-dock for thirty days, and popular demand for instant return to the present "robber system" would be intense and universal.

My conclusion is that all effort to arbitrarily

legislate our vast railway interests into subjection to the will of an opposing interest is weak and temporizing, and its end must be failure. The theory runs counter to the democratic principle of the largest possible liberty to all to do what they will with their own, short of obstruction to others of like will. Present effort is planing the plank against the grain. Its surface will never be other than slivered, and the hands that lay hold of it will bleed. Conceive of Government having accomplished thirty years ago the control now applied for! To-day, national development would wear a pauper cast compared with its actual elegance. For the railway is the drive-wheel to wide development; but private enterprise ends where public tyranny begins. When to put capital into railway construction is to put it beyond personal control, it will be put elsewhere.

Possibly there are two *approaches* to permanent attainment of the ends sought by the complainants. One is that *they* construct roads which will not pool or discriminate, or otherwise work for the stockholders, but will gratefully sacrifice private interest to public clamor. The other *approach* is

to follow the old Windom committee into State or national construction, or purchase, of one or more trunk lines between the productive great West and the consuming, exporting East; that is, if these political powers are certain that such work falls within their legitimate functions. And if they may assert control in full of old roads they may build new ones. Indeed, if they assume the former task, they must soon undertake the latter, for private capital will not long continue to build roads to be operated by public freak.

Neither method, however, would effect complete cure of transportation complaints; the numerous lateral lines would still remain their own managers. But either plan would secure to the trunk line traffic, without arbitrary intervention, the only principle which guarantees low rates, rapid transit, and maximum convenience—the principle of *competition*. Competition is satisfaction. Any State or national effort which leaves this out is a failure. And coercive measures will so cross the spirit of the Republic that they cannot live under it; the vast commerce of the country will not kick down the ladder of ties it has climbed by and stands upon.

ANOTHER WORLD DOWN HERE.

By W. M. WILLIAMS.

WHAT a horrible place must this world appear when regarded according to our ideas from an insect's point of view! The air infested with huge flying hungry dragons, whose gaping and snapping mouths are ever intent upon swallowing the innocent creatures for whom, according to the insect, if he were like us, a properly constructed world ought to be exclusively adapted. The solid earth continually shaken by the approaching tread of hideous giants—moving mountains that crush out precious lives at every footstep, an occasional draught of the blood of these monsters, stolen at life-risk, affording but poor compensation for such fatal persecution.

Let us hope that the little victims are less like ourselves than the doings of ants and bees might lead us to suppose; that their mental anxieties are not proportionate to the optical vigilance indicated by the four thousand eye-lenses of the common house-fly, the seventeen thousand of the

cabbage butterfly and the wide-awake dragon-fly, or the twenty-five thousand possessed by certain species of still more vigilant beetles.

Each of these little eyes has its own cornea, its lens, and a curious six-sided, transparent prism, at the back of which is a special retina spreading out from a branch of the main optic nerve, which, in the cockchafer and some other creatures, is half as large as the brain. If each of these lenses forms a separate picture of each object rather than a single mosaic picture, as some anatomists suppose, what an awful army of cruel giants must the cockchafer behold when he is captured by a schoolboy!

The insect must see a whole world of wonders of which we know little or nothing. True, we have microscopes, with which we can see one thing at a time if carefully laid upon the stage; but what is the finest instrument that Ross can produce compared to that with twenty-five thou-



ANT LIONS.

sand object-glasses, all of them probably achromatic, and each one a living instrument with its own nerve branch supplying a separate sensation? To creatures thus endowed with microscopic vision, a cloud of sandy dust must appear like an

the drum or tube, the higher will be the note it produces when agitated, and the smaller and the more rapid the aerial wave to which it will respond. The drums of insect ears, and the tubes, etc., connected with them, are so minute that

their world of sounds probably begins where ours ceases; that what appears to us as a continuous sound is to them a series of separated blows, just as vibrations of ten or twelve per second appear separated to us. We begin to hear such vibrations as continuous sounds when they amount to about thirty per second. The insect's



THE RED ANT.

avalanche of massive rock fragments, and everything else proportionally monstrous.

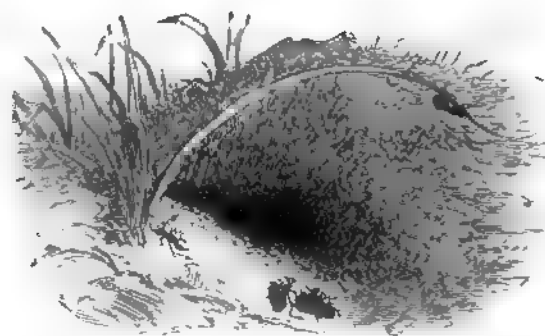
One of the many delusions engendered by our human self-conceit and habit of considering the world as only such as we know it from our human point of view, is that of supposing human intelligence to be the only kind of intelligence in existence. The fact is, that what we call the lower animals have special intelligence of their own as far transcending our intelligence as our peculiar reasoning intelligence exceeds theirs. We are as incapable of following the track of a friend by the smell of his footsteps as a dog is of writing a metaphysical treatise.

So with insects. They are probably acquainted with a whole world of physical facts of which we are utterly ignorant. Our auditory apparatus supplies us with a knowledge of sounds. What are these sounds? They are vibrations of matter which are capable of producing corresponding or sympathetic vibrations of the drums of our ears or the bones of our skull. When we carefully examine the subject, and count the number of vibrations that produce our world of sounds of varying pitch, we find that the human ear can only respond to a limited range of such vibrations. If they exceed three thousand per second, the sound becomes too shrill for average people to hear it, though some exceptional ears can take up pulsations or waves that succeed each other more rapidly than this.

Reasoning from the analogy of stretched strings and membranes, and of air vibrating in tubes, etc., we are justified in concluding that the smaller

continuous sound probably begins beyond three thousand. The blue-bottle may thus enjoy a whole world of exquisite music of which we know nothing.

There is another very suggestive peculiarity in the auditory apparatus of insects. Its structure and position are something between those of an ear and of an eye. Careful examination of the head of one of our domestic companions—the common cockroach or black-beetle—will reveal two round white points, somewhat higher than the base of the long outer antennæ, and a little nearer to the middle line of the head. These white projecting spots are formed by the outer transparent



ANT BENDING.

membrane of a bag or ball filled with fluid, which ball or bag rests inside another cavity in the head.

It resembles our own eye in having this external transparent tough membrane which corresponds to the cornea; which, like the cornea, is backed by the fluid in the ear-ball corresponding to our eye-

ball, and the back of this ear-ball appears to receive the outspreadings of a nerve, just as the back of our eye is lined with the outspread of the optic nerve forming the retina. There does not appear to be in this or other insects a tightly stretched membrane which, like the membrane of our ear-drum, is fitted to take up bodily air-waves and vibrate responsively to them. But it is evidently adapted to receive and concentrate some kind of vibration or motion or tremor.

What kind of motion can this be? What kind of perception does this curious organ supply? To answer these questions we must travel beyond the strict limits of scientific induction and enter the fairy-land of scientific imagination. We may wander here in safety, provided we always remember where we are, and keep a true course guided by the compass-needle of demonstrable facts.

I have said that the cornea-like membrane of the insect's ear-bag does not appear capable of responding to *bodily* air-waves. This adjective is important, because there are vibratory movements of matter that are not bodily but molecular. An analogy may help to render this distinction intelligible. I may take a long string of

beads and shake it into wavelike movements, the waves being formed by the movements of the whole string. We may now conceive another

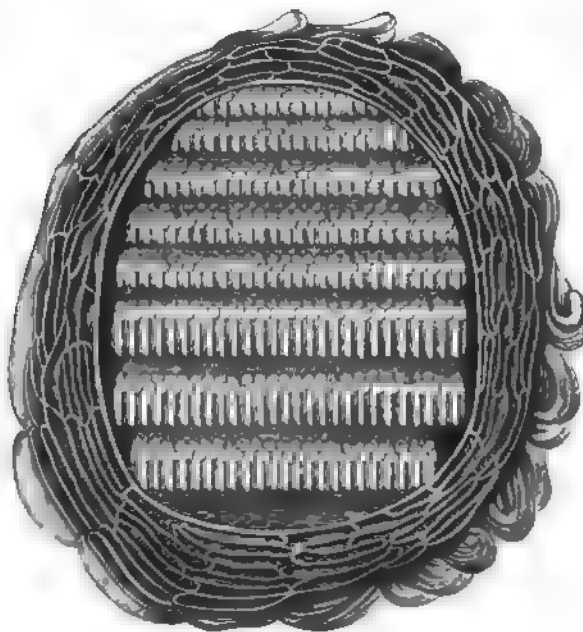


A HANGING WASP NEST.

kind of movement or vibration by supposing one bead to receive a blow pushing it forward, this push to be communicated to the next, then to the third, and so on, producing a minute running tremor passing from end to end. This kind of action may be rendered visible by laying a number

of billiard balls or marbles in line and bowling an outside ball against the end one of the row. The impulse will be rapidly and invisibly transmitted all along the line, and the outer ball will respond by starting forward.

Heat, light, and electricity are mysterious internal movements of what we call matter (some say "ether," which is but a name for imaginary matter). These internal movements are as invisible as those of the intermediate billiard balls; but if there be a line of molecules acting thus, and the terminal one strikes an organ of sense fitted to receive its motion, some sort of percep-



INTERIOR OF HANGING WASP NEST.

tion may follow. When such movements of certain frequency and amplitude strike our organs of vision, the sensation of light is produced. When others of greater amplitude and smaller frequency strike the terminal outspread of our common sensory nerves, the sensation of heat results. The difference between the frequency and amplitude of the heat waves and the light waves is but small, or, strictly speaking, there is no actual line of separation lying between them; they run directly into each other. When a piece of metal is gradually heated, it is first "black-hot;" this is while the waves or molecular tremblings are of a certain amplitude and frequency; as the frequency in-

creases, and amplitude diminishes (or, to borrow from musical terms, as the pitch rises), the metal becomes dull red-hot; greater rapidity, cherry-red; greater still, bright red; then yellow-hot and white-hot: the luminosity growing as the rapidity of molecular vibration increases.

There is no such gradation between the most rapid undulations or tremblings that produce our sensation of sound and the slowest of those which give rise to our sensations of gentlest warmth. There is a huge gap between them, wide enough to include another world or several other worlds of motion, all lying between our world of sounds and our world of heat and light, and there is no good reason whatever for supposing that matter is incapable of such intermediate activity, or that such activity may not give rise to intermediate sensations, provided there are organs for taking up and sensifying (if I may coin a desirable word) these movements.

As already stated, the limit of audible tremors is three to four thousand per second, but the smallest number of tremors that we can perceive as heat is between three and four millions of millions per second. The number of waves producing red light is estimated at four hundred and seventy-four millions of millions per second; and for the production of violet light, six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions. These are the received conclusions of our best mathematicians, which I repeat on their authority. Allowing, however, a very large margin of possible error, the world of possible sensations lying between those produced by a few thousands of waves and any number of millions is of enormous width.

In such a world of intermediate activities the insect probably lives, with a sense of vision revealing to him more than our microscopes show to us, and with his minute eye-like ear-bag sensifying material movements that lie between our world of sounds and our other far-distant worlds of heat and light.

There is yet another indication of some sort of intermediate sensation possessed by insects. Many of them are not only endowed with the thousands of lenses of their compound eyes, but have in addition several curious organs that have been designated "ocelli" and "stemmata." These are generally placed at the top of the head, the thousandfold eyes being at the sides. They are

very much like the auditory organs above described—so much so that in consulting different authorities for special information on the subject I have fallen into some confusion, from which I can only escape by supposing that the organ which one anatomist describes as the ocelli of certain insects is regarded as the auditory apparatus when examined in another insect by another anatomist. All this indicates a sort of continuity of sensation connecting the sounds of the insect world with the objects of their vision.

But these ocular ears or auditory eyes of the insect are not his only advantages over us. He has another sensory organ to which, with all our boasted intellect, we can claim nothing that is comparable, unless it be our olfactory nerve. The possibility of this I will presently discuss.

I refer to the *antennæ* which are the most characteristic of insect organs, and wonderfully developed in some, as may be seen by examining the plumes of the crested gnat. Everybody who has carefully watched the doings of insects must have observed the curiously investigative movements of the *antennæ*, which are ever on the alert peering and prying to right and left and upward and downward. Huber, who devoted his life to the study of bees and ants, concluded that these insects converse with each other by movements of the *antennæ*, and he has given to the signs thus produced the name of "antennal language." They certainly do communicate information or give orders by some means; and when they stop for that purpose, they face each other and execute peculiar wavings of these organs that are highly suggestive of the movements of the old semaphore telegraph arms.

The most generally received opinion is that these *antennæ* are very delicate organs of touch, but some recent experiments made by Gustav Hausen indicate that they are organs of smelling

or of some similar power of distinguishing objects at a distance. Flies deprived of their *antennæ* ceased to display any interest in tainted meat that had previously proved very attractive. Other insects similarly treated appear to become indifferent to odors generally. He shows that the development of the *antennæ* in different species corresponds to the power of smelling which they seem to possess.

I am sorely tempted to add another argument to those brought forward by Hausen; viz., that our own olfactory nerves, and those of all our near mammalian relations, are curiously like a pair of *antennæ*.



NESTS OF ADULT INSECTS.

There are two elements in a nervous structure—the gray and the white; the gray, or ganglionic portion, is supposed to be the centre or seat of nervous power, and the white medullary or fibrous portion merely the conductor of nervous energy.

The nerves of the other senses have their ganglia seated internally, and the bundles of tubular white threads spread outward therefrom, but not so with the olfactory nervous apparatus. There are two horn-like projections thrust forward from the base of the brain with white or medullary stems that terminate outwardly or anteriorly in ganglionic bulbs resting upon what I may call the roof of the nose, and throwing out fibres that are composed, rather paradoxically, of more gray matter than

white. In some quadrupeds with great power of smell these two nerves extend so far forward as to protrude beyond the front of the hemispheres of the brain, with bulbous terminations relatively very much larger than those of man.

They thus appear like veritable antennæ. In some of our best works on anatomy of the brain (Solly, for example) a series of comparative pictures of the brains of different animals is shown,

insects. I submit this view of the anatomy of these organs as to be taken for what it is worth.

There is no doubt that all creatures are connected by the anterior part of their supræscapular the nervous centres corresponding.

But what kind and degree of olfactory organs possess?



GARDEN SPIDER.

extending from man to the cod-fish. As we proceed downward, the horn-like projection of the olfactory nerves beyond the central hemispheres goes on extending more and more, and the relative magnitude of the terminal ganglia or olfactory lobes increases in similar order.

We have only to omit the nasal bones and nostrils, to continue this forward extrusion of the olfactory nerves and their bulbs and branches, to coat them with suitable sheaths provided with muscles for mobility, and we have the antennæ of

without the least halting (as clear to his nose as a grain of sand) a narrow streak would be to our eyes. I went down to him, and found him nearer than five or six yards from the object of his search, pressing round me, baying deeply and harmlessly, as he always kept at a distance.

If the difference of development between human and canine internal

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this difference of function, what a gulf may there be between our powers of perceiving material emanations and those possessed by insects! If my anatomical hypothesis is correct, some insects have protruding nasal organs or out-thrust olfactory nerves as long as all the rest of their bodies. The power of movement of these in all directions affords the means of sensory communication over a corresponding range, instead of being limited merely to the direction of the nostril openings. In some insects, such as the plumed gnat, the antennæ do not appear to be thus movable, but this want of mobility is more than compensated by the multitude of branchings of these wonderful organs whereby they are simultaneously exposed in every direction. This structure is analogous to the fixed but multiplied eyes of insects, which, by seeing all round at once, compensate for the want of that mobility possessed by others that have but a single eyeball mounted on a flexible and mobile stalk; that of the spider, for example.

Such an extension of such a sensory function is

equivalent to living in another world of which we have no knowledge and can form no definite conception. We, by our senses of touch and vision, know the shapes and colors of objects, and by our very rudimentary olfactory organs form crude ideas of their chemistry or composition, through the medium of their material emanations; but the huge exaggeration of this power in the insect should supply him with instinctive perspective powers of chemical analysis, a direct acquaintance with the inner molecular constitution of matter far clearer and deeper than we are able to obtain by all the refinements of laboratory analyses or the hypothetical formulating of molecular mathematicians. Add this to the other world of sensations producible by the vibratory movements of matter lying between those perceptible by our organs of hearing and vision, then strain your imagination to its cracking point, and you will still fail to picture the wonderland in which the smallest of our fellow-creatures may be living, moving, and having their being.

"OUT OF HER SPHERE."

By A. B. HARRIS.

LOUIS MAINWARING was thirty-five, and unmarried—waiting, he said, until Providence should send him the one woman of all the world meant for him. Providence, he said, would take care of the matter. She was, or she was not, in existence; if she was, she would, in due time and order of events, come into his life without his seeking. If she was not, no seeking of his would change the result. He would wait, but wait believing—and till that age, he did.

Louis—he was my cousin, and I have a right to call him so—had in general very honorable ideas about women. He respected the sex, and he was a gentleman. He was not ashamed to be seen in company with his antiquated maiden aunt, no matter how out of keeping with modern style her dress might be: he would escort an Irish peanut vender across the street in an emergency as courteously as if she had been a duchess; and—proof positive of his manliness—he treated his sisters as tenderly and as deferentially as if he had been a lover instead of brother.

But—and there must always be flaws in character—he was intolerant toward any woman who was, as he was pleased to term it, "out of her sphere." That was rather before the days of so much asking for the ballot, and so much talk about "rights;" but a few women were already engaged in the practice of medicine, others aspiring to the ministry, and many seeking some kinds of work hitherto done by men.

He made nice distinctions. For instance, a woman might write for the public and might sing in public, but she must on no account speak, not though she had the tongue of angels. And never, never must she do such a barbarous, unnatural, monstrous thing as to be a physician.

This last was his special abhorrence: his pet detestation, almost the only one, in fact, that he was capable of, was for a woman who could so far set at naught the limitations which he thought should hedge her about. And he was shamefully unjust toward the only transgressor in this respect whom he had any particular knowledge of.

In our family we had a "female physician." That is, there were properly three families of us, very numerous in every branch, who were connected by blood or marriage, and made a chain of cousins, some of them merely nominal ones, reaching from Maine to California, and including two of the Middle and one of the Southern States. Lloyds, Mainwarings, and Kings enough to hold the country together; and the Christian names were so perpetuated that if any large number of us had ever met at any one time we should have been hopelessly mixed up. Mary was the favorite name among the female representatives of the several families. There were of the unmarried Marys something like a dozen, known in our verbal and epistolary communications in this way: as Mary D—, Mary B—, Herbert's Mary, Paul's Mary, Mary John, Blue-eyed Mary, Doctor Mary, and so on.

It was this last one who was Louis's cherished aversion, though he had never seen her or any picture of her, and knew nothing to her disadvantage; but, on the contrary, he had heard that she was a sweet-dispositioned and gentle-mannered girl, whose unusual skill in her profession had neither turned her head nor hardened her heart.

She was the daughter of a surgeon in the Regular Army, stationed from his entrance into the service on the Western frontier, or changed from post to post toward Central California. His wife had shared all the hardships of such a position, and his two children, Henry and Mary, twins, had been born in a fort, and trained up to a hardy, healthful, out-of-door life, educated by the mother, who was a lady of culture and refinement.

These parents, seeing such necessity for a knowledge of medicine and surgery, were pleased to have their son choose his father's profession; and when their daughter, from a longing to do good to suffering men and women, asked to study with him, she allowed it. She was more apt and quick than her brother, and her whole heart was in it; and so it came about that though she did not graduate, she was even more skillful; and though not so well-read, her swift intuitions did almost as much for her as books did for him. And she became so useful among the families of the soldiers and Indians, that even before the age of twenty she was known as "Dr. Mary."

She had never been East but once, and that

was in the absence of Louis at Montreal, where his business frequently called him. At that visit she charmed us all, and we told him so; but, notwithstanding our assertions to the contrary, he declared that she must be masculine, and anything but what he liked.

"A woman with theories," he said; "with a sphere. I know just her kind—harsh voice, aggressive manners, hair worn like a boy's, short dress—oh! don't tell me about her, or I shall hate her. I never want to see her. She is the one woman of all the world that I never intend to meet. If she comes here, I hope you will introduce her under some other name, for I don't want to be rude to her, and I can't tell but I might be——"

"What! you, Louis? Rude to a lady? I can't conceive of it."

"Well, give me notice when she is coming, and I'll leave, and not stay on the order of my going. I can take refuge in Montreal."

Now, when this conversation took place, we knew that she was on her way, having left Maryland, where she had been visiting another Mary King, only two days before. And she might be looked for by any train. So the two sisters of Louis, Jessie and Helen, who with him made up the Mainwaring family at the old place, were filled with consternation. But they were quick-witted girls, capable of a great deal of mischief, and if they could get the promise of silence from me, their cousin Kitty, a guest of the summer, they said they would mislead "dear old Louis."

"Now, Kit," said Jessie, "I've got a plan. Louis knows that we have been for a month expecting Mary King, of Maryland; and you and I and Helen know that she is not coming, after all. But Doctor Mary is, and I shall manage it so she will be Maryland Mary to him. Don't go to objecting. It is my house as much as anybody's; and I will not have my brother Louis turn a cold shoulder to dear darling Doctor Mary. She is a jewel. She is a diamond. 'Short hair, coarse voice, aggressive manners!' I guess so. Why, she is the consummate flower of all the Kings. She is everything that a lady should be. She is just high-toned—that is what she is. There! I am glad that Louis has gone down-town. If she comes on this train, it will be half an hour before he will know, for of course he will wait and get the mail. And 'I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.'"

She arrived by that train, and we all three rushed out on the lawn before the hack could drive up; and she was at once taken possession of by Jessie and escorted up to her room. The time for deliberation was short, and before I knew it I found myself conniving at what looked in some of its aspects like a falsehood. How the madcap Jessie managed with the guest I never knew; but I suspect she made her promise to help mystify her brother for just that day.

We were all out on the piazza, and Doctor Mary was just saying, in the most charming of voices, "How delicious your garden is, and how fragrant those roses are! Oh! see those heliotropes and those pansies!" just like a pleased child, in such a natural, sweet way, when Louis came up the steps.

Now, he had certain theories about the voice of woman, what it should and what it should not be, and this one had power to stir him at the first syllable it spoke.

"Oh, Louis, come here!" cried Jessie; "Cousin Mary King has come from Maryland."

All of which was true in one sense, except the cousinly part, there being really no relationship whatever.

Doctor Mary turned toward him, and what Louis thought of the face he saw could easily be guessed. It flashed upon me, then and there, as I saw the expression on his countenance,—and I could read him pretty well,—that Providence had sent him his fate, and that he was aware of the fact. He had always said that he should know her when she came,—the one ideal woman who filled the horizon of womanhood for him,—and he looked as if the recognition had been instantaneous.

Pretty soon Jessie put her arm in mine, and, leading me out of hearing of the others, begged me not to betray her. "You dear, precious Kit; now you will not."

Our evening passed off delightfully, and it was the afternoon of the second day, after twenty-four hours' acquaintance on the part of Louis, when that gentleman and myself happened to be standing together in the front parlor, waiting for the others who, at the far end of the long room, were getting ready to go with us for a walk. He was watching Dr. Mary as she was wrapping herself in a crimson shawl; and he was so absorbed, his whole admiring soul shone so in his face, that I became possessed to tease him.

"She is tall," I suggested, "rather tall," as if it might be an objection, as I knew what his ideal stature was.

"Tall!" repeated he. Nonsense; it is the way she carries her head. The right stature, I should say. I don't like little women. I have always wished my sisters were not so short."

"Your humble servant is unfortunately of just their height."

"Why, Kitty, are you short?" turning on me an amazed look. "Why, I beg your pardon. It never seemed so to me—before."

"Rather a severe style of dressing the hair," I was wicked and unladylike enough to say.

"Why, Kitty Lloyd, what can be the matter with you to-night? Her hair and head are perfect."

And he gazed at her as one hand and then the other went up and with deft touches here and there arranged her hair, after a woman's wont—a shining brown mass of braids at the back of a small, shapely head; of just the style he approved, as I also perfectly well knew, for had I not often heard him quote from Browning and others about "her little head"?

Jessie and Helen were both talking together and laughing at the same time, rippling over like two canary-birds, and she was gravely listening.

"What a gay time your sisters are having," said I; "I wonder what they can be chatting so about! Isn't it just delightful to hear them?"

Louis muttered *sotto voce*, "I don't fancy giggling women."

"Too bad for poor Jessie and Helen. We have always thought, poor girls! that their joyousness was the charm of this home."

"But, then," his eyes on Miss King, who had the sweetest way of listening, and really did not talk much in comparison with them, "one likes a kind of reserve about a woman."

I further teased him into giving a preference to a woman with steadfast eyes and of a complexion that was not of the pink and white fading kind. And I made him say, during this exasperating delay, that a dainty, tripping kind of gait was not to his taste; neither did he like what is called the "queenly style;" and all the time his eyes admired her so! And as she walked away with the girls on some improvised errand, he had something to say about "a light, elastic movement, as if at every step she almost rose in height," and that one could imagine Charlotte

Brontë's Shirley walking in that springy, proud way.

I don't know which was most outrageous: my daring these comments on our guest, or the pronounced opinions of the master of the house, which shut all three of us out, and set Mary King up on the pedestal of his undisguised admiration.

To sum up the whole matter, Louis Mainwaring, who had always been reticent about the style of woman he admired, though not about some types he did not, had already unintentionally made known to me that here was the perfect one to him. And here this middle-aged man, who had been sought in vain by ambitious mothers, and had the charm of marriageable daughters brought to bear upon him, all to no purpose, and who had armed himself and was mail-proof against all the matchmaking plans of friends, had surrendered on the spot.

It was a clear case of love at first sight. Like King Edward when he beheld the courtiers of Salisbury, my dear cousin was "struck with a sparkle of fine love," and, as in the case of the English monarch, it was so manifest that everybody could see it.

But what was it about Mary King to move him so? As if there was any need to give a reason! She was not much like any girl we knew. She would not have been called a beauty. There her chance was not half as good as that of the rosy, sparkling Helen, or the bright, radiant Jessie. She was a blue-eyed brunette, and the eyes were large, steadfast, and earnest, with dark lashes, and they had a wonderful expression of candor and sweetness. Her complexion was of that clearness without color which is not pale, but gives an idea of perfect health, and it was soft and lovely as a child's, and her mouth was mobile and sincere. There was something in that face which seemed to make it a type of sweet and pure maidenhood; and her figure, movements, voice, everything, were in accord. There were no artifices about her. She was simple, natural, easy, and ingenuous; and that was the charm. A few times in life one may be fortunate enough to meet such a woman, like Shakspeare's Miranda, perhaps; and now and then a man with qualities in kind. Dr. Henry was one of them; the brother and sister were much alike. To most observers, there would have seemed nothing striking about either of them.

The next day, and the next, and the next, we

had excursions; and there never could have been anything more satisfactory. Delicious days, a pleasant party, and our hero and heroine—for we began to look upon ourselves as parties to a plot, characters in a novel—becoming more and more absorbed in one another, for Mary King, who would have been stone not to have been conscious of the passion of Louis, could not hide her interest in him, when there came, without a word of warning, a crisis, but not such an one as the mischievous Jessie had looked for.

By that spitefulness of destiny which all at once changes the happiest conditions and makes everything go wrong, it came about that Louis was the author of his own disappointment and ignoble downfall. We were talking about the complicated connections of the Mainwaring, Lloyd, and King families; of the frequent occurrence of certain Christian names, and before any of us were quick to see that we were on dangerous ground, the Marys were mentioned, and Louis had said something about that "paragon of the masculine virtues," Dr. Mary, when the appalling stillness that fell upon the room caused him to stop in the middle of his sentence.

I never at all forgot the grieved surprise, the half-indignant, half-reproachful expression in the eyes of Mary King. She looked as if he had struck her, as if she had had a blow from the man she loved—for it was all clear in that moment what her feelings for Louis had been.

We got through that evening some way. Jessie had to submit to a private interview with her mystified and deeply-troubled brother. And afterward she and Mary King were known to be sitting with their arms round one another out on the piazza. All three, however, kept their own counsel. How much or what the two victims knew, neither Helen nor I could ever ascertain.

But it changed everything. Louis had learned who his guest really was. Mary had heard his opinion of herself. So much was clear. And now we were in the midst, not of a comedy of errors, but a tragedy of errors. Some one has said that "all mankind loves a lover," and we had experienced the happiest of day-dreams over this "course of true love" under our own eyes, when everything went suddenly into mystery and the most profound reticence, and there was no way out, and we had to own to ourselves that it was as well that Mary was soon going away.

On the second day after she was to leave us, we had planned another excursion, which was to be the culmination of our delightful picnics. And, of course, it was not to be given up now. The little episode of the evening was ignored also, of course. We all acted as if that fatal sentence had not been uttered—or we tried to. But we all knew that each of the others knew; and so we overdid our trying to act as if nothing had happened.

Fortunately there was to be a large party, which was a great relief. We were to rendezvous at a cottage on the shore of Chetucket Lake, and then go a part by row-boat and a part by land to the grove where the day was to be spent. By this arrangement our small company chanced, for a short time, to be left at the place of meeting; and Mary chose to pass it in tending an ailing child she found in the family living there. And if she had meant to drive Louis to desperation she could not have put herself in a position better calculated to do it. It was as if she meant to say, "See how sweet and tender, all womanly, I am!" and she made a picture as lovely as the Sistine Madonna.

That day her face and manner were a study. She was, at times, reserved, and then startlingly brilliant, possessed by contrarities, but not once did she show by word or look that she had any further acquaintance with Louis than with the other gentlemen of the party. As for that miserable cousin of mine, he was having his retribution for all the part heaped up, pressed down, and running over; and nobody could help him.

I wondered what was going to be the sequel of this—guiltily, too, as a participant. What kind of a figure would Louis make trying to apologize, where an apology was an insult?

"Oh, what a miserable piece of business!" whispered Jessie to me, as we happened to be together a moment. "I never was so wretched in my life. Louis is desperate, and Mary is half slain. They will bid each other 'Good-bye, forever,' to-night, and go opposite ways. And I know they were meant for one another. Oh, dear!"

Meanwhile, clouds had been gathering in the west, and the party collected the scattered things and prepared for the return. Our boat must be taken across to the cottage, and five could go in it; but the sky was so threatening that Jessie and Helen positively refused, preferring to walk round and join us later.

"Well!" said Louis, in a reckless kind of way, "is there anybody who will go in the boat? Who will risk her life with me?"

I held out my hand; and Miss King, looking as if she would, yet could not, hesitated, met the imploring gaze of Louis, then, without a word, tied down her hat, drew the crimson shawl around her, and allowed herself to be placed in the boat.

So we set out on our dangerous voyage, which we made with scarcely the exchange of a word. She looked awed, her eyes were full of a solemn light, and she was pale as death, but I knew it was not fear. It took the utmost strength of Louis to propel the boat, and for awhile she watched him in silence, then she said:

"I have often rowed. May I not help you?"

"Thank you. You are helping me now," very gratefully and humbly.

So she sat motionless awhile longer, and I could but own to myself that her sweetness, her patience, her presence of mind and tacit confidence in him were enough to nerve any man.

By and by she said, "I am stronger than you would think. I might save you a little," quite pathetically.

The slight plaintiveness and the pity in her face had nearly been our ruin, for Louis almost run the boat on a rock. Just then we spied a little cove where, under the shelter of some hemlocks, we thought we would remain in perfect security till the tempest was over. We were only in time to escape its fury, for almost in an instant the wind came sweeping down through the gorge in a perfect tornado, the lightnings fairly blazed around us, and peal after peal of thunder boomed over our heads and reverberated among the mountains in terrific echoes.

The faces of my companions grew deathly white, and Mary's eyes were dilated with terror. As for me, I could not endure to sit there quietly, and in spite of their protestations I sprang to the shore and sought the covert of some shrubbery till the volume had spent itself. I half forgot my companions in the awful rage of elements; but they came to seek me, and when I heard their voices Louis was saying something about her remembering that "you and I faced death together," and there was a low rejoinder about "not forgetting." And that was all. But they did not look like happy lovers. Rather as if an angel with a flaming sword had been putting them asunder,

and there their mutual story had come to an end. And Louis, my old confidant and dearest cousin, did not say anything to me for more than a year after about Mary King. What he then said must be given pretty much in his own words.

THERE is no need now to bring to any one's mind the events of the next spring,—the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-one,—the fall of Sumpter, the call for an army, the bloody march through Baltimore. I am not writing history, only of one of the vast multitude who offered their lives to their country.

Cousin Louis enlisted with the three years' men in — Regiment. His resolve was deliberate, but his final action sudden. The news of the attack on the Massachusetts Sixth hastened him off; and he had just time to arrange his affairs, take leave of his sisters, and ride over to bid me "Good-bye," and give me a packet, "which, if I fall, and I feel that I shall, you must give to Mary King;" and the dear fellow sent a verbal message of a few words to her. He had, meanwhile, met Dr. Henry, Mary's brother, and tried hard to secure him "for our regiment," said he, "but red tape prevailed, and has fastened on us a finical, ignorant, conceited old bachelor, Bogardus, by name; and King, who is worth twenty of him, goes in some general capacity, I believe. I hope I shall not lose sight of him, however."

And so, like so many others, Louis Mainwaring was off to the war. What happened to him, he told me in this way, for I may as well say at the outset that, contrary to his forebodings, he was not slain:

"The battle of Bull Run was fought. Its history is yet to be written. Mine begins with the night after, when I was carried or dragged to a place of safety by one John Grahame, a faithful soldier, who, meaning well, and thinking he was doing me good service, dug a rifle-ball out of my wrist with his rusty jack-knife.

"I had vowed that I would neither retreat nor surrender, and I fell twice wounded; this kind fellow saved me from being trampled to death, and somebody got me to the hospital. But of the how, or where, or circumstances, I happily knew nothing.

"After awhile I saw that it was morning, a clear, bright morning—the day after that awful, desecrated Sabbath, on which, while our mothers

and sisters were silently joining in the prayer for our army in many a New England church, we were fighting like demons and profaning the air with the murderous cannonade from a hundred belching, fiery mouths. No; I never can get over my horror of war, Kitty.

"I had lain in such a state of torpor as the grinding pain in my left shoulder would allow, but had finally become conscious of what was going on around me, when a pleasant voice, which seemed in some way familiar, said to Bogardus, whose presence I was aware of:

"'I have such a hurt in my hand that it is impossible for me to do it, but I think my sister would. She is thoroughly well-qualified. She is a self-possessed woman, and no over-nicety will keep her from doing what she can to relieve suffering.'

"Bogardus stammered, objected, delayed, and then consented. I suppose I hardly need tell you, Kitty, that after my faculties had groped doubtfully for awhile, I became possessed of the conviction that the first speaker was Henry King, a voice is so easily recognized. And it was no great surprise. In the army one ceased to be surprised at anything. The friend you thought a thousand miles away might be in the regiment over against you. During the hottest fire at Bull Run, in the front rank of the splendid New York Sixty-ninth, I met, just long enough to wring his hand, an old classmate whom I had last seen on board a United States vessel bound for Africa. So I cannot say that I was startled on opening my eyes to see King; and perhaps I ought not to have been, to know that his sister was there.

"At a beckoning gesture from him she came down the long alley-way between the cots, erect as ever, her slight, delicate shoulders carried in that proud way you know so well, the same springing step, so fresh, so pure-looking; in that place she was like a vision of the morning. She was long in coming, for, turning to the right and the left, she had a smile or a word for every poor fellow who lay, like me, begrimed with powder, dust-soiled, and stained with blood. Some were horribly mangled, but patient, bearing their agony like heroes.

"What a sight that room was! We got used to such things afterward. What a place for a woman! and several were there, volunteer nurses. But no one so fair as this one who was coming to

me with such looks of commiseration as she passed those dreadful lines of ghastly men. As she drew near, I hid my disfigured face in the pillow they had made of my blanket and overcoat. I knew by the faint movement of her garments when she was by my side. By the pity in her voice when she spoke, I felt that my case might be a hopeless one.

"They had previously laid bare my shoulder, and now Bogardus was telling her, in his inflated way and with ill-concealed contempt that a woman should be a surgeon, that it was useless to try to remove a ball bedded where that one was. *He* was not going to undertake it; it was 'no use.'

"'Poor fellow!' she said softly, and then, suddenly,—and I *felt* when her eyes first fell on my face, as her hand removed the rough woolen cloth,—in a tone whose anguish made my heart leap, 'Oh, Henry! Oh, it is Louis Mainwaring!'

"My eyes flew open.

"'Oh!' she cried, and a great sob seemed to shake her, and her hands instinctively clasped each other.

"Dr. Henry leaned forward and put out his hand. I attempted to extend my right, but it was stiff in bloody bandages. My left lay like a dead weight by my side. I had not a hand with which to grasp that of the brotherly friend who bent over me, to take in mine that of the woman I loved. Maimed, bruised, sore, and bleeding, weak and nerveless, it came over me that I was like a half-dead dog that had been thrown out to die, and in sheer prostration, Kitty, I burst into tears.

"'Courage!' whispered Mary, passing a soft palm across my forehead and putting back my hair. And then to Bogardus and Henry she said, 'Something must be done.'

"She drew a quick, half-shuddering breath, there was some talk between them, and then they prepared for the operation. I do not intend to give the details, and you would not care to hear them. It was one of the first cases of the kind given to a woman, but not the last, by any means. I like to believe that the steady nerves and tender manipulation of Mary saved me. I am not the man I used to be, Kitty. Be forbearing, and don't upbraid me with my part. I know better now.

"Well, they kept me up with brandy, and then I failed utterly as to sense, except the never-ceasing pain somewhere, and I half dreamed that in some shadowy way she now and then touched a soft

hand to my head and then went away, and I had not power to lift an eyelid or bid her stay.

"After a few days I came back slowly, as sick men do, to a vague consciousness of what was around me; of the room, which, to my perverted vision, stretched off like a rope-walk. Yet nothing was clear to me. Lying idly there, it seemed to me that the tragedy at Bull Run, that midnight before, that breaking up of the camp, that groping, stumbling march in the gray dampness of doleful hours before daybreak, that exhaustive and final charge of ours, and the sabre-thrusting and riding down of the enemy's devilish black cavalry, and then our shameful, disorderly retreat, were all mixed up like the horrible medley of dreams.

One scene after another would pass before my eyes, then all waver together in a horrible phantasmagoria, a too real repetition of such things as you can hardly conceive of, and from out this would shine sometimes, like the evening star, the pure face of Mary. So my distracted brain would grope blindly toward her, and, failing, sink again into nothingness; but it cleared at last, and I came back to a sense of everything.

"But to what did I awake? The battle—my last, whatever befell my country—had been fought, and all had lapsed, as old Bogardus said, into 'masterly inactivity.' Beyond this I could get no intelligence whatever. Daily papers were kept carefully out of sight. Nobody must tell news in our hospital. We were a lot of desperately wounded men who must be kept from excitement. All the slightly injured had been removed. We who remained were like wrecks cast upon the shore—wrecks of some great Armada which had gone sailing off to sea and left us. Left *us*? And who else, I wondered.

"I began to have power enough to think everything over. Oh! I thought when the times come round straight again, if please God they ever do, and men fall back into their old ways, and trade and business go on in their accustomed channels, and see great events come to stir the nation's heart, here and there and everywhere, the country over, how many men will be missing! It filled me with agony to think of this, I was so weak and unreconciled; I am afraid I lacked the right patriot stamp, but then, Kitty, I was so helpless and prostrated! And the questions recurred and vexed my soul, about the men who left the bench, the farm, the office, in great haste and returned no more.

"Where were some I loved? Where was Murray, who did guard duty with me one black night on the Potomac, when a far-off, solitary camp-fire was the only light on the earth or in the sky, and we beguiled the grim watch amid lurking dangers with tender thoughts about our homes? Missing! Where John Grahame, who hung over me like a brother, and dragged me away from that ravine full of dead? Killed; shot down in the retreat. Where Butler and Clifford, who had longed, in college dullness, for a life like that of the old Greek warriors, and wondered why they could not chance on times that would test the sinews of a man's soul, repining that their lot was cast in days of inertness, and thirsting to do deeds which should make their names immortal? Gone where the stainless Ellsworth and laureled Winthrop had led the way. Baptism of blood and fire! and so far what had it amounted to? All seemed lost, and I sickened over the sacrifice and the record I kept in my heart. I remembered too well some faces channeled by sabre cuts and crushed under iron hoofs. The war was new then, you know. We grew hardened pretty soon; and then we had not time to brood over the disgrace of that rabble retreat which worried me so.

"Perhaps you are wondering if every wounded soldier of the Union army felt like that. I hope, at least, his sense of shame was as keen; and God forbid that any ever forget the lives that were given up.

"You know, Kitty, how near my life came to going out. I do not wish to magnify the circumstances. I certainly cared but little about it then. If it was worth while to foster the flame of a lamp burning so dimly, somebody else must remind me of it. Dr. Henry and his sister seemed to think it was. He was like a brother to me, and she gave me more sparing but unutterably precious ministrations, and I instinctively clung to the world which held *her*. I could not bear that death should put me beyond knowledge of her. And if I ever had a Christian feeling of gratitude, it was that God had sent her to that place. I used to have my head slightly raised every morning when my wounds were dressed, that I might from afar off be able to see her as she went her rounds.

"There came a day which brought a new sensation. The surgeons were not done with me yet. My shoulder was doing well, but the wrist was in

a terrible condition. I was wakened by hearing that pompous functionary of ours, Bogardus, whom I so heartily detested, say, 'The hand must come off.' Poor John Grahame had not calculated upon the result of his kindness when he thought his jack-knife had saved the surgeons some trouble. Bogardus himself had attended to the dressing of my wound, and I am suspicious that it was through his mismanagement, in part, that I remained in such a low state, and possibly that the hand was sacrificed after this long time—himself performing the operation.

"The morning after, I received honorable mention for bravery, and became entitled to have 'Captain' prefixed to my name, and that was something.

"'Hail Columbia!' cried Dr. Henry, with honest tears of joy in his eyes as he told me.

"My hospital life was protracted, as you know, but how depressing it was you can never realize. The low, miserable kind of fever which takes all the heart out of a man was added to my calamities; and the monotonous days dragged on in a dreary routine of prostration of soul and body. Grim spirits assailed me, and every mistake and misunderstanding of my whole life came and tormented me. And, of course,—you have been guessing it all the time,—Mary King had a great deal to do with the misery of feeling I was experiencing. I suppose I went over in my mind a thousand times every incident and almost every word of our acquaintance, and fell back every time to the same despair. If she had ever cared for me, did she still? How could she? Was I of any more account, except for the circumstance of our family ties and those few weeks of intercourse, than any other poor fellow by whose side she lingered, an angel of consolation? There were splendid men lying there in that room. How could they help loving her? Could they help seeing her just as I did? I thought she must look as fair to all eyes as to mine.

"I used to watch her till it seemed to me that my eyes must have been full of unuttered questionings. Dr. Henry would look at me wonderingly. Many times a day he would come along and lay a pitying hand on my head. Bogardus said I ought to get along faster, and wondered what kept the fever hanging about me so, and finally gave me over wholly to the other's care. Dr. Henry regarded me a moment with tender

reproach, as he consented to take me in charge, and then asked, 'Will you really *try* to live, Mainwaring?'

" 'There is no rallying principle about me,' I said.

"He made another venture, and suggested that he was sure I had something on my mind that was fretting me, and if I felt like telling him——

"And in desperation I replied that I would tell his sister, and I thought a sudden revelation came to him then. He went for her.

"I imagined that she had grown a little shy of me lately, and that her eyes did not meet mine with their old frankness. Had I been less blind or more conceited, perhaps I should have augured well from this; but I thought that mine devoured her with such hunger for her love in their gaze, that she half feared me.

" 'You sent for me,' she said, waiting.

"I had not a word. A great sweep of resolve, determination, came over. I *would* live, and if any devotion could make it possible, I *would* win her. And she was waiting; her eyelids drooping, and her cheeks beginning to burn; and all I had to say at this supreme crisis of my fate was to ask her if she thought my life was worth saving, asking her pardon for my want of consideration in keeping her standing!

"She was dumb at my abruptness, and it did not make matters any better when I added, 'Henry thinks it is; do you?'

"She could not speak, and just then, happily for her, Bogardus came along; she gave me one look, and was gone. After that, she avoided me, but was obliged to keep up her habit of writing my letters for me, as she did for several of the men.

"One day I had an opportunity to see how unlike she was to some of the stylish ladies who came down to visit our hospital; womanly women no doubt they were, but they wore noisy little heels on their boots, which went mercilessly rapping along the walk, and their dresses rustled unpityingly. As for Mary, her foot was noiseless as the dew, and her garments never heralded her coming. Those ladies were wickedly dressy,

while she was in simple attire, becoming the place and the affliction which had befallen our country.

"I was proud of her, as if already she were mine, when to answer some questions from a magnificent dame whose husband was in authority she came down as I had seen her so many times, her bronze brown hair shining in the sunlight, and her step like an Arab girl's.

I got able to creep about the room, and with my one hand do some slight service for those who were worse off than I. I began to think it was time to leave the hospital and try and regain strength among my native hills.

My first attempt at tottering about much was on one fine morning in September. The air was chilly, but I meditated taking a turn out-of-doors, if no one forbade, and, moving along at a snail's pace, I had gained the door, and stood looking out, irresolute and shivering, when Mary observed me, and, taking down the identical crimson shawl which she had worn the first time I saw her, and which I had seen her wrap about herself on many a cool night when she was going from cot to cot, she came toward me. I was not looking, but I knew she drew near me, and I made such a mental comparison between her loveliness and my gaunt, spectral figure with the empty sleeve, that it made me turn cold and sick.

"She came up softly, as I staggered into the air without, and reached her dear arms up and placed the warm shawl about my neck. The blessed shawl which decided my fate.

● "Well, my cousin Kitty, I don't need to tell you any more. A woman will forgive much where she loves, even if he whom she honors with her choice is as imperfect as your old friend Louis, and a maimed wreck of himself at that. 'God bless her!'

All the Mainwarings, Lloyds, and Kings were delighted with this happy result. Long before the war was over, Mary saw clearly that Louis needed her more than the country did. And she has found her congenial sphere in being his happy wife.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MODERN GHOSTS.

BY E. P. B.

PART III.

TEMPERANCE orators inform us that it is the first taste of spirits which inevitably stimulate the appetite for more. So it was with the investigators whose experience in ghostly phenomena was narrated in a late number of the MONTHLY. Their curiosity was excited, but not fully gratified, and they wished to make a more thorough, and, if possible, a more satisfactory examination of the facts, or the delusions, as the case might be, of which they had seen enough to bewilder but not to convince. Some further experiments with such an object in view will be set forth in the following pages.

That which occurred, or, at least, seemed to occur, will be truthfully told, with no attempt to exaggerate or embellish, on the one hand, or deprecate on the other, the curious incidents which the reader may accept, reject, or, interpret as he pleases.

It came to the ears of the writer and his friend S—— that a distinguished artist in the new profession would exhibit his remarkable powers on a certain evening, at a certain place, in the great city. This gentleman—an Englishman, Eglinton, by name—was spending a few days only in this country. He had spent several months, we were told, with Zollner, a German scientific investigator, who has already published much upon the new subject, admitting many curious phenomena, but not admitting the correctness of the usual explanation.

At eight o'clock in the evening we entered the parlors of a private house, where Mr. Eglinton was domiciled with a friend. We found in the room perhaps twenty persons, gentlemen and ladies, all apparently intelligent and cultivated. Mr. Eglinton was a fine-looking, good-mannered young gentleman, perhaps thirty years of age, of a sanguine temperament, with red cheeks, handsome black eyes, and dark hair, which had possibly a slight inclination to curl, and was parted strictly in the median line.

We were seated around a table which seemed ordinarily to have been intended for dining purposes. On it were several blank cards, a book,

musical instruments,—a zither, a dulcimer, an accordion, and a music-box; also a paper cone rolled in the form of a speaking-trumpet. The artist Eglinton formed one of the circle. The lights of the chandelier above were burning. A blank card was first exhibited to show that there was no writing upon it, placed between the leaves of the book which was closed, so that no portion of the card was visible. The book was then placed upon the table beneath the hand of one of the gentlemen present. After a few minutes' patient waiting, the book was opened, the card examined, and no trace of writing was discovered upon it. The same experiment was repeated with another gentleman's hand, and with the same success.

Mr. Eglinton informed his audience that often writing could be found upon the card under similar circumstances. After the experience already narrated of the two investigators with another artist, they felt that the success of the experiment would have added nothing new to their experience, while its failure rather discountenanced the theory of trickery or legerdemain which could have been made uniformly successful.

But now the serious exercises of the evening were about to commence. A circle of hands placed upon the table was made, each hand of every individual being fully occupied with that of his neighbor. This union of hands was supposed to have a magnetic influence. It probably had a detective influence also, for the circle could not be broken without a conspiracy on the part of at least two individuals.

The lights were then extinguished, and the company were sitting in total darkness. Conversation was attempted, for our artist advised this rather than singing to encourage the phenomena. The subject of conversation was the persecution of certain of the profession, which had recently been occurring in England. Soon Mr. Eglinton, who was sitting next but one to the writer, commenced a series of deep sighs or inspirations, which could be heard but not watched in the darkness. Almost simultaneously the various musical instruments upon the table commenced to play with all the discord imaginable. Then the sounds of the

instruments floating over the heads and behind the backs of the auditors could be heard. They apparently flew about in close proximity to the heads of at least some of the bewildered company. The tumult increased, and danger of collisions seemed to be imminent. Some, who evidently were experienced, were kind enough to enjoin those who were only novices, not to jeer, for "the spirits never hurt any one." The music-box, which we were informed weighed twelve pounds, circled about in alarming proximity to invisible but highly material and sensitive craniums, at times dashing somewhat viciously upon the table, at others sailing far away from it behind the backs of the sitters. Once it required winding, and this manœuvre was executed, it was said, by the spirits themselves. The paper cone also brushed about, making its presence known by gently grazing some of the faces in its gyrations.

The writer felt, or imagined he felt, soft touches, as if a delicate brush of ostrich-feathers swept over his face, and gentle patting upon his head. Between him and the medium sat a gentleman who said that the present was his first experiment in the new field of inquiry. He had lately lost his wife, and whispers came to his ears. A card was pushed under the clasped fingers of the writer and himself. He in some way recognized and claimed it as intended for himself, and when it was afterward examined in the light, it proved to be one of the blank cards lying upon the table, and on it was written in pencil, "Anna." He said it was the name of his deceased wife. This name, and the words, "My dear husband," the writer and S—— distinctly heard whispered in the darkness. Before the lights were extinguished, the medium said to his neighbors on either side, "If I rise, please to stand up." The significance of the request was not fairly comprehended at the time by those addressed, but it was soon to be explained. After the concert just described had continued for a time, the sighing of the medium became more deep and prolonged, and an occasional "Oh!" as if he felt actual pain, would escape his lips. Suddenly, as if inspired by the flying musical instruments, he began to rise. He floated, or was drawn up into the air, if we can believe the accounts of those next him who held his hands, and the sense of sound, if not of sight, of all in the room. The sense of touch also seemed to verify the supposed fact, for an unmistakable leg

of some human being rested a moment upon the hands of S—— and the writer as they were clasped upon the table. The sensation produced gave the impression that the unknown leg was encased in a pair of rough tweed pantaloons. The legs of the medium were afterward discovered to be clothed with material of the kind felt. One of those holding his hands asserted that he himself rested with his knees upon the table while the medium floated far above, seemingly almost in contact with the high ceiling of the room.

The commotion subsided, the gas was turned on, and the medium was sitting in his chair with a dazed look and with his lately carefully-arranged hair in a now sadly disheveled condition. His pantaloons were carefully examined, and they evidently were of the material which had brushed over the writer's hand. It was asserted by one individual that his head had been in like manner swept by the coat-skirts of some flying human being whom he believed to be the medium. The ropes and pulleys, if any such existed, by which the medium and music-boxes had been supported and sent flying about the heads of auditors if not spectators, had suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace behind. Even the trap-doors and apertures in the ceiling of the private parlor in which we were sitting had been so nicely closed that not a line or a crack could be discerned in the plaster overhead.

Mr. Eglinton now withdrew from the table, sitting aside, while the circle again joined hands, this time, however, beneath rather than upon the table. Soon apparently electric lights began to float about over the table and approach one and another in the circle. Conversation commenced between certain members of the company and certain other objects who were not visible to the writer.

A voice came from the surface of the table. "Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Sullivan, are you here?"

"Yes, I am here. Is that you, Joey?"

"Yes, I am Joey," was the reply from the table surface, and a conversation was carried on between the two, the significance of which was not understood by all present.

"Now do stay here close by me," said a lady at one end to something which evidently she supposed to be near her.

S—— now complained that he saw nothing of those things which seemed so manifest to others

around him, and asked if some of the spirits would not be a little more impartial in the distribution of their attentions. A light came slowly floating up to where we were sitting. It was apparently an incandescent gaseous representation of the upper part of a human body. If there was a nether portion, it must have been below the surface of the table. It had its hands clasped about what seemed to be a Phœnician lamp, which lighted up its face and breast. As it came nearer to us, the light seemed to increase in brilliancy, and disclosed plainly the whiskered, corpse-like features of an Arab or Jewish countenance. When within two feet of our own faces a voice came forth from the apparition:

"Do you see me now?"

"Yes," we answered, "distinctly;" and if we were in our senses, and not the victim of a hallucination, we told the truth.

Let it not be supposed that the little episode in our favor took the attention of the whole company, for, like sociable little tea-drinking circles of the visible world, conversations, *tête-à-têtes*, were going on at the same moment between the living hosts and their incorporeal visitors in various other parts of the circle.

We had now imbibed so much of the supernatural, that the appetite for more had full possession of its victims. Under the guise of investigators still, we resolved again to gratify it. We were told by a believer who had been present at the Eglinton display that another artist in the city was offering an exhibition in comparison with which that which we had just witnessed was "nowhere." This artist was a lady, who, inasmuch as she advertises in public prints, will have no objection to the mention of her name, "Mrs. Elsie Crindle." Those who doubt our story must avail themselves of the information to visit and investigate and discover the deception for themselves.

Again we entered the neutral territory where are supposed to meet embassies from this and some neighboring sphere. It was a modest parlor in an unpretentious private house in a still more unpretentious part of the city. Mrs. Crindle was a pleasant-looking lady of perhaps forty-five. If she was an adept at deceit and lying, she did not so appear to us. She had rather the frank expression and manner of one who felt that her business was a legitimate one. We were introduced to her, cordially received, and, after a few minutes'

conversation, invited to view the portion of the parlor partitioned off by a screen, a space four or five feet deep and the width of the parlor. Not a window, not a door, not a crack in floor, wall, or ceiling, was visible—only a long tin trumpet standing in one corner. The screen, improvised of curtains and shawls, did not reach to the ceiling. There were openings or places for separating the folds. In front of the middle opening, but standing out in the parlor, was a table, with blank paper for writing upon it.

There was the usual assemblage of rather solemn-faced individuals whom we were becoming accustomed to meet, male and female, respectable and intelligent, perhaps twenty in all. One was a judge, as we afterward learned, of the Court of Common Pleas in the city; another a physician; his friend; another a lawyer of distinction; another an ardent spiritualistic lecturer, who gloried in the fact that he had been for forty years engaged in the good cause, as it seemed to him, and who had no doubt of its ultimate triumph. He was proving his sincerity by his work, which was the collection of funds for a home for decrepit, debilitated, and superannuated mediums.

The horse-shoe was formed, the light was somewhat dimmed, and Mrs. Crindle retired behind the scenes, taking her chair with her. Singing of songs, mostly of the prayer-meeting type, but occasionally verging upon the sentimental, such as "Home, Sweet Home," or "Auld Lang Syne," was commenced and continued at intervals through the evening. The audience were requested to join hands. In less time than it would be required by a modern belle to put the finishing-touches upon the roses on her cheeks the folds in the curtains were drawn aside by a pair of white hands, and a female figure attired in a white robe gently glided out into the room and glided back. Again it slipped out and back. Another came out, not as tall, with a veil thrown over its head, and disappeared. Another came, slipped about a few paces from the entrance, gave a girlish giggle, "He-he-he," and glided back. The space behind the curtains, which a few minutes before seemed so destitute of occupants, now seemed to furnish a throng of white-robed visitors. At times, during the evening, three or four would be visible at the same moment, children and old people, male and female. The trumpet was pushed out in the room from beneath the curtain and a hoarse voice re-

sounded through it. It was the voice of a "Mrs. Gruff," the spiritual escort of Mrs. Crindle, if we were to believe what we were told, and the said Gruff was master of ceremonies the evening through. A child's prattling voice was heard from within, and her discourse, pert and good-natured, formed a prominent feature of the evening's entertainment. She called herself "Effie," said she was six years old, and, like many other children, had much more to say than her older and perhaps wiser spiritual companions. She singled out different individuals by name, and interviewed them with all the pertinacity of a newspaper reporter.

"Mr. S——, Mr. S——," said she to that individual, "did some one tell you, as you were standing at the ferry, that the spirits here were all of the same size as the medium?"

S—— acknowledged the fact. A carping unbeliever, who had attended one of the circles, had made the impolite insinuation to S——, but how Effie had learned the circumstance he did not well understand.

"Can you not come out, Effie, and let us see you?" said S—— to the voice behind the curtains.

"I will try to. If Mr. Gruff will let me, I will come out later in the evening," said Effie.

Effie did not keep her promise, though some of the *habitués* of the place said she was out on some occasions half an hour at a time, making herself actually troublesome by her garrulousness. Once in the evening we saw, at the opening of the curtain, a child's form, with a face which should belong to a person at least thirty years of age, which was said to be Effie. The apparition was ghost-like enough, surely, and would have been singled out from a procession of Sunday-school children as a most remarkable face, to say the very least.

"Mr. S——, isn't that a doctor sitting by your side?"

Mr. S—— assented, but did not know how the invisible Effie had learned the fact.

"There are two doctors in the room," said Effie; and she was correct, as we afterward learned, though it is doubtful whether any one else could have then made the statement.

A rather imposing bald-headed individual, with a friend, had entered the room just before the performances commenced. They were unbeknown, apparently, to the rest of the audience. They had requested permission to examine the part of

the room which was to be hidden by curtains, and had done so evidently to their satisfaction, and had taken seats at the extremity of the arc of the semi-circle. Effie, however, did not permit them to remain in obscurity, but opened her batteries upon one of them.

"Judge ——, Judge ——!" she called, mentioning the name of a well-known judge of one of the courts in the city. "Are you not Judge ——?" said she.

Judge —— seemed at first to hesitate whether or not to undergo the impending cross-examination; but, with the remark that he supposed the proceeding session was a secret one, he admitted his identity.

"Judge ——," said Effie, "haven't you a wife in the spirit land?"

"I had a wife who is now in heaven, I hope," said the judge.

"She is here," said Effie, "and wishes to talk with you. Haven't you one of your wife's shawls put away?" Effie asked; "a black shawl?"

The judge assented.

"Well," said Effie, "your wife says you must look at it, the bugs are eating it all up."

The judge admitted the possibility that the moths might be invading the clothing which years before he had laid away in remembrance of his deceased wife.

Meanwhile, the apertures in the curtain, which seemed to be the gateways to and from another world, were opening, and disclosing apparitions, mostly of female figures in white, sometimes three or four at the same instant. They looked like the classical ghosts of the stage, it must be confessed, but if human figures arrayed in ghostly apparel, the mechanical execution of the panorama was most perfect in all its details.

One figure, with an exceedingly anxious expression upon its pallid face, appeared at the opening, looked earnestly around the circle as if hoping to find some one, fixed its gaze upon a sad-faced looking female in a drab dress, then pointed with its outstretched arm and index finger directly to the person apparently recognized, and said, in a hoarse whisper, "Jenny! Jenny!"

The sad-looking female was evidently distressed, acknowledged that her name was correctly given, and said she thought she recognized the apparition as the image of a deceased and once intimate friend.

Another figure, with a pleasant but ghost-like countenance and light-brown hair, attired in white, who certainly was not the medium, but who was immediately announced by those who had frequented the place as the "Angel of Mercy," appeared at the opening in the screen near which a table was standing. Upon the table was blank paper. She took the paper, using a pencil which was handed her by one of the spectators, and commenced writing. The sound of the pencil gliding over the page was plainly audible. She folded the paper and reached it out in the direction of the writer. Why he was so honored he knew not, but he modestly approached and took from the spiritual hand, if such it was, the communication. Weeks have rolled away, but the writing is now as distinct as if made but yesterday by the most material of chirographers. The following is a copy of the message received:

"DEAR FRIENDS: I am glad to see you this evening. God bless you all.

"ANGEL OF MERCY."

The angel disappeared, and the wondering audience who heard first before the pencil gliding over the paper, heard not a sound of the rustling robes nor of elaborate machinery nor of the falling trap-doors which seemed so essential to a trick of jugglery.

Apparitions in female attire and with feminine features had thus far favored the sight-seers. The gruff voice from within now announced that some gentleman spirits were anxious to appear, and in order that they should successfully do so a different arrangement in the circle would be necessary. The gentlemen in the flesh were requested to change seats with the ladies, and get as near as possible to the screen. This was done, and a corpse-like-looking whiskered object in white appeared at the opening.

He addressed the visitors in a language which no one present understood, the only intelligible word being "Hindustan." A residence in the world of spirits evidently had not given him a mastery of the English language, for after a vain effort to communicate in a tongue familiar to himself he withdrew in despair.

Unlike many of the ethereal visitors, he was not recognized by any of the audience. An old man—a very old man—with a chin which looked up and a nose which curled down over a mouth which needed a dentist's care appeared in view.

He looked as if he were not long for the world of which he might be the inhabitant. He retired without a word, evidently too infirm, if indeed in the flesh, to thread his way through intricate underground passages and concealed doors without stalwart material arms to guide and assist him.

Meanwhile, little Effie, who had once shown her thirty-years'-old face and her six-years'-old figure at one of the openings, had been prattling on every conceivable subject. She said that the medium was letting her head hang way over to one side.

"Sit up, medium," said the child; and it is presumed that the medium complied with the direction.

"There is a new spirit here who has never materialized before," said the gruff voice, not Effie's, from behind the curtain. "She is trying very hard to appear, but she does not seem to be able."

The audience waited expectantly and sympathizingly for the apparition.

"No, she cannot succeed, she has given it up," continued Mr. Gruff.

"Oh, poor spirit!" said little Effie. "How badly she feels! She has laid right down on the floor, and is almost ready to cry. Poor, poor spirit!"

It would seem that even the spirits have their failures and disappointments, as well as their more material brethren and sisters. It was now announced that a certain old lady who habitually attended the gatherings was about to appear, and wished the audience to sing her favorite air, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," etc. The tune was commenced, and a thin, cracked female voice from behind the screen joined with great gusto. It would have been tolerated, but not admired, by those in the material world who are not disposed to be critical. The singing form appeared in view, drawing aside the curtains with her own skinny hands. She had a benevolent old death-like countenance, which might well have belonged to a partner of the sorrows and joys of the very old gentleman spirit who had just disappeared. She was attired in white. She continued her song in front of her material audience, until suddenly she was gone, and at the same moment Mrs. Crindle was standing in her place in her dark dress with lace ruffles around the

throat, with frizzed hair upon her forehead, with a sleepy, dazed expression of countenance, and an unmistakably material form, which presented a decided contrast to the white-robed, gauzy, ethereal, spirituelle objects which had a few moments before been so conspicuous.

The *séance* was over. We entered the sacred precincts behind the curtain, saw the bare walls, the chair, and the tin trumpet, but nothing more. The robes of white, the flitting forms, the Saratoga trunks of paraphernalia which must have accompanied the ten or fifteen elaborately-dressed beings who had just before been crowded in the narrow limits, had all been noiselessly spirited away.

Mrs. Crindle inquired whether she herself had been visible through the chinks in the curtains,

in her trance condition. She seemed disappointed when informed that she had not, and said that she had often been in other *stances*.

We bade the modest and lady-like and prepossessing Mrs. Crindle "Good-night," thinking that if we had been witnessing feats of legerdemain throughout the evening the lady in question must be a most exquisitely skillful performer, and that any future Blitz or Heller may well look out for his laurels.

We crossed the threshold, which introduced us once more to the material world, entered a car, as we believed drawn by a pair of realistic horses, and soon became convinced that we were still in the flesh and rattling homeward over an unmistakable stone pavement.

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.¹

It is but the history of a plain man, whose appearance upon the world's stage has produced no epoch, that I am about to relate. I say a plain, unknown man, for the enterprise in which he participated failed, and placed him at the mercy of his judges. And there is scarcely one of my readers, I am free to say, who ever heard anything of the man; yet there may still be in his home many who recalled him, as in 1863 the newspapers contained the intelligence of his death:

"Died, on the 11th of May, on board the U. S. Corvette *Levant*, at 20° 11' S. 13° W., Philip Nolan."

And this man, Philip Nolan, was destined to play a part that falls to the lot of but few.

It was in the year 1806 that General Burr, Vice President of the United States under Jefferson (1801-1809), was accused of treason, and apprehended on the charge of plotting a conspiracy, whose object was the establishment of a Southern empire under his sovereignty. His plan seems to have been well arranged, and among his numerous followers one of the most active and adventurous was Lieutenant Nolan, of the army.

¹ The above article is furnished us by one of our contributors, who translated it from the German. Never having seen the article in print before in this country, he requests its publication, for the benefit of those of our readers who also may never have heard or known of the facts stated. The name of the author is not furnished.—Ed.

It was in Fort Massac that he first joined the enterprise, which, as often happens, miscarried through premature disclosure. In the expedition against New Orleans he was arrested with his chief and brought before the court-martial, which convened in Fort Adams. He was neither more nor less guilty than many others who had been equally dazzled by the seductive anticipations of Aaron Burr. An old adage runs, "Little thieves are hanged, great ones worshiped;" and this was verified in the present case. Burr himself, through want of evidence, was acquitted, and Nolan and others became the scapegoats. He stood before his judges to listen to his sentence, smarting under the treatment he received; and we would hardly have heard anything further of his future (as it was resolved unanimously to release him with a merely nominal penalty), had not his youthful indiscretion and wounded honor goaded him to a reply which made him what he afterward became—a man without a country. To the usual question of the presiding officer whether Nolan had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he arose, struck his clenched hand upon the table, and cried:

"The devil take the United States! May I never again hear anything of them!"

Every officer of the court had participated in the Revolution, and risked his life for the very

object which the prisoner now spurned. But Nolan was an untamed child of nature. Born on a plantation in Texas, where the best society he had in his most auspicious circumstances was a Spanish officer, or a trader from New Orleans, he had enjoyed no other training save the instruction which in one winter he received from an English schoolmaster. Besides, he had spent half his youth with his brother on the prairies, and made the back of a burro, with lasso in his hand hunting wild buffaloes, his home; so that he knew little about the United States. Later, to be sure, the Union gave him the uniform which he wore, and the sword with which he had sworn to defend his country. But, on the other hand, the Government attempted to punish in him the transgression of another, and although he himself could not fully justify his own conduct, yet we cannot, ought not, judge him too harshly.

After this vehemence of Nolan, which produced inexpressible indignation, the court withdrew, only to return after the lapse of fifteen minutes, with the finding that Philip Nolan is guilty of treason, and sentenced never again to hear anything of the United States.

Nolan laughed; but on the pale faces around him no mirth was visible. The punishment seemed mild enough—merely his own wish was to be gratified. And it was.

From the 23d of September, 1807, to his dying day, in 1863, he never again heard the name of his native land; and for fifty-six years he was a man without a country. President Jefferson confirmed the sentence, of which Nolan received a transcript.

At the burning of the Capitol at Washington, afterward, all the papers relating to this trial were consumed, and when, in 1817, Captain Watson reported concerning Nolan to the department at Washington, Nolan was entirely ignored, whether deservedly or not may be questioned; but the fact remains that after this time no naval officer ever mentioned him in his report. Lieutenant Mitchell, of the *Nautilus*, into whose charge the prisoner was first given, received the following written instructions:

"The person of Philip Nolan, former lieutenant in the army, will be delivered to you by Lieutenant Neall. In the investigation before the court-martial, he expressed, with an oath, the wish never again to hear anything about the United States,

and his sentence aims at the fulfillment of that wish. You will take the prisoner on board your vessel, and use every precaution to prevent his escape. You will give him the attention, care, and clothing which befits his former rank. The officers on board will agree concerning his society; he shall always be approached with respect, and is never to be reminded that he is a prisoner. But under no consideration shall he be permitted to hear or see anything of his country that may remind him of it; and you will take strict care that no officer under your command shall, in the abandon of passing intercourse, neglect this regulation, in which the prisoner's penalty consists. It is further the will of the Government that he never again see the country which he has renounced. On the expiration of your orders, you will receive further instructions necessary to the carrying out of this resolution.

"(Signed) THE SECRETARY OF WAR."

From the *Nautilus*, Nolan was transferred to a ship going on a long cruise, whose commander, Shaw, ordained the following etiquette and the accessory precautions, which were adopted by all the wardens of Nolan, and handed over from one to the other.

Captain Shaw allowed him unlimited intercourse with the officers on board, but with the crew only in the presence of a detailed officer. Notwithstanding all this, Nolan became timid and reserved, as any one will who feels that he is merely endured through necessity.

As his presence precluded all conversation on home topics, of war and peace, of political and family concerns,—subjects that form the staple of mariners' converse on the ocean,—no class would have him continually with them; and since it would have been too hard to exclude him altogether, a merely formal system was adopted.

On Mondays the captain invited him to dinner, and on other days he was the guest of different coteries, while his remaining meals were taken in his cabin, whenever the watch was set. The crew also invited him to their simple amusements, as it appeared afterward largely because they honestly pitied the "cloth button," as they named him, from the buttons on his uniform.

In all his voyages he was never allowed to go ashore; every newspaper or book which was given him was examined beforehand, and even the most innocent allusions to an American house were

excerpted. It therefore frequently happened that in the midst of Napoleon's battles and Canning's speeches he found a rather provoking gap.

When Captain Shaw was ordered home, he took a run to Cape Town, and, after many days' waiting, signaled the outward-bound Warren. Up to this time, Nolan had regarded his imprisonment as merely a farce, and manifested much satisfaction at the sea voyage. He was therefore not a little amazed as he received orders to prepare himself for disembarkation for his second voyage, with Captain Philipps, to the Mediterranean. This officer relates that after Nolan again came out of his cabin he could not believe he saw the same person. The unfortunate man had realized now that he had no longer a home; not even one to suffer imprisonment in.

This was but the beginning of twenty re-embarkations which yet remained for him to have his wish fulfilled; and his lot was far more terrible than that of those rebels who since then resisted their country with arms, who, though excluded from the general amnesty, are nevertheless living in other countries where they can share to some extent in the interests of their home.

His exemplary behavior during his journeys has shown satisfactorily that he repented of his folly, and manfully surrendered himself to his fate. He never intentionally aggravated the hard and painful situation of those whose duty it was to watch him. Opportunities to this were not to be avoided, but they were never provoked by him. Of the multitudinous incidents which occurred to remind him most painfully of his despised home, I shall mention but three, to show how deeply he felt his loss.

During Nolan's confinement on the Brandywine, one of the officers borrowed from a comrade in Alexandria a whole chestful of books, at that time regarded a special providence. Nolan also was invited to join the circle which, on a beautiful August afternoon, had raised a tent upon the rear deck. It was decided that, to make the time pass more profitably, each should read in turns; and in time his turn came. The newly-issued volume of Walter Scott's, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," was chosen, and every one became enthusiastic over it. With a deep pathos Nolan began the sixth canto without any presentiment of the consequences.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

During these words, a painful awkwardness crept over the assembled officers. Nolan grew pale, but, with a resolution born of a better hope, he continued:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go; mark him well;"

But now his resolute will was sorely tried; he could not collect himself sufficiently to omit the passage; he blushed, and, in his confusion, stammered on:

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall for——"

He sprang up convulsively, like a shot deer. Tears streamed from his eyes. With a start he flung the book into the sea, and hurried to his cabin. "For two whole months," said one of his old companions, "we did not see Nolan among us again."

Not long thereafter, during the war with Great Britain, Nolan's ship was attacked by a hostile frigate. A ball entered the port-hole of the American vessel, and killed the officer of the deck, besides several others. In the midst of the confusion, as a *deus ex machina*, appeared Nolan, took the command, ordered the wounded away, loaded the cannon with his own hands, aimed it, and had it fired. And thus he remained in charge of the cannon, calm and courageous, cool, collected, encouraging his sailors, and firing twice as often as the rest, until the proud Englander struck her colors, and surrendered to the American commander. Then rose the cry:

"Nolan! Where is Nolan? The captain calls for him."

Nolan came.

"Sir," said the captain, addressing him, "to-day you have been one of the bravest on the ship, and I shall name you in my dispatches. With this I show you my gratitude," he added, as he handed him his own sabre; "who owes you more than I, will himself reward you." He could not, dared not, say your country.

This was the brightest day in the exile's life; and on every festive occasion he carried the well-merited decoration. The commander sought a pardon for Nolan, but he never received a reply. The whole business began to be ignored at Washington, and Nolan's condition remained the same, because no orders were issued thence.

Apart from his books, and the occasional intercourse with the officers, there was nothing to help him pass his time. But he used his books well, as well as he could, and among his papers there were found, after his death, many tokens of his diligence in numerous compilations of merit and value in natural history. He had learned the language of nearly every country he visited, and was of great service as interpreter.

It was a matter of this sort that on one occasion well-nigh broke his heart. His vessel had, on the northwest coast of Africa, fallen in with and captured a slave-trader; and the commander was in great straits how to bring to order the riotous negroes, so that he might return them to their country.

There was no other who could speak a word of Portuguese, which one of the negroes had learned from Fernando Ko. Nolan went into their midst, told them what their fate was to be, thereby hoping to quell the disturbance. The sweat rolled from his forehead, as he stood surrounded by four hundred negroes, one of whom told him of his wife, another of his child, and a third of his parents and home. His own voice was drowned in the uproar, and it was with the utmost difficulty, and only by complying with their demands, that he became master of the situation. But as the enthusiastic multitude pressed upon him, kissed and embraced him, nearly crushing him in their transports of joy, his consciousness forsook him, and he had to be carried in a boat to the ship. Here he soon recovered, and as he sat aside a young lieutenant on the rear deck, his long-suppressed emotion broke forth, and his full heart gushed out in all its accumulated force.

"Young man," he said to his companion, with whom in later years he made other voyages, "from this you may learn what it is to be without family, without home, and without country. Should you ever so far forget yourself as to do or say anything that might raise a barrier between yourself and these treasures, pray God that in his mercy he may take you to himself. Bind yourself

to your family, forget self, and do all for them. Speak of them, write to them, think of them. The farther you journey, the more fondly should you cling to them, as yonder miserable slaves. And your country, your home, the old flag there—young man, think of nothing but to serve them, even though such service should lead to death itself. Allow no evening to pass in which you do not pray God to bless the flag; and whatever betide you, whoever flatters you, think of no other! Behind every man with whom you have to do stands your country; to it you belong as to your own mother. Shame and dishonor to him who forsakes his mother! Would to God!" he sobbed in anguish, "that some one had spoken thus to me in my youth."

After this there were frequent attempts made to procure deliverance for the homeless wanderer, but no one in Washington believed in the existence of such a man. Nor is this the first instance in which a department pretended not to know anything. For the officers of the navy the whole matter was a very delicate one, and we must admit it to be proof of the honorable *esprit du corps* of the navy that the secret was not allowed to come to light until after Nolan's death, having been sacredly and successfully kept even from the enterprising press of the Union.

In Nolan's fate, as in the case of so many others, where one is thrown upon self-government, was illustrated the principle, Success is everywhere successful; failure is always the signal for abandonment. The order to carry Nolan from one place to another was made; no recall was ever had—the officer must obey the law, and however gladly any one would have connived at the escape of poor Nolan (and was he not a poor, pitiable man indeed?), he could have done it only at the peril of his own position; and dismissal from service is not an honor coveted by any officer.

On his death-bed, having reached his eightieth year, he requested the favor of hearing something of America, and for the first time in the long period of fifty-six years did one of the friendly officers give him a true sketch of his native country, what it had become, how it prospered, what a prominence it had won, what significance it had for the present, and what bright prospects it enjoyed for the future. With a smile of happy contentment he listened, and saw the mighty structure unfold before him. One thing only his friend

could not prevail upon himself to mention—Nolan must not learn of the civil war. As he became weaker, he requested his attendant to take the prayer-book by his side and read the marked pages. It ran: "For our own selves and in the name of our entire country, we thank thee, Lord, that thou, in spite of our many transgressions, hast been gracious unto us. Bless and keep thy faithful servants, the President of the United States, and all to whom is entrusted a public office." Then he fell gently asleep, in peace with himself and the world.

In his Bible was found a book-mark with the request: "Bury me in the ocean; she has become my home, and I have learned to love her. Should the Government, which has punished me so sorely, have sufficient regard for me, let there be erected in Fort Adams a memorial with the inscription:

"In Memoriam
PHILIP NOLAN
 LIEUTENANT U S A
 REQUIESCAT IN PACE"

MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

'Twas two-and-seventy years ago,
 When "Farmer George" was king,
 And all his land a raree-show,
 With blossom of the spring—
 The time when lovers courting go,
 And little birds do sing.

They say that folks are wiser now,
 And life has grown completer;
 The old days were as sweet, I trow,
 Perchance a little sweeter,
 The birds upon the cherry bough
 Have never changed their metre.

As eager were the hopes of men,
 Their joys, alas! as fleeting,
 And lovers' vows as potent then
 To set girls' hearts a-beating,
 As tender was the spring-time, when
 The new-born lambs were bleating.

Some things, thank God, are lingering yet,
 And never out of fashion,
 The laws of stately etiquette
 Have spared the tender passion,
 And sometimes human eyes are wet
 With tears of soft compassion.

So down Time's vista, faint and far,
 Two lovers we descry,
 Apart they stand, some sudden jar
 Disturbs their harmony;
 A cloud hath passed o'er Love's sweet star,
 And darkened all the sky.

The youth he watched his true love's face
 With angry, scornful glance;
 "Adieu," he cried, "disdainful Grace,
 I sail to-night for France;
 Some happier man may have my place,
 And please you more perchance."

"Adieu, sir!" said the haughty maid,
 "Your fancy chimes with mine;
 I pray that when the anchor's weighed
 The weather may be fine;
 Too long methinks you have delayed,
 To taste the claret wine!"

And so they part, these silly souls,
 With bitter words and sore,
 And Time's vast ocean moaning rolls

Betwixt them evermore,
 And they must starve on niggard doles,
 Who feasted heretofore.

Awhile she said, "He loves me well,
 I'll die, but never doubt him,
 To-morrow he will break the spell;
 He knows I could not flout him;"
 Then blank, eternal silence fell,
 She sighed—and lived without him.

The days passed slowly into years,
 The bloom of youth departed,
 No eye beheld her secret tears,
 Or saw the wound that smarted,
 Hers was the patient love that cheers
 The sad and broken-hearted.

When fifty years had slipped away,
 Life's pains no more beset her:
 This woman, faded, old, and gray,
 Waits for the Life that's better,
 Her maid trips in with silver tray:
 "Madam, a foreign letter!"

She took it with a wondering smile
 Into her wrinkled hand,
 She gazed at it a little while,
 She could not understand;
 'Twas folded in an ancient style,
 The ink was pale and tanned.

What ghost arises from the Past
 To scare that faithful breast?
 A dead man's message come at last,
 By cruel Fate suppressed—
 "Dear God!" she cried, while tears fell fast,
 "I'm ready for my rest."

"Oh, love, forgive!" the letter said,
 "I cannot leave you so;
 Write but a word, ere fate be sped,
 Whether you will or no."
 And then the date the woman read,
 'Twas fifty years ago!

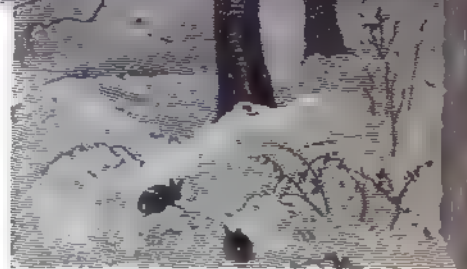
She threw the casement open wide,
 This lady most forlorn,
 A robin whistled sweet outside,
 Upon a leafless thorn,
 And he sang of Love that had never died,
 And the Resurrection morn.

C. B.



THE WOODLAND GLEN.

DEEP in a wood -I love the spot'
 'Tis fairest far in Spring,
 When sweet, from every bowery plot,
 The golden finches sing
 'Tis lovely in the Summer time,
 Thick set in deepest shade,



When the year is in its golden prime,
 And verdure crowns the glade.

In Autumn, too, it is a place
 Of glory and of gloom;
 And there, the last of all its race,
 The violet fin is a tomb.

In clurlish Winter's cheerless days,
 Chill seems the lonely glen,
 And yet, withal, it hath a grace
 That lingers even then. S. G. GREEN.



UNDER THE SNOW.

BY A. L. BASSETT.

SHE raised her large, dark eyes wistfully to the brightly illuminated window, and murmured to herself, "He is so good! I've read of his noble charities in the papers, I've looked into his beautiful face again and again as I've passed him on the street, and have seen goodness written there. Yes, I *will* make one effort to save them! He has not left his office yet; I'll go in, and even beg to save them from death."

She drew her black veil closely over her face, ran up the steps, and knocked lightly at the door.

"Come in!" was spoken in such a harsh voice that the girl hesitated for an instant, then slowly turned the knob and entered the luxuriously-furnished office. Mr. Howard raised his handsome face from the papers he was hastily arranging, and looked with surprise and evident displeasure at the shabby dress of the intruder. It was late, and bitter cold; the snow was falling fast, and his carriage was even now waiting to take him to the grand dinner prepared for the newly-elected governor, and he was in no mood to attend to a poor client. Such a poverty-stricken creature had never entered his office before, he thought. The lines around his mouth deepened, and the finely-curved lips were hardly compressed as he asked curtly:

"Please state as briefly as possible what you wish with me. Office hours are over."

He had not even asked her to be seated, yet she could not lose faith at once in the man who for years had been her hero, her ideal of all that was good and noble. She had seen his picture in the illustrated papers as the preserver of a child he had rescued from a burning house. His name headed every list of public charities, and so she only whispered to herself, "Ah, he thinks I've come to worry him about some law-suit, and he is too tired with his day's work to care to attend to business now; his face will grow soft and tender when I tell my story."

And so she told it, simply and trustfully. Her brother and his only child were ill with pneumonia, and the little hovel in which they lived was almost buried in the snow, which drifted in at every crack. The doctor said both might be saved if the room in which they laid were made

tight and warm, and proper food and medicine were provided for them. She had worked hard, but could only manage to keep them from being put out into the street by their hard landlord. Would he help them?

Mr. Howard had gone on arranging his papers while she spoke—private charities were not in his line, and he had not interrupted her merely because her voice was musical and her story brief.

"I never give to street beggars; it's against my principles. I've heard thousands of tales like yours, and know how much to believe of them. I'll give you ten cents to leave the office." And he threw a dime on the floor at her feet, and began putting on his fur overcoat.

He had buttoned his coat and drawn his seal-skin cap down on his broad white forehead, around which clustered such beautiful, wavy dark hair, and yet she had not moved nor stooped to pick up the little silver coin at her feet. She could not believe that she had heard aright. She stood like one stunned by a blow.

"Well, aren't you going? I'm tired of waiting for you." And he began turning off the gas.

As the room darkened, the girl seemed to awaken to a sense of what she had asked, and the manner in which she had been refused. Her cheeks crimsoned, and her eyes flashed indignantly as she threw back the shrouding black veil and spoke hurriedly:

"I've done what I never did before. I would *die* before I would beg for myself! But it was my last hope of saving those dearer to me than myself. I never dreamed *you* could refuse any one a paltry sum of your boundless wealth. I was mistaken; that is all. Buried beneath this cruel snow, which is killing my brother and his child, you might have found a treasure which would have been yours when all of your earthly riches have perished, as perish they must, sooner or later. You have refused to 'heal the sick,' to 'feed the hungry.' Alas! I fear the poverty of your last moments will reproach you for your hard heart. You have lost the treasure our Father would have given you as your reward for obedience to his command."

Her voice sounded like a silver bell, and its echo seemed to reverberate again and again through the room as she vanished in the darkness of the wintry storm. She had spoken and was gone. The dime still gleamed on the floor, for when she threw back her veil Mr. Howard had unconsciously raised the gas to its fullest height, and its light fell on the coin she had spurned. The hard lines had grown soft around his mouth, and the handsome face was in reality beautiful now, for only wonder and regret were written there—wonder at the marvelous loveliness of the woman he had called a beggar, and regret that she was gone.

"I've been a fool; it was Venus herself in the guise of a beggar. I might have known from her voice—from the way in which she told her story—that she was some fallen princess, some broken merchant's daughter, no doubt. My! how she talked about treasures to be found in the snow. Bah! 'tis too cold to look for one to-night."

The carriage in waiting soon bore him to the governor's dinner, where all seemed to delight in doing him honor. There were fathers there who sought him for a son-in-law, mothers who courted him for their daughters, and maidens who smiled upon him sweetly, realizing as well as their parents how desirable it was to make an impression upon the millionaire. But he was colder and more reserved than ever, and evidently cared even less than usual for honeyed words. He looked absent and troubled; he was haunted by that vision of a perfect Grecian face shaded by golden hair, of luminous dark eyes half-filled with tears, of coral lips, and a silvery voice soft and pathetic even while uttering reproachful words. "A treasure buried under the snow"—what made those words keep sounding in his ears? He heard them as he fell asleep that night; they echoed through his dreams, and startled him as he awoke in the morning.

* * * * *

"You've come at last, Aline," said a manly voice to the last passenger who left the Jersey City ferry-boat. "Let me have your bundle." And without waiting for a reply he took the parcel of work from the girl's cold hands, drew her arm through his own, and led her homeward.

Aline had not answered; her veil hid her colorless face, upon which wretchedness was so vividly depicted the most careless observer would have

noticed it. Her dream was broken, her ideal shattered and become only dust, common dust. The hero of whom she had read, whose office she had passed day by day as she went for her work to the city, whose handsome face she had gazed upon with such delight, he had insulted her and driven her from his presence. Her brother and his child must die; she could not beg for them again. Edward Howard had refused to help them, and no one else would, she was sure. She did not hear half that her companion said, and only spoke when she entered the door of her own home. "Father is not here"—The smile forced to her blue lips faded quickly, and with a sigh she threw aside shawl and bonnet and bent shivering over a few coals in the tiny grate, while her tangled mass of golden curls clung caressingly to her marble cheeks and veiled her exquisite figure.

"Aline, darling, I've come for my answer. Oh, let me take you away at once from this poverty and misery. Poverty is so hard for you who have known wealth. I, like you, have gentle blood, but with me there has been a hard fight to gain even honest independence; that I have won, and I long to have you share with me my home comforts. Won't you say yes, darling?"

The girl shuddered, and shook her head.

"I can't trust you."

"Can't trust me? What do you mean?"

"I used to think I might—I used to think there were a few noble, whole-souled men in the world, and that you were one of them. I don't believe in any one now; you men are all alike." She spoke bitterly; for a moment the music was all gone from her voice, and charity from her heart.

"Oh, Aline, you don't mean what you say! Yesterday you allowed me to hope—to-day you cruelly refuse my love. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall never marry. I had fancied I might learn to love you, because my father so earnestly desired it; but I can't. I'll work for him gladly, but I cannot marry to please him; it would be wicked. I've done all I could for my loved ones, but have failed in every effort to serve them. Nothing is left for me but submission to the will of Providence. I must be contented with my lot, whatever it may be. Good-bye, Harry. You've been very kind to us; be kind to father still, but visit him when I'm away. This must be our last interview until you've learned to love some one else."

The soft light had returned to her eyes, but the tone of her voice was firm and commanding; Harry Seymore knew there was no appeal from her decision, no hope of her ever changing when she had once made up her mind. A tear glistened in his eye as he took her small, soft hand in both of his, kissed it tenderly, and, without trusting himself to speak, went out into the darkness of the narrow street.

Aline Clifford was left alone in the cheerless room with her gloomy thoughts. Life for her had been a series of disappointments. Two years ago she had been called one of the "queens of society;" now she was a poor sewing-girl—a beggar; trials had come, "not in single file, but in battalions," yet she had met them bravely, until to-night's "broken dream" had come to blight her last hope,—her glorious ideal of manly goodness and virtue. For while she sat like one in deepest woe, gazing into the dying embers, then drawing her hand across her brows, as if to smooth away the shadow of a frown, she sighed deeply, took up her bundle of work, and sat down to the sewing-machine, which had to hum an hour longer than usual that freezing night, because of her reverie. Poor child! she had passed unharmed through society, caring nothing for the fickle lovers who had beset her path while it was brightened by her father's gold, and deserted her the moment that was gone; neither had Harry been able to touch her heart, though so tenderly attached to her for many years. No, she had never loved, but her fancy had been attracted, her sentiments impressed, by Edward Howard's story and handsome face, and unconsciously she had adopted him as her ideal of noble manhood, and felt that he who should win her must bewitch her imagination as Mr. Howard had done. Alas! she had been rudely awakened from her dream, and her faith in man's goodness was crushed forever.

* * * * *

Edward Howard had never been able to forget the bewildering vision of beauty which had seemed to glorify his office that dismal December night. He was not fond of society, but he had sought it to banish from his memory a face and words that haunted him, and like a nightmare troubled him, waking or sleeping. He was pursued by the fancy that he might have found a treasure in such a woman's love, and dreaded lest her prediction should be verified, and his last moments be spent

in the poverty of a grand home destitute of everything like true, disinterested affection. At the end of six months he found himself deeply infatuated with a picture he had painted for himself—the picture of a fair woman sought out by a rich man in the disguise of a poor, hard-working clerk; of his winning her love thus, and then carrying her home to reign like a queen over his grand household, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth and affection could lay at her feet. It was a sweet picture of domestic bliss he drew for himself; and he, who had never failed in anything he had ever undertaken, determined to make it a blessed reality. He sent for the best detectives in the city, described the beautiful girl he sought to make his wife, and promised an immense reward to any one who would inform him where she lived.

December had come again, but Edward Howard had never seen Aline. The police had carried him to many wretched hovels in the great city, and he had seen numberless pretty women with fair hair and dark eyes, but never one like her of whom he dreamed. Aline had obtained work in Jersey City, and rarely ventured to New York. Her brother and his child were dead, and a new suit of mourning had taken the place of the shabby old dress and veil; for no one was left to work for now but her father and herself. Harry often followed her, without her being conscious of it, when she was forced to go to New York; but she still forbade his visiting her, because every word and look betrayed his love for her—his ever-increasing love.

It was a bleak, snowy evening when she left the dress-maker's after delivering her work, and hurried toward the ferry. She was just in time to reach the boat before it started for New York, and sank down wearily on the last unoccupied seat. There she sat with drooping head and shivering limbs until the passengers all left the steamer on the other side of the river. Then, as if just waking from a reverie, she rose hastily and gained a place in the street-car before it started. She had just heard at her employers' of the illness of one of the sewing-girls to whom she had become warmly attached, and was now on her way to visit her, to offer her her own week's wages, because she knew how poor her parents were, and how impossible it would be for them to take care of her without some help from their friends.

It is already seven o'clock. Aline has left the ill girl smiling through her tears as she looks at the bank-notes on her bed which will provide food, physician, and medicine for her, and walks rapidly in the direction of the cars. There is a certain street, a certain office she has avoided all the past year; but to-night, the anniversary of her "begging expedition," as she always calls it, when bitterly recalling the disappointment Edward Howard had caused her, she must go that way or be very late in reaching the ferry. And so she drags her tired limbs slowly down the pavement she had once walked with so much pleasure every day, because of the handsome face of a generous man who often stood at his door or window as she went by, and upon whom she gazed with delight, rejoicing at the thought of such goodness in this dreary world.

"How fair and soft and white the snow is as it comes down! How soon it is black and dismal as it is trampled under foot! I'm so weary! This lovely snow, which seems to pile itself up around my feet, would make a comfortable resting-place for me. I'm very cold; but I don't seem to feel it now. I'm so sleepy. Oh, for rest, rest!"

She moves on through the blinding snow until she comes in front of Edward Howard's office. There the pavement has been swept, and there is ice on the bricks. Aline raises her head and looks in through the uncurtained window. There he sits idle and listless by his table, with a careworn look on his face. She has not time to wonder at it, for her foot slips—she falls on the curb-stone and lies still and motionless, while the rising wind throws the drifting snow like a shroud around her.

It has grown late, and the policeman on his beat wonders why Mr. Howard sits still at his table with his arms folded, for it is eleven o'clock and after. Tempted by curiosity, he steps backward to get a better view of the office. He steps

as Aline had done, and falls into the snow-drift. His ankle is sprained, and, unable to rise without assistance, he calls loudly for help.

Edward Howard had been dreaming all the evening of Aline, whom he had seen just one year ago, whom he should never see again, he now fancies, for his efforts to find her have been in vain, when he hears the cry for help. Once he might not have heeded it, but he has had a lesson he cannot forget. He springs to his feet, and is soon by the man's side.

"Mr. Howard, there's a woman in the snow here. There's part of a dress uncovered by my fall."

Dashing the snow away from the spot from whence he had borne the policeman, Edward Howard gave a cry of agony as he saw the unveiled face of Aline Clifford, white and colorless as marble, but peaceful and sweet beyond expression. She had found rest!

It was in vain Mr. Howard summoned the neighboring physicians to try and bring life back to that exquisite form. They all told him she had passed from sleep into death. The wound on the temple must have caused unconsciousness until death came—a painless death, they said—to give her rest; rest in the Paradise of God.

It was two days before Harry and her father saw the advertisement for "friends of an unknown lady found frozen to death." By the bed on which she lay, in a magnificent apartment, redolent with the perfume of numberless flowers, sat Edward Howard, just where he had sat, except for an hour each day, ever since he had found his "treasure buried under the snow."

Edward Howard never married. Hired nurses watched at his bedside through his last illness, and a spendthrift nephew inherited his vast wealth. He had lived lonely and loveless, and alone and unloved he had died.

COMPARISONS.

As morning vapors often hide
The brilliancy of waking day,
And, by their shadows reaching wide,
Invest the world with sombre gray,
So dark distress is made to spread
Before the vivid sun of youth,
To give a shade of mournful dread,
And veil our ways in hopeless ruth.

As evening after stormy days
Will often bring a cloudless sky,
Through which the golden sunset rays
Come flashing in with sweet supply,
So age may gain a full relief
From sorrows of our early years,
With hope revived, with banished grief,
And faith beyond all human fears.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY-WORK.

BY MARIAN FORD.

GRAY December skies and flying snow-flakes bring thoughts of adding to in-door coziness by graceful window draperies, and it may certainly be said of the modes of ornamentation that "their name is legion." Thick stuffs and thin, bright and sombre, costly and cheap materials can be chosen to suit the room and purse of the owner, but no one who desires a tasteful home should forget that nothing so dispels the bareness that is apt to characterize the apartments of those whose means are scanty, as window draperies of even the simplest fabric.

Previous numbers of the MONTHLY have given many pretty designs for curtains, and the present one supplies two very elegant illustrations, suitable for use in the handsomest drawing-room.

CURTAIN WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY AND DRAWN-WORK.

The curtain illustrated in Fig. 1 is made of coarse linen, richly ornamented with cross-stitch embroidery and drawn-work, and finished at the bottom with antique lace. The effect is very beautiful; but, should it seem too elaborate, some of the simpler designs for embroidery and drawn-work given in previous numbers of the MONTHLY, for use on various articles, may be applied to the same fabric with most satisfactory results. In choosing patterns for draperies, however, it should always be remembered that a design containing few lines is preferable to one whose effect is produced by numerous small ones crowded closely together.

CURTAIN WITH OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

A very handsome curtain, seen by the writer at the rooms of the Decorative Art Society, in a neighboring city, was composed of a material closely resembling the *écru* scrim so much used at the present time, but of a dark-drab color. The bottom was finished with a hem about an eighth of a yard wide, above which ran a scroll-like pattern, a quarter of a yard in width, embroidered in the Kensington outline-stitch with crimson and pink crewel.

The curtain was cut long enough to turn back upon itself, forming a lambrequin, finished with a

knotted fringe made by raveling the material itself, above which ran the same design of embroidery. The sides were perfectly plain. Here and there tassels of crimson and pink crewel,

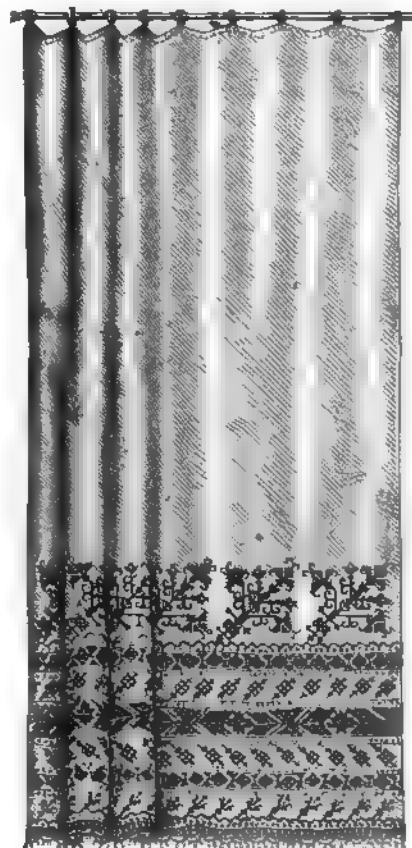


FIG. 1.—CURTAIN WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY AND DRAWN-WORK.

alternating with each other, were fastened among the meshes of the fringe.

Curtains of this design would be equally pretty embroidered in two shades of blue on an *écru* or white ground, or if a single color were preferred, to suit the decoration of a room, it could be used with excellent effect. Almost any pretty pattern for braiding would furnish a good design for the embroidery. Poles and rings, rather than a flat cornice, should be used with these draperies,

though the latter would not be inadmissible, if already purchased.

CURTAIN WITH BANDS OF APPLIED WORK.

Another style of curtain, very ornamental in effect for the amount of labor expended, is composed of dark maroon felt, across which, at the top and bottom, are two bands of blue felt, on which are applied sunflowers and leaves purchasable at any embroidery store. This design is extremely desirable for a *portière*, but may also be used for window draperies. The band at the top should be one-third narrower than that at the bottom.

Different combinations of color may of course be employed to suit the room and the maker's

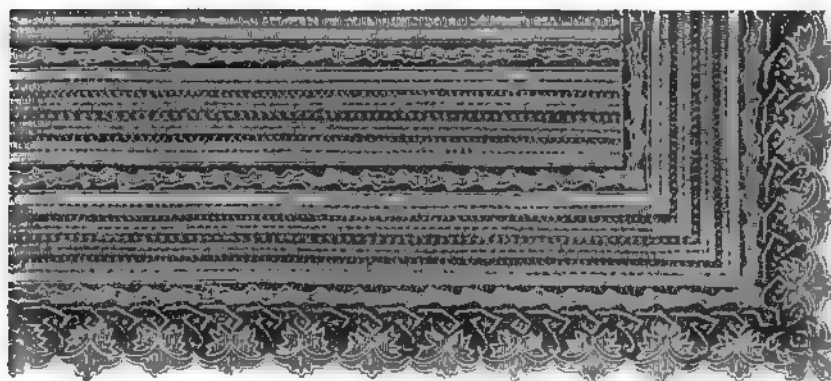


FIG. 2.—PART OF WINDOW-CURTAIN, WITH IRISH LACE-WORK, DRAWN-WORK, AND LANGUETTE EMBROIDERY.

taste. *Appliqué* designs of Persian pattern might be substituted for the sunflowers with excellent result.

PART OF WINDOW-CURTAIN, WITH IRISH LACE-WORK, DRAWN-THREAD, AND LANGUETTE EMBROIDERY.

The foundation of the curtain illustrated in Fig. 2 is fine linen *étamine*. Length and width are varied to suit the size of the window. The border consists of broad Irish lace, a strip of drawn-work, and an insertion two and a half inches wide.

JAPANESE MANTEL LAMBREQUIN.

Window draperies are so frequently made to harmonize with mantel lambrequins that one naturally suggests the other; and, as the fancy for ornamenting mantel-pieces seems to be, if possible, on the increase, the suggestion of a pretty and inexpensive method of doing so may not be unwelcome to some readers of the MONTHLY.

The materials are stout linen, burlap, or any strong fabric,—the color is of no consequence,—a dozen or two of the bright Japanese squares sold for three or four cents each, some black velvet ribbon or braid, several skeins of gay embroidery silk, and variegated worsted furniture-fringe.

If the mantel-piece is marble, a board must be made of suitable length and width to cover it; if wood, the covering—plush, mummy-cloth, felt, or whatever may be chosen—can be tacked directly upon it. Having covered the shelf, measure a piece of linen long enough to pass around the ends and front, and sufficiently deep to hold the Japanese squares. Arrange these upon it, leaving between each a space wide enough to baste the

velvet ribbon or braid. Having basted the braid in vertical rows between the squares, border the entire lambrequin, top and bottom, with the velvet ribbon or braid, which must overlap the squares, thus framing each square, and framing the ends of the vertical rows of braid. Feather-stitch the velvet or braid to the foundation with the embroidery silk, and finish the bottom with

the fringe. The lambrequin must then be tacked to the shelf with the brass-headed nails used in upholstery. These may be driven through the row of braid or velvet at the top of the Japanese squares, but many persons prefer to add, just above it, a narrow row of braid, the exact width necessary to hold the nails, thus leaving the frame-work of the Japanese pictures intact.

Similar lambrequins may be made for the window-curtains; it would be difficult to find any prettier design involving so small an amount of labor and expense.

MANTEL LAMBREQUIN IN APPLIQUÉ.

Another style of mantel lambrequin, which may be more or less elegant, according to the choice of material, is composed of a strip of plush, felt, or the cheap double-faced Canton flannel; cut a suitable length to fit the shelf it is to ornament,

and finished at the top with a row of brass-headed nails, which serve to fasten it. On this foundation a border cut in some geometrical design from the same material, but in a contrasting color, is applied, and the bottom of the drapery is then cut in points.

A pretty combination of colors is to make the foundation of maroon and the applied work old-gold. Tassels formed of both shades are then sewed to the bottom of each point, and between

centre, which is finished with three knotted stitches. The lines uniting the stitches are worked in chain-stitch with pale-green silk, and a twisted fringe seven inches deep surrounds the cover. The color of the plush used for the foundation can, of course, be varied to suit the furniture of the room where it is to be placed.

FELT TABLE-COVER.

A very handsome table-cover, which yet required little expenditure of time and labor, was displayed among the fall novelties at an art store in a New England city.

The foundation consisted of a piece of maroon felt, one yard and a quarter square, whose edge was cut in wide, moderately shallow curves. Beneath this edge was placed a border one-quarter of a yard wide, of old-gold felt, cut at the bottom in points, so arranged that the deepest part of the scalloped edge of the centre fell about half an inch above the division between the points, the bottom of said points being very slightly rounded. The old-gold border, after being basted to the proper position beneath the centre,

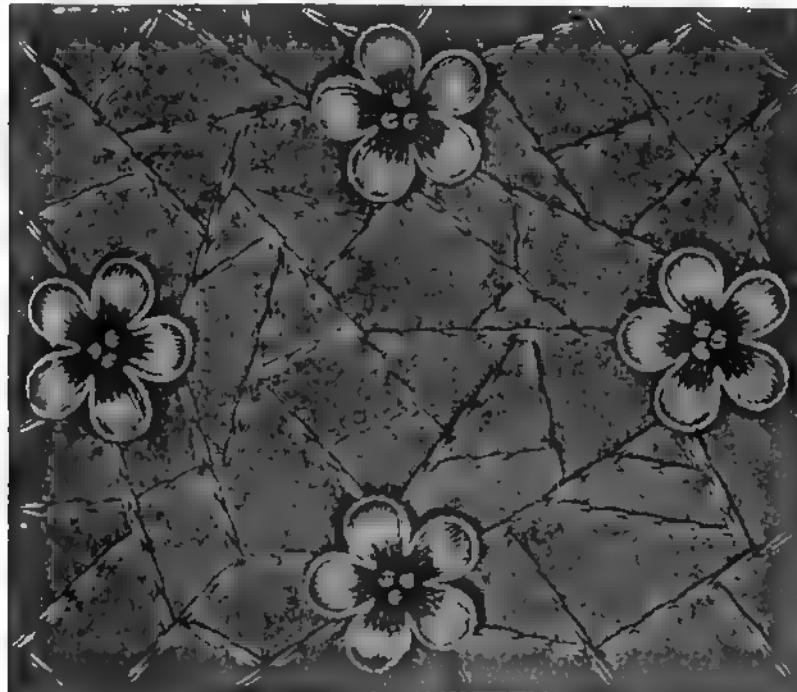


FIG. 3.—COVER FOR SMALL FANCY TABLE.

every two points. If Canton flannel is selected for the fabric, it will probably require a stout lining.

COVER FOR SMALL FANCY TABLE.

The variety of designs for table-cover seems almost endless, yet the demand keeps ever a little in advance of the supply, and the beautiful pattern illustrated in Fig. 3 will doubtless be eagerly welcomed. It is certainly exceptionally quaint and pretty, and has been handed down from the last century. The material is dark-green plush, embroidered with two lighter shades of green filose silk, the figures being edged with fine gold cord. They are filled out with long stitches of paler silk, shaded into darker tones toward the

tre, was held in place by a band of old-gold felt, about an eighth of a yard wide, laid on the maroon centre about an inch above the scallops, and feather-stitched on both edges. A second row of feather-stitching ran through the edge of the band.

Spite of the small amount of labor involved, the effect of this table-cover, owing to the contrast of color, was elaborate, and might easily be made more so by substituting some pretty design in colored silk for the feather-stitching in the centre of the band.

An old-gold centre with border and band of blue, a dark-green centre with border and band of apple-green, a blue centre with border and band of olive-green, were all handsome combinations.

EMBROIDERED MUMMY-CLOTH TABLE-COVER.

A beautiful table-cover, imported from England, and specially intended for five-o'clock teas, was recently shown the writer. The foundation was *écru* mummy-cloth, on which was embroidered in Kensington outline-stitch designs of cups, saucers, bowls, pitchers, etc., each corner consisting of a waiter containing a *l'le-d-lle* set. These designs were embroidered around the edges with very dark-blue silk, the lines within being light-blue. Between the blue embroidery and the edge of the cloth ran a drawn-work border about one inch in width, and handsome *écru* lace two inches and a



FIG. 4.—EMBROIDERED FOOT-WARMER.

half wide finished the cover. Any of the designs of cups, saucers, and bowls used for stamping doilies can be employed for the border around the cloth.

EMBROIDERED FOOT-WARMER.

Fig. 4 illustrates a very comfortable and extremely pretty article for the use of an invalid or elderly lady, and may be recommended as a most desirable Christmas gift. It is made of blue velvet, embroidered with an initial or monogram in the centre and sprays of flowers scattered over the surface. Gold or silver thread, or white silk, can be used for the initial. Pink and olive filoselle silk are chosen for the flowers. The remainder of the work must be intrusted to the furrier.

CLOTH FOOT-WARMER.

A plainer style of foot-warmer, or foot-muff, as these articles are frequently called, can be made

of cloth, lined either with fur or Canton flannel, bordered with fur around the top, and finished at the bottom with enamel cloth. Paper patterns can be procured at the establishments where patterns of dresses are furnished, if the maker is doubtful of her own skill in shaping. A handsome one could be made of dark-blue cloth, lined with chinchilla or gray squirrel fur, and edged with blue and gray cord. A monogram of applied work in some contrasting color could be added by way of further ornament.

PAINTED FIRE-SCREENS.

Among the beautiful articles displayed in the show-rooms of the New York Society of Decorative Art are fire-screens of plush, painted in oil-colors. Various are the designs, which, of course, must be chosen to suit the maker's taste and skill; but those readers of the MONTHLY who can use a brush as well as a needle will not be disappointed if they essay a branch of flowering dog-wood on a background of Damascus red plush, taking care, however, to use only the smallest possible quantity of pure white paint. Set in a frame of ebonized wood, this would be an exquisite bridal or holiday gift.

PAINTED CARD-CASE.

Another very charming gift, to be executed with both brush and needle, is a card-case ornamented with some floral design.

To make this little article, cut from pasteboard two oblong pieces, somewhat longer and wider than an ordinary visiting-card. Cover them on the outside with silk of any color preferred, and line with satin of a contrasting shade in such a manner that both silk and satin are in one piece, thereby forming a sort of hinge, by which the two sides of the case close like a book. Next add within a satin pocket on each side, running lengthwise of the case, to hold the cards. The outside of one-half the case should then be painted in some floral design harmonizing with the color of the silk, the other half being left plain.

Black silk, with a bunch of violets painted upon it, and lined with violet satin, is a very pretty combination. Cardinal color, with a cluster of daisies, lined with old-gold satin and pale-blue silk, with pink moss-rose-buds and pink satin lining, also please many tastes.

If painting is beyond the maker's skill, decalco-

manie designs may be substituted, or a spray of flowers can be embroidered in Kensington stitch upon one side of the case.

BRUSH-CASE.

A recent novelty, which will doubtless be in demand for a Christmas gift, because inexpensive, easily made, and appropriate for either a lady or gentleman, is a brush-case, to be hung on the wall beside a bureau. It is usually of either brown or écru linen, oblong in shape, with the corners rounded off, and cut somewhat longer than an ordinary hair-brush. A piece sufficiently deep to cover the brush part is then added to form a pocket, in the same way that a watch-case is made, and the whole case is bound with very narrow crimson, scarlet, or blue silk ribbon. On the pocket part of the case two hair-brushes crossed are embroidered in Kensington outline-stitch, surrounded by an arabesque border executed in the same stitch. A loop, concealed by a bow of ribbon matching the binding, is added at the top, to suspend the case.

Two straight pieces of the linen, about an inch and a half wide, are inserted between the side of the pocket and the side of the back, to give the pocket sufficient fullness to permit the insertion of the brush. These pieces should of course be the length of the pocket, and the seams formed by sewing them in are bound with ribbon like the rest of the case.

SACHET IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.

A sachet both novel and beautiful in design may be made as follows. Cut two pieces of cardboard eight inches square. The bottom part slightly wad, strew with perfumed powder, and cover on both sides with satin of any shade the maker may select. A bias strip of satin five inches wide and sixty-six inches long will form the puffed portion, whose lower edge is gathered and fastened to the bottom part. The upper edge has a narrow seam for the passing of a silk cord, by means of

which the strip may be drawn in. The puffs in the middle of the upper part of the covering are formed by gathering the satin in several rows. This central part is edged by a narrow border of embroidered flannel with pinked vandykes. A pleating of satin ribbon will complete the sachet. The pattern for the embroidered border is clearly illustrated in Fig. 5. This border would also be a most charming finish for a small table-cover, and will doubtless be found useful for many other purposes. If employed for a table-cover, the square or oblong centre might be a different color from the embroidered border, which in that case, to improve its appearance somewhat, may be applied with some fancy stitch.

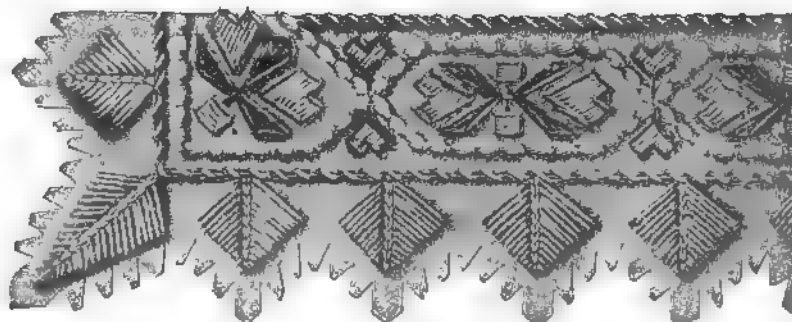


FIG. 5.—EMBROIDERED SACHET BORDER.

EMBROIDERED BLANKET.

Little people are not forgotten in the general fancy for decorating articles of every description, and Kensington embroidery is now applied to the purpose of ornamenting infants' blankets. An exquisite one recently displayed was of the finest white flannel, bordered to the depth of an inch with pink satin, feather-stitched on the inner edge with white silk. A band of pink satin passed diagonally across the blanket, and in one of the triangles thus formed was embroidered a spray of moss-rose-buds and green leaves. The effect was dainty and delicate enough for a baby princess.

Another blanket, similar in general design, but differing in color, was finished with blue satin of an exquisite shade. The diagonal band crossing it was also of blue satin, but instead of the spray of rose-buds, small clusters of forget-me-nots were embroidered in the triangular space, as if scattered there by some careless hand.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Gold and Silver Production.—It is said that well-nigh five thousand millions of gold and silver have been extracted from the earth since the world was startled by the discovery of gold mines in the distant and unknown region of California, and, immediately afterward, on the plains of Ballarat. The period is past when gold-finding yielded its peerless and romantic harvests of wealth, and presented, both in California and Australia, its socially and economically peculiar features. In some of the newer States the discovery of remarkable silver mines has had a potent effect in developing the State, but not as widespread as the world's two great gold fields. But, for all this, the annual yield of precious metals has not greatly diminished, because the falling off in the gold product has been in part compensated for by the rapid increase in the production of silver. Thus, for example, in the United States, while the yield of gold has remained about the same during the last ten years, the silver product has more than doubled, and now exceeds the gold in value. *Bradstreet's* lately published a summary of the report of the Director of the Mint, in which he estimates the total production of silver for the fiscal year 1880 at \$39,200,000, and gold at \$36,000,000.

The Newark Bank Failure.—It seems that nothing in the way of a lesson is seriously considered or taken advantage of by our modern bank director. With the many defalcations that have been taking place of late years throughout the United States, the average director still persists in neglecting his trust, only to waken up to the fact that his cashier has been neatly swindling the institution to the tune of thousands of dollars. This has been the case with the directors of the Newark bank, and they now are brought to realize the fearful responsibility which rested upon them, and which they so gravely disregarded in the very face of the every-day lessons brought to their attention. Their neglect of duty was of the grossest character, and they are at least morally, if not legally, responsible for the beginning and end of the failure. They afford but another example of the terrible mistake of allowing men on whom great reliance is placed to continue business from month to month, and from year to year, without adequate checks upon their faithlessness.

Cashier Baldwin was probably neither better nor worse than many other men similarly situated. His directors withdrew from him the advisory supervision which was justly his due. No man indeed would wish to be subjected to such a character test as goes with the unchecked direction of a great bank. Happily, it is an open question whether the directors are not civilly liable for negligence in allowing their cashier to embezzle some two million dollars of other people's funds.

In business morals the point to be always insisted upon is that the severest penalties should immediately follow upon wrong-doing. The bank director is in the position of trustee, and, if unfaithful to his trust, he should not escape

in any degree responsibility therefor, under the rules of law and equity. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the directors of the Mechanics' Bank, of Newark, will be held by those who have been wronged through their negligence to the utmost of responsibility under existing law, as declared by the statutes and the decisions of the courts.

The Assassin Guiteau.—If there is one thing which to the nostrils of the American people of the present day is tainted with the rankest treason, it is to lift a voice in behalf of the wretched assassin of our late chief Executive. The literature of the past quarter is a curious mess, stewed expressly to pander to the perverted tastes of a nation which in its intoxication of grief has suddenly turned into a beastly glutton voracious of only the vile and the filthy. Is it really so very edifying to read of the abject terror with which the crime-stained man watches every strange face and starts affrighted at even the innocent pranks of the prison mouse? or can the sensational, highly-colored daub of a picture pretending to portray the culprit as he stood at the bar to plead to the indictment afford relief for a single pang his deed caused the people? We greatly misread the character of our people if within a twelvemonth they blush not with sincere shame at the atrocities, the shameless brutality, they have shown in dealing with a fallen—and, for the honor of the race, let us hope a demented—brother. A twelvemonth? **Age,** we hoped after the issue of his vile work we should see humanity assert itself. But there has not been one single moment when the people have not drank in deeply the potions full of gall and bitterness dipped from the very caldron of iniquity. Anything to prove the knave an incarnate fiend, anything portraying vividly the utter depravity of the abandoned creature, anything and everything that can be said to deprive him even of that recognition which his kinship with us demands, is a delectable viand, and adds a flavor to our breakfasts.

If common decency and the sufferance a fraternal sympathy claims cannot evoke respectful regard for ourselves in this reference, must the sense of justice also be numbed that would plead for a just hearing of the criminal? Shall we allow ourselves to become so infused with the spirit of retribution that every nerve shall tingle with the desire of revenge? Is it treasonable to plead for justice were even his Satanic majesty at the bar? Cannot justice be outraged equally as atrociously by denying Guiteau a fair and impartial trial and punishing him unduly if found guilty, as by conniving at his escape from a just sentence? The people of the United States are, to say the least, as much interested in furnishing the friendless, resourceless, helpless wretch with the means to secure a defense, as they are interested in the manner and thoroughness and righteousness of the prosecution.

If there is one man who would have had the moral courage to lift his voice in favor of the defenseless in the moment of his despair; if our country ever has produced one soul

heroic enough to stand single-handed on the side of justice, keeping at bay a merciless pack of vindictive persecutors thirsting for the life of their victim; if there ever lived on our soil one man who breathed the same air we do, yet was not infected by the innocuous malaria of misguided public opinion; if there ever was one man who, could he be heard from beyond the narrow river, from the Elysian realms of peace, would raise his hand to calm this tumultuous tempest against a miscreant's life with his Master's "Peace! be still!" it was the martyred President himself.

And shall we who mourn his loss—how deeply we cannot say—who counted him our model—and who of present men so worthy as he?—forsake his steps at the very moment they lead to the greatest glory? Is there glory in the sabre thrust that sets free the soul of a vanquished foe? Is there glory in the conviction of a prejudged culprit? Is there anything of glory in a trial where the accused stands bound and speechless? If there is, it is a glory of a different kind from that which radiated from the banks of the Potomac, or flooded us with its light, and comforted our stricken hearts from the cottage by the sea.

It must be the glory that blights the memory of a Mrs. Surratt, or that causes men to repeat to their sons the State proceedings following the martyred Lincoln's fate with a shudder and a whisper.

No; in these days, when men's minds need be calm, let us not demit the prerogative of dealing justly even with the man who aimed at the nation's life. "Let justice be done" is the demand. Let it be done, whether it send the man to the gallows, or lets him pine in prison, or *sets him free*.

Commercial Speculation.—The word "corner" beaps a significant import in commercial circles. To corner or sap an individual or an entire commercial community means a piece of speculative engineering ingenious, clandestine, and destructively effective.

The axiom that speculation is the soul of trade may be perfectly defensible. In the ordinary acceptation, and such as our commercial forefathers understood and practiced, it was justifiable enterprise, based upon substantial capital and founded on natural fluctuations in prices. But there was always something tangible to it. The speculator embarked on his venture and waited on the return of the actual stuff, or he bought and held the actual goods. If the article happened to be in curtailed production, he realized his profit on the enterprise. If the supply was superabundant, he lost. But in either case he was a benefactor to the community. First, he prevented possible scarcity and famine; secondly, he brought abundance when barren supplies threatened a scarcity.

But at the present day commercial speculations have degenerated into mere transfers of "paper contracts." There is no necessity that the seller should actually hold the goods he transfers; it is not even requisite that any one hold the article bought or sold. "Futures" are considered as legitimate objects of trade as present stock.

No matter whether the seed has not yet been sown for the new crop of cotton, purchases can be made early in the year of a winter delivery of that cotton; wheat you shall have for any month named; pork, bacon, or lard will be sold for

delivery when the very pig has not yet been slaughtered, and, may be, is but a suckling; or iron when the rough ore has not even been extracted from the vein! It has even been recorded that one dealer, bolder than the rest, sold the catch of a certain salmon-river in Oregon two years ahead, when probably the salmon whose capture was concerned had not obtained the dignity of a grilse!

Though all such enterprises may properly be characterized as unconscionable and iniquitous, yet from an ethical point of view there is none whose practice requires more of the qualities that go to make up the heartless, unfeeling, supremely selfish being than the speculation in breadstuffs. If there is one transgression of that moral law imposing brotherly treatment and fraternal recognition between man and man which partakes of the essence of the arch enemy of mankind, it is the withholding of the means of subsistence for the low purpose of amassing wealth. The fluctuations in prices consequent on the economic law of supply and demand depending upon or resulting from natural fertility or barrenness furnish ample opportunity for the exercise of legitimate enterprise on the part of far-seeing merchants. There is not even one trait of mercantile ability visible in the manipulations of grain speculators. It is but a contest between shrewd and cunning Shylocks—not even that. It is rather a self-conversion into the Alpine avalanche which, impelled by its own rude massiveness, crushes and buries all lesser and weaker masses beneath its ruins. Yet this phenomenon is bound by nature's law; but the speculating vampires that feed upon the very blood of the humble ones of the earth are the originators of their own unfeeling ruin.

You that have adopted the name of the nation's abhorrence as the synonym of infamy—a distinction far too honorable even for that—reflect one moment and judge which is the more guilty: the man who, in one fell act, aimed at the life of the nation's chief, or the man who, in cold-blooded calculation, with calm, collected brow, plans the pinching hunger of millions of the nation's children? The first languishes in a place of public safety; the second riots in sumptuous privacy undisturbed by the bitter cry for bread that ascends from his very gate.

For less crimes than this men have suffered social ostracism, and in the old times, when sincerity was alive, bore the brand that their diabolism merited. Or is it so laudable an occupation that when now and then the triumphs of eternal justice assert superiority and miscarry the plottings of speculators, and they fail, we must appoint a day of general mourning, and proclaim a universal sympathy and confidence in the integrity of the firm whose avariciousness and wholesale greed has for once been reaping what it sowed? The history of our race shows that men have worshiped even the devil to the end that he would bring no evil upon them.

It is not a sufficient justification for these mischief-makers in trade to say that public apathy tolerates or even encourages their iniquity, or that there are no commercial principles which they transgress. So much the worse for commerce that allows the greed for gain to become the determining law of life, and so much the worse for the people who, as insects attracted by the light that burns them, are forever the fawning patrons of these enterprising blights.

And men cannot be legislated into honesty. Some men can be reasoned with, some persuaded; but the men who depend for their gain on the extremity of their fellow-men are neither docile nor reasonable; they can be reached only through their purses, and a public that will not patronize dishonesty may some time soon find the trader willing to accede to the demands of humanity.

The Spelling Reform.—It is interesting to note how things are misnamed. One should suppose that if anywhere the right name were employed it would be in designating something setting itself forth as the arbiter of correctness. Orthography, the science of correct spelling, could not have been born and christened when things were called by their names. For there is not one word in the English language one-half so contrary as this umpire over our letters. Poor old Cadmus! had he really possessed the boon of prescience, would he have published his invention, nevertheless, had he seen the ingenious combinations which the English fancy should devise? Our orthography is a strange cacography.

It is said that some years ago certain theologians in Germany most earnestly contended for the inspiration of the vowel points in the Hebrew Scriptures, and wrote volumes in defense thereof, though it is well established that what is known as the Massoretic pointing was not adopted till about the seventh century after Christ! Men now laugh at them for their ill-directed zeal, not because these Germans lacked learning or earnestness, but because they could be so blinded by bigotry as not to discern the clearest historical facts.

Within a few years it was considered quite orthodox to maintain almost the inspiration of English orthography. And we have not yet quite emerged from the haze of bigotry which so obscures men's minds in this regard. It is still a great offense to even many educated people to hear anything about abandoning the useless silent consonants in our words; though all their learning cannot contrive one argument in favor of their retention. These letters look so well in a word, though of no account themselves. They serve as a kind of ornament—and aren't they æsthetic in their eloquent muteness? Besides, to tamper with them is to outrage the sacredness which attaches to everything from the preceding century. They come to us laden with the aroma of the past,—the fragrance of Chaucer, the perfume of Spenser, and the sweet-smelling odor of Shakspeare;—but they do not. Each succeeding writer seems to have thought himself charged with a special commission to exercise his wits as conscientiously in devising new modes of spelling as in proclaiming new thoughts for man's guidance and delight. The vagaries of English orthography are only to be measured by the inventive, imaginative capacity of the English fancy.

Can this fantastic jugglery in the English alphabet be abandoned for a common-sense, philosophical method in orthography? This is the problem whose solution we fondly anticipate soon at the hands of the foremost linguists of this country and England. The alphabet, the *orthography* now common, must, as all mere accidentalities of a past age, pass away and give place to the new alphabet, and the new spelling, rational and invariable.

And why? Let one of the foremost scholars and most sagacious observers tell why:

Three years are spent in our primary schools in learning to read and spell a little. The German advances as far in a twelvemonth. A large fraction of the school-time of the millions is thus stolen from useful studies and devoted to the most painful drudgery. Millions of years are thus lost in every generation. Then it affects the intellect of beginners. The child should have its reason awakened by order, proportion, fitness, law, in the objects it is made to study. But woe to the child who attempts to use reason in spelling English. It is a mark of promise not to spell easily. One whose reason is active must learn not to use it. The whole process is stupefying and perverting; it makes great numbers of children finally and forever hate the sight of a book. There are reported to the takers of our last census 5,500,000 illiterates in the United States. One-half at least of those who report themselves able to read cannot read well enough to get much good from it. But moral degeneracy follows the want of cultivated intelligence. Christianity cannot put forth half her strength where she cannot use her presses. Republics fall to ruin when the people become blind and bad. We ought, then, to try to improve our spelling from patriotic and philanthropic motives. If these do not move us, it may be worth while to remember that it has been computed that we throw away \$15,000,000 a year paying teachers for adding the brains of our children with bad spelling, and at least \$100,000,000 more paying printers and publishers for sprinkling our books and papers with silent letters.

But it may be argued that etymology will suffer by any tampering with the spelling of words. A warm-hearted philanthropist, after reading a representation like the above, would say, "Throw etymology to the dogs." Probably, however, he would find upon examination that etymology is not in such straits and can abundantly take care of itself. The author of the "Science of Language" has settled that foremost objection to any revision ever on the tongue of ultra-conservatives. With the assurance of Prof. Max Müller that, "if our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be of greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing," one would suppose confidence might again resume her seat.

The proper, and only pertinent question to be asked on the proposition to revise the English spelling is not Why? but Why not? and the reform movement, instead of being also put to the task of apologizing, should merely occupy itself with devising ways and methods by which the transition from the Egyptian bondage of the present may not be too sudden. For the finally revised alphabet will doubtless be a purely phonetic one. Nothing short of that will answer the demands of the case. But that this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation may be realized, public interest must be awakened and enlisted; and public opinion once clamorous may bring about marvelous change for the better.

For the general interest in the entire movement we are indebted to the American Philological Association and its foster-daughter, the Spelling Reform Association, and it is by their concerted action with sub-societies that the beginning of anything like earnest reform has been accomplished. This younger body, in addition to the eleven words *ar, cata-*

log, definit, gard, giv, hav, infinit, liv, tho, thru, wisht, of the Philological Association, has adopted what are known as "the five new rules" (1. Omit *a* from the digraph *ea* when pronounced as *e* short, as in *hed, helth*, etc. 2. Omit silent final *e* after a short vowel, as in *hav, giv*, etc. 3. Write *f* for *ph* in such words as *alfabet, fantom*, etc. 4. When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in *shal, clif, eg*, etc. 5. Change *ed* final to *t* where it has the sound of *t*, as in *lasht, imprest*, etc.), together with more extended sug-

gestions as the next proper step in the direction of accomplishing its end.

Such efforts deserve to be seconded by the practice of the writer, the printer, and the reader. In the nature of the case any system adopted will only be temporary; but, as our age will not see the final phonetic alphabet and spelling, we might probably sacrifice a little inconvenience for a time in view of our being thus a help to the achievement of the most desirable revolution in the English language.

LITERATURE AND ART.

Sabine's Falsehood. *A Love Story.* By MADAME LA PRINCESSE O. CANTACUZENE-ALTIERI. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

An exquisitely told story, and one of simple pathos. The plot is admirably managed, and its characters are well conceived and vividly drawn.

No Gentleman. *A Novel. No. 1. of The Hammock Series.* Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.

A story full of charming incidents and happy episodes. It is pure and clean in sentiment, and well deserves the appreciation of refined and cultivated readers.

Barbarine. *The Story of a Woman's Devotion. A Novel. No. 2 of The Hammock Series.* Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.

This is a novel of absorbing interest, and the story it tells one of a life of self-sacrifice. It is well written, and the author gives us such a combination of happy incidents that we close the book with exceeding regret.

The Story of Four Acorns. By ALICE B. ENGLE. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Children who like fairy stories will find in this handsome volume a fountain of delight. The author possesses rare talent for interesting the young, and has here turned it to the best advantage. She has furnished a fascinating story, and has ingeniously woven into it bits of poetry and song from famous authors, which will find easy entrance into the mind and create an appetite for more. The illustrations are among Miss Lathbury's best, and do their part toward making the volume attractive.

Bertha's Baby. *A Charming Picture of Home Life.* By GUSTAVE DROZ. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This work proves to be a reprint of that portion of a work published by the same firm some time ago, under the title of "Monsieur, Madame, and the Baby," by the same author. It proves to be by far the best part, too, and is well worth a reading.

Sunday for 1881. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A very handsomely illustrated chatterbox, adapted to the wants of our young friends. These books are very popular

in England, and our American publishers are rapidly introducing them here, in greatly improved styles.

F. W. Helmick, Esq., the enterprising music publisher, of Cincinnati, has just favored us with a copy of his latest publication in that line. It is entitled, "Never go Back on a Traveling Man; or, the Boys on the Road." It is a commercial ballad, and is dedicated by its author, Robert Lovell, "to the traveling men of America, the great fraternity who earn a livelihood by their constant 'grip.'" We have no doubt that "our men on the road" will duly appreciate the author's compliments when again they meet.

We are also in receipt of a very excellent small pamphlet from G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "Before and After the President's Death." Two sermons preached in All Soul's church, New York, on the Sundays preceding and following the nation's bereavement, September 18 and September 25, 1881, by Henry W. Bellows, pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) church, in the city of New York.

Country By-ways. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT, *Author of "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New," etc.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A selection of essays and sketches, similar to those in Miss Jewett's previous works, describing prominent features of New England country life and character. Their truthfulness, simplicity, sympathy, and pathos are a creditable characteristic, and strongly recommend them to public consideration.

Water-Lilies, and Other Poems. By CLARA B. HEATH. Manchester, N. H.: John B. Clarke.

This collection of poems from the pen of Miss Heath, who may be remembered as one of our valued contributors, shows a degree of poetic ability rarely seen nowadays. Many of her poems are real gems, and her descriptive poems especially are perfect models of elegance and symmetrical rhythm. To the lovers of true poetry, those who can best appreciate deep feeling and sympathetic pathos, fitly expressed in the language of poetry, this volume will prove an acceptable offering indeed.

Garfield's Words. Compiled by W. R. BALCH, Esq. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A collection of suggestive passages from the public and

private writings of the late President. It abounds with many nuggets of wisdom, and, more than any other single volume in our literature, will furnish proverbs and mottoes for our people. As the utterances of a wise, pure, and honest man, they will be adopted and become the household words of the future.

Home Ballads. By BAYARD TAYLOR. *With illustrations.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A work containing a collection of some of the sweetest of Mr. Taylor's home ballads, such as "The Quaker Widow," "The Holly-Tree," "John Reed," "James Reed," and "The Old Pennsylvania Farmer." The illustrations, some of the finest specimens of the engraver's art, were made by Closson and Andrew, of Boston; Linton, of New Haven; N. Orr & Co., Henry Gray, and E. Heineman, of New York City, whose names alone are a sufficient guarantee of the superexcellence of the work. It is almost superfluous to add that the work of the publishers shows as fine a sample of book-work as has yet been produced in this or any other country.

Martin Luther and His Work. By JOHN H. TREADWELL. *New Plutarch Series. With Portrait.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Different books are differently written. When an author lays down a given plan which he proposes to pursue in his work, we are obliged to judge his effort by his own self-assumed standard. Whatever we may think of the principles Mr. Treadwell chooses to control his biography of the great reformer of the sixteenth century, we must admire the jealous fidelity with which he adheres to this theory.

We do not, however, believe that a life of any man can be written from any standpoint other than from that which the individual himself occupied. Luther was a monk, a priest, a doctor of divinity, a reformer in the Church; and as such is he to be contemplated. The mere intellectual liberation, as such, of Germany was none of his. Nor can the life of any man be judged exclusively from what he became as the result of many complex experiences. Various factors, nay, changes and revisions of views, must necessarily characterize the pioneer in any undertaking. The Smaller Catechism of Luther in its closing pages touches some points held rather in the background now.

We mention these facts simply to show how one-sided and imperfect even so excellent a work as the present can become when it forsakes the only true principle of biography and contents itself with a partial glimpse of a life worthy the profoundest study.

King's Mountain and its Heroes. *A History of the Battle of King's Mountain, October 7, 1780, and the Events which led to it.* By LYMAN C. DRAPER, LL.D., *Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Illustrated with Steel Portraits, Maps, and Plans.* Cincinnati: Peter G. Thompson.

The author gives not only a clear and rapid narrative of the preliminary events which led to this notable victory, but adds many details of the battle itself, hitherto unpublished, and gives full memoirs of all the prominent actors therein.

It is a large and valuable addition to our knowledge of Revolutionary history and biography, and especially of the border leaders on both sides of the contest, and of whom, heretofore, so little has been recorded.

The biographies of such men as Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, Cleveland, Lacey, Williams, Hambright, Hathorne, Brandon, McDowell, and their compeers, introduce us to much of the romance of border history. They were remarkable men, and played no inconsiderable part in the long and sanguinary struggle for American independence. Reared on the outskirts of civilization, they were early inured to privations and hardships, and when they went upon the "war-path" they often obtained their commissaries' supplies from the wild woods and mountain-streams of the region where they carried on their successful operations.

The work is the result of forty years spent in collecting the material procured by Mr. Draper, the author, from surviving associates and the children of these heroic men; and the excellent manner in which he has executed the work fully exhibits the care and impartiality in statement of facts so characteristic of the man. His reputation alone is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the work, his attainments being widely known and fully recognized and acknowledged by all friends of American history.

It is said that in the search for his materials for history Mr. Draper has traveled more than sixty thousand miles since 1840, visiting aged pioneers and Indian fighters, living on a meagre salary, and much of the time with no income whatever. He has made several journeys on foot, carrying his knapsack, going in a single jaunt eight hundred miles. This involved great hardship and not a little danger. His enthusiasm and tenacity of purpose yielded to no impediment. He followed the trail of a fact with the persistence of an Indian and the scent of a hound.

"King's Mountain and its Heroes" comes to us as the first of the series of historical and biographical works he has promised us, and in a form that reflects great credit not only upon the author, but its enterprising publisher also. It is a large and handsome royal octavo volume, bound in cloth, with beautiful emblematic designs, illustrative of persons and objects named in the work, stamped in gilt on the outside. It is handsomely printed on a superior quality of paper, and is fully illustrated throughout, prominent among these being a fine steel portrait of the author as a frontispiece.

The work, we understand, is sold by subscription only, at the price of four dollars, and at this figure is certainly a very cheap work. We hardly imagine it possible that so excellent a publication can be made to be sold at so low a figure, with profit to both publisher and author. That it will meet an extended sale, we have every reasonable assurance.

The Fate of Madam La Tour. *A Story of Great Salt Lake.* By MRS. A. G. PADDOCK. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

This "story of Great Salt Lake" is neither more nor less than a tale of life among the Mormons; but its pictures are so clear and graphic, its characters so distinctly individualized, its plot so absorbing in its development from point to point, and its incidents so powerful and moving, that not

even those least inclined to consider subjects of political or national interest can resist the stirring of a new and profound interest. The Mormons are not likely to be a pleasant subject to read about; but neither were the themes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "A Fool's Errand," yet the millions who read these books found no lack of stimulating food for imagination and thought.

"The Fate of Madam La Tour" is a narrative commencing with the first scouting party, under Brigham Young, that started out from the Missouri River, and by the guidance of an old plainsman and trapper found the lovely valley which the astute Brigham had "seen in a vision" and described to his followers. Madam La Tour is the widow of an elderly French Canadian who had been deluded into joining the Latter-Day Saints when they were banded under Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo, in Illinois. The children have grown up in their father's faith, and the mother, though loathing the Saints and their principles, accompanies them in the pilgrimage to Utah for her children's sake. Her story begins with the departure from Nauvoo, and the settlement at Salt Lake, where presently the unhappy woman disappears under circumstances which give the impression that she has drowned herself. But the facts are, that Brigham Young, Smith's successor, in order to complete and perpetuate his control over her late husband's property and her own, and to rivet the chains of his devilish ascendancy about the necks of her children, has caused her abduction and imprisonment; and after weary years she dies a broken-hearted victim to as detestable a tyranny as the sun ever shone on. Happily, her fate is discovered by one of her sons, but at her very burial.

Meantime, the story follows the fortunes of her misguided children, and gives the sad picture of a family-circle disorganized and demoralized by polygamy. The curtain that hangs about the Endowment House is lifted, and the hideous mockery of a plural marriage is enacted before our eyes. Louise La Tour is "sealed" to Heber C. Kimball, and abandoned to a fate worse than death. Philip La Tour, who has wedded a pure and lovely English girl, breaks her heart by taking (under compulsion) a second wife and setting up a second household. Two of the La Tour boys break away from this hell on earth, and are followed out into the mining districts of California in the company of the Forty-Niners.

The book gives fresh and breezy pictures of the pioneer life of those days, not only among the emigrating Mormons, but also in the gold gulches of Oregon and California; it portrays the ideas, principles, and modes of life followed among the Mormons; shows the strange and curious ramifications of that remarkable system of government—which is Church and State and absolute monarchy "rolled into one;" gives the key to many puzzling questions in connection with their advancement and thrift; and by the aid of the marvelous incidents of the story (all of which, however, are authenticated facts) opens to the eyes of the reader a condition of affairs which the intelligent American does not suspect, and could hardly believe to exist in the midst of this continent.

There are touches of humor, which Mrs Paddock might well have given more of—some most comical characteriza-

tions and apt pictures of "human nature," even amid the profound sadness of polygamous families; and some of the mining scenes are full of a free and happy mirthfulness that go far to lighten up the darker passages of the narrative. The way in which her *Appendix* handles Mr. Representative Cannon's recent article in the *North American Review* is rich enough to be worth reading altogether aside from the story, and she uses her facts very admirably throughout.

The Bivouac of the Dead.—The beautiful poem, entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead" and its gifted author, Theodore O'Hara, are comparatively little known throughout the country. He was born at Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820, and was the son of Kane O'Hara, a distinguished Irish politician, and a man of great learning and piety. His ancestors were driven from their native isle by ecclesiastical intolerance, and, abandoning home rather than religion, they emigrated to this country with Lord Baltimore, where they aided in founding that colony which was so long an asylum for victims of religious persecution.

The education of Theodore O'Hara was conducted wholly by his father, until fitted for college, when he entered the St. Joseph's Institute, at Bardstown, Ky., from which he graduated with honor, and the valedictory address delivered by him on that occasion was one of so much merit and eloquence as never to be forgotten by those who heard it. He entered upon the study of the law with Judge Ousley, when he was a fellow-student with Hon. John C. Breckenridge, Vice President of the United States under James Buchanan. He served as captain in the Mexican War, and was brevetted major for gallant and meritorious service. In the war between the States he took the Southern side and was made Colonel of the Twelfth Alabama regiment of infantry. He afterward served on the staff of General Albert Sydney Johnston, and after the death of the latter (who fell at Shiloh) was chief of staff to General Breckenridge. When the war closed, broken down in health and fortune, he retired to a plantation in Alabama, where he died January 6, 1867. In the summer of 1874, in accordance with a resolution of the Kentucky Legislature, his remains were brought to Frankfort, and on the 15th of September were re-interred in the State Cemetery with public honors.

Colonel O'Hara was successively editor of the *Mobile Register*, *Louisville Times*, and *Frankfort Yeoman*, and was a writer of acknowledged merit. He was a poet of more than ordinary ability, as his "Bivouac of the Dead" fully attests. The English language contains few finer gems, or more beautiful ones, than this exquisite poem, which is destined to live as long as true poetry is admired. It was written by Colonel O'Hara in 1847, as a tribute to the memory of the Kentuckians who fell in the war with Mexico. It is an historical fact that the Kentucky troops suffered more severely at Buena Vista than any troops engaged in that hard-fought battle, losing in a single charge ten gallant officers, among them Col. William R. McKee, Lieut.-Col. Henry Clay,—the favorite son of the "sage of Ashland,"—and Adjutant E. M. Vaughn, of Clay's regiment. After the war, these dead heroes, with others from Kentucky, who fell in the land of the Montezumas, were brought home and re-interred, with the honors

of war, in the State Cemetery. This poem was written for that special occasion, and its recitation formed a part of the solemn proceedings of the day. Later, when the State erected a handsome monument in the public cemetery at Frankfort to these fallen braves, the first stanza of the poem was inscribed thereon. The same stanza symbolizes the affection of Massachusetts for her dead soldiers of the late war, upon a monument erected to their memory on Boston Common. It was also inscribed upon a rude board and nailed to a tree on the bloody field of Chancellorsville.

Upon the days set apart for decorating with flowers the graves of soldiers, a beautiful custom practiced both North and South since the Rebellion, there is no poem more frequently quoted from in memory of the "Blue" as well as the "Gray" than "The Bivouac of the Dead," and not one orator in a hundred, perhaps knows its origin or author. When the remains of Colonel O'Hara were re-interred in the State Cemetery, its reading, which formed a part of the ceremonies, was prefaced with the remark, that "O'Hara, in giving utterance to this song, became at once the builder of his own monument, and the author of his own epitaph." The poem entire is as follows:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust.
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral-tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from battle now.

The neighing steeds, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The dire and shout are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,

Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan's mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the sacred spot
Where honor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

LA PARIERE.

According to recent advices, a most wonderful and interesting discovery has been made in a gorge about four miles from the Nile, near Thebes. In a gallery two hundred feet long, hewn out of the solid rock, were found no less than thirty-nine mummies of royal and priestly personages who lived about three thousand years ago. Among these are the remains of King Thutmes III. and of King Ramses II. The first-named ordered the construction of the so-called "Cleopatra's needle," and the latter placed upon the same monument a list of his titles and honors about two hundred and seventy years later. In addition to these mummies, there have been found numerous papyri, some of enormous length. When these are deciphered, we may hope that they may add much to the records of Egyptological discovery. It is believed that these remains were removed from their place of sepulture, and hidden in this spot at the time of foreign invasion. They are mostly in a wonderful state of preservation; the garlands of flowers which loving hands had placed round the bodies three thousand years ago, having the appearance of those which might have been gathered only a few months ago; while the exquisite paintings which adorn the mummy cases appear to be as fresh as if they had just come from the brush.

This discovery will undoubtedly prove of great interest to all students of Egyptology, who will anxiously await the information which these long-hidden papyri will unfold, when once properly deciphered.

Another interesting discovery of relics of a bygone age has also just been made in Oxford street, London, during the demolition of some old houses there. The find consists of armor and weapons and some church utensils supposed to be of the fourteenth century.

Campaigns of the Civil War.—Under this caption, the Messrs. Scribner's Sons propose to issue a series of volumes, contributed at their solicitation by a number of leading actors in and students of the great conflict of 1861-65, with a view to bringing together, for the first time, a full and authoritative military history of the suppression of the Rebellion.

The first two volumes of the series have just been issued, the first, entitled "The Outbreak of the Rebellion," contributed by John G. Nicolay, Esq., Private Secretary to President Lincoln, and late Consul-General to France; the second, entitled "From Fort Henry to Corinth," contributed by Hon. M. F. Force, late Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General U.S.V., commanding First Division, Seventeenth Corps. The first volume describes the opening of the war, and covers the period from the election of Lincoln to the end of the first battle of Bull Run. The second volume gives a narrative of events in the West from the summer of 1861 to May, 1862, covering the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, etc.

With respect to the accuracy and reliability of the author, in his statements of facts in the second volume of the series, we are unable to speak understandingly, never having been a participant in the Western campaigns. We will, therefore, leave him to other critics. Colonel Nicolay, however, who, while he may not be wholly inaccurate and unreliable in many of his statements of facts, is not an impartial historian by any means. The true historian of the war will never emblazon the exploits of any particular troops and ignore those fully as much, if not more, entitled thereto. No single regiment is entitled to the exclusive credit of saving the national capital, as all alike share therein, even if some *did* go for a holiday frolic. Yet Colonel Nicolay has not a word of commendation for others than those of the famous New York Seventh, the Ellsworth Zouaves, and some others, who came in time to walk away with the laurels that justly belong to others. History and justice demand that the truth should be told, but Colonel Nicolay does not give it, whether intentionally or not we are not prepared to say. Without desiring to detract one iota from the laurels belonging to any of the above troops, we must insist that history shall give credit where it properly belongs. If our memory serves us correctly, and we think it does, there *was* a regiment that left Philadelphia for Washington at the time when the railway communication was cut off between that city and Baltimore, and when it was not known how far the bridge burners had come north on the road, and much less, how far it—the regiment—could advance in that direction, long enough before either of those mentioned. That regiment was the first to reach Perryville, on the Susquehanna. Finding the enemy in possession of Havre de Grace, on the opposite side, the colonel commanding, leaving a battalion in charge of Perryville, embarked with the other battalion on board of the steamer Maryland, and proceeded down the Susquehanna, and on to Annapolis, where he landed under protection of the guns of "Old Ironsides," lying in mid-stream. Here the battalion took up its quarters in the Naval Academy and grounds, but not to idle away its time. The railroad from Annapolis to the Junction had been torn up and destroyed, and the capital was in danger. By no means a

flash organization, nor possessed of a national reputation as a military organization, it nevertheless had the muscle and sinews that could build as well as rebuild railroads, and it lost no time in planting the sills and spiking the rails that was to give transportation to the loyal legions that were hurrying after them. And this was not all. When they had built the road that opened up communication again with the nation's capital, their strong and brawny arms stevedored the commissary stores in transit at this point, for days, with a hearty good cheer, feeling that upon them rested the responsibility of seeing that their comrades on the advance should not suffer for want of provisions.

Now, why, under these circumstances, we ask, should the New York regiments have all the credit for this? They never carried a rail, laid a sill, or drove a spike on the work, that we are aware of. It was all performed by "details" made from the above regiment. By some peculiar arrangement of things, however, it always happened that the officers assigned to take charge of these "details" were selected from a New York regiment. These officers, well known by the color and style of their uniforms, being seen along the line of the road, gave passers-by the impression that New York troops were doing the work; and thus the *credit* of the work was given to the wrong party, and to this day the injustice of the thing stands unrebuked.

We do not envy those troops the honors which a grateful country showered upon them. They deserved it all, and more too. But we do not intend that history shall record them more credit than they are justly entitled to, and that at the expense of others. When the true historian shall give us veritable facts, we shall find that it was the regiment which arrived at Washington some days later which opened up and left behind it an uninterrupted line of communication with the great North, and over which the thousands of loyal troops and the immense Government stores found transportation until communication was established by way of Baltimore.

These men, too, presented a sorry appearance as they marched up Pennsylvania avenue, uniforms ragged and torn, and showing unmistakable evidences of fatigue and exposure. Then, again, we think it was this self-same regiment that led the way across the Long Bridge into Virginia and down to Alexandria one extremely hot and dusty day in the summer of 1861 to support Ellsworth, who had gone down the river in transports to capture that city, and there took an advanced position, until strengthened by reinforcements.

We mention these facts to exhibit the partiality shown by some of our modern historians. Col. Nicolay has not a word of mention for this regiment, only by way of discredit, and in that case does not even give the justification made in defense of its action. He would have done far better in ignoring it altogether, since he had gone so far, and, besides, would not have been guilty of a misstatement when he says that this regiment was mustered out of service on the morning of the battle, and "marched to the rear to the sound of the enemy's guns."

It is not always safe to depend upon reports of commanding generals, and this is a case in point. Historians should, for the sake of getting at the naked truth, go far enough

beyond these. Especially so with that of General McDowell's, in this instance.

The Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, the regiment to which we refer, was *not* mustered out on the morning of the battle, as stated. *It was not on the field of battle even on that day.* It left the army on the evening of the previous day, and on the day of the battle was near the Half-Way House, on its way to Alexandria, *to be* mustered out, when first the dim murmurings of the cannonading reached its ears, arriving at Alexandria as early as one o'clock. Here it remained until the defeated army returned, occupying its old position, one part of the regiment being stationed in Fort Ellsworth, under orders of General Scott, and until something like order and confidence was restored, and it was not mustered out of the service until six days after the expiration of its term of service.

These are the true facts, and it is a measure of surprise to us

that Colonel Nicolay should have so grievously erred in repeating a charge which is now, as it was then, most unjust and unkind to as gallant a regiment as ever went into the field.

That it was not cowardice that actuated these men, the after-records of the war only too well attest. Where, in all the annals of the war, shall we find better records of gallant deeds performed than those written in the blood of the Fifty-first and the One hundred and thirty-eighth regiments, both the offsprings of the "Old Fourth," more than seven-eighths re-enlisting in these regiments for three years or the war?

We think so great an act of injustice should have been remedied long ago on the part of General McDowell, by the general himself giving to history a true and correct version of the affair. It was a sorry step at best on his part to saddle upon this regiment one of the causes leading to his defeat at Bull Run. But we presume he had to place the blame somewhere, even if far-fetched, in self-justification.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Deluded Mothers.—I am often surprised to see such vast numbers of young people promenading our streets in the early twilight and the later evening, and I have wondered why, with pleasant homes, they should choose such a course.

On asking one young lady why she did not remain at home more, she replied, "Oh, mother is old-fashioned, and does not think as I do."

O for more old-fashioned mothers to teach their daughters truth and purity!

What do some mothers' know of their daughters' associates? There comes to my mind just now an instance where a mother who was anxious to get her daughter into the society of wealthy people, would ask when some new acquaintance was mentioned, "Is he wealthy?" If so, no further opposition was offered. If, on the contrary, he was in moderate circumstances, but good and honorable, his company was to be shunned.

She could go to parties, or the theatre, or to ride with a man of questionable character, and no questions asked if he was only possessed of money.

Think of the moral influence on such a girl. No wonder they go astray when they are thus taught at home. It seems to me that if mothers took their daughters more into their confidence and would see to it that their homes were made attractive and that their daughters' friends were always welcome, there would be less seeking for companionship away from home.

Let it involve a little self-sacrifice!

It will pay in the end. Do not confine their friends to those of their own sex. It is but natural that young ladies should desire the friendship of young gentlemen.

Let them be friends—true friends. The friendship of a pure-minded intelligent young lady will be invaluable to the young man. It will tend to refine his language and make him shun everything rude and coarse which would jar on her more sensitive nature.

We need such young men and women to help stay the tide of "slang" so common in almost every class of people at the present time.

"It is so much more expressive," they say, when asked why they use it instead of the better expressions.

If our language is so barren of "expressive words," let us see to it that a new vocabulary is added of words that shall not lower our standard when used. Let us teach our daughters to encourage the use of the choicest language, and never to use or permit used in their presence any remark that would cause one to blush for the speaker.

Let them seek to bring to their homes and their parents those less fortunate than themselves, who, being obliged to leave home and loved ones, are thrown in with the busy world in our cities.

Let them seek out such and invite them to their table and a pleasant social evening, thus bringing a little sunshine into such a life. Seek with all your might to keep them from choosing that life which shall lead downward.

Many a poor girl has been saved from a life of shame by such an act of her employer. Will not her work be more faithfully done and all her endeavors to please more than doubled when she knows you feel an interest in her above the fact that she be a good saleswoman or accountant?

I know a gentleman employing a large number of clerks who makes it a point to have them all dine with him each month—taking a few at a time till all have visited, and then devoting one evening besides to a dramatic, musical, or social entertainment for their benefit. Do they love and respect him and his family any the less? No; they look forward with the greatest pleasure to those evenings, for are they not improving mentally and morally and fitting themselves to become men whom all shall respect and admire? And, mothers, do not pet and give your daughters the best of everything and leave your sons to be encouraged and perhaps saved by others.

It is your own precious privilege, and should be your

greatest happiness. Teach your daughters to deny themselves a little for the sake of their brothers.

One instance from the many fell under my observation a few years ago :

A mother, anxious for her daughter to marry well, spent all her time and strength in keeping her daughter in society. Every moment she could snatch was devoted to her pet. Her sons were allowed to take their meals alone, as the father was away; while the mother was calling, shopping, or arranging matters of toilet with her daughter.

With what result!

The daughter married well, has a beautiful home, and everything necessary to make her happy. The sons thought, now May is married, we shall receive more attention. But no; a little one came to grace that beautiful home, and she became the idol of her grandma, who, instead of spending a reasonable time each day with her daughter, spends every moment she can.

The boys love the child, but they yearn for some token of love from their mother. Alas! her heart is bound up in her idol so closely, she does not see how far they are drifting away from her.

Another little one comes, and, in spite of the nurses and servants necessary for the comfort of the family, mother must still be there to please and amuse.

"Never mind the boys," this selfish daughter said; "they can be entertained away from home." She little knew how they were being entertained.

Friends, seeing these boys pursuing their downward course, and knowing their home influence, endeavored to remonstrate with them, and for awhile did succeed in having a little influence.

Their mother would not listen to them when they asked her to invite their friends to the house. They were welcome to the house, but her time could not be given to their entertainment. She must be with her daughter and her little ones.

"Mother's gone to worship her idols," one of them remarked one day.

He felt the neglect of her family keenly, and sought the wine-cup and the company of those who are leading him far away from a true, honest life. Kind friends are trying to save him and his brother, and let us hope he may yet change his course and become a man. Poor, deluded mother! let us pray her eyes may be opened to see her duty, and return and save her first-born before it is too late.

Let us make our homes cheerful and all the inmates happy, and, above all, let us try to win others to a happy life, and exert a strong influence over all around us.

AUNT LIZZIE.

Training the Child.—In the conceit and bombast of our modern age we are apt to think we represent the best ideas of any age in the treatment of the young and the education of the child; but the morals of the country by no means justify this presumption, and a glance at the past will show that we have dropped many points essential to wholesome culture, which once we regarded as of vital import in the rearing of a sound manhood and discreet womanhood.

In the age of chivalry the training of youth was an important part of the household economy of the higher classes, and gallant knights as well as fair ladies received into their guardianship as pages the sons of their compeers, who were carefully trained not only to feats of arms essential to the period, but into habits of self-denial, temperance, courtesy, truth, and honor, as befitting brave men and Christian soldiers.

Maidens were also received in like manner, and were taught the best knowledge of the period in which they lived—to be diligent, courteous, skillful in dressing wounds as leeches (doctors in our day), good housewives, faithful, and chaste. These things were all important in gentle breeding, and were the germ of all that is elevated, pure, and elegant in our day.

Manners changed greatly with the Reformation, and Puritanism introduced what may fitly be called the *iron rule*. Indeed, it is not long since Comstock, Witherspoon, and other stern disciplinarians were the text-books in every household.

Austere, but more kindly, religious to asceticism, upright almost to savageness, intellectual and dogmatic, authoritative and methodical, were all the old families of the country.

I believe in training the child; in putting him in the way of making the best of himself, morally, mentally, and physically. I do not much esteem what are called *self-made* men, who are apt to be pretentious, crude, and conceited: receiving their ideas late in life, they are unconscious of the progress made by the better-informed, and suppose that what is new to them is new to everybody else.

Women make the country what it is, and where men fall short of manly efficiency, we are apt to say it is the fault of the mothers who bore them; but let us remember that while men talk much of the sacredness of the domestic altar, they do little to uphold its purity, and by their lack of co-operation throw too much of the burden of family discipline upon the wife and mother.

In the first years of the child its rearing and training must necessarily fall upon the mother, who is likely to be more at home than the father, and whose readier sympathies better fit her for the tender office of protector to its undeveloped character; still, that father is not only culpable, but he deprives himself of much that is sweet and enjoyable, by failing to contribute his share of supervision to the young child.

As the household increases and young children gather about the hearthstone, the mother will find her faculties tested to the utmost; but, if she has laid aside something of her girlish pliancy, she will have gained greatly in nobleness and dignity of character.

She will be no dogmatist with her little brood: she will cast all the casuistry of the schools to the wind, and the Alpha and Omega of her teachings will be, *all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them*. This is the burden of her morning and evening and noontide teaching. Integrity, absolute honesty, she enforces as the law of the inner and outer life.

She is wise in the simplicity of her creed and in the thoroughness of her moral code. She will have neither

trick nor evasion, neither cajoleries nor flatteries, where truth is involved. Her aim is, and must be, to not only produce a wholesome offspring physically, but to present worthy citizens to the republic. Whatever may be her progressive or political affinities, her genius, or capabilities of any kind, while she is a mother, her duties as such are paramount to all others.

And here I would caution their painstaking mothers against contracting a forlorn, anxious expression of face; but, on the contrary, doing their best, they should ease off, as it were, in cheerful faith that good will come of it all, and that counter events are beyond their control. Cheerfulness is a help to the virtues and a help to digestion, and a fosterer of good looks and good manners—things not to be despised in a household. Men are driven from home, and children feel it irksome, when the wife and mother seems the supreme spirit of discontent rather than the promoter of cheeriness. Besides, let them remember that there is a natural sweetness in most of children that, somehow or other, by the help of the good Father, comes round all right in the end, even under the most adverse surroundings. Total depravity has a good many loop-holes for escape.

Mothers must not be forever checking their children, but leave much to their ability to think out for themselves and their natural faculties of thinking; perpetual caution and coercion and admonition tires and muddles the young brain. Let her give her commands with dignity, and few children fail to obey. It is better even to give a light slap to an infant than to allow it to kick and scream in a downright tantrum. If he is old enough to do this, he is old enough to learn he has a master. The sooner he is subjected to law, the better for him.

Women are becoming eager for money, and are ambitious of distinction in many ways; but it is to be hoped that as mothers they will not lose sight of the solemn responsibilities of this august relation. It would be a loss to the world, greater than language can describe, if it be deprived of the stately, clear-seeing, and morally grand women of the olden time, such as Lady Russell and the mother of Washington. One such woman as the mother of John Wesley is worth more than "a wilderness of monkeys" such as the fashionable daughters of our day present. I wonder the Methodist Church has not raised a monument to this Roman-like mother of nineteen children. Can any one doubt that the sweet religious fervor of the mother was the inspiration of Charles Wesley in writing some of the most beautiful hymns to be found in any language, coupled with a glowing spiritualism akin to that of Madam Guyon? And can we doubt that the simple moral code which she impressed upon the mind of John was the foundation of his after-life of devotion to the great work which revolutionized the Church as fully as did the reform under Martin Luther? Wesley made his mistakes, as we all do more or less, but few men will bear the sifting of wheat from chaff and come out more rich in wholesome grain.

Hear what this mother said:

"My son, if any course in life weakens your sense of wrong-doing, or deadens your aspiration, that course is *sin* to you, whatever it may be to another."

There are some few simple rules which ought to be im-

pressed upon a child at the earliest opportunity.

It should be taught the good by fear, but by showing it that to the brute and the uncivilized who, in order to do this, sat at the special observance of the morning to her four young boys shall only eat bread and drink you strong enough to practice generally they all joined with the conditions observed.

Once the little boys, all united to a party of children, and when all dainties the two boys took informed the hostess that they day. She suggested that on no harm to eat as the other young heroes declined every item.

On returning home they were dainties; "but," interposed, "I think we ought to save up nice afterward, do you, Sid?" Then to a neighboring child to whom "In after-years, this boy, grew a series of untoward events, as was totally innocent, as all knew his character. He suffered to swerve from his integrity. Once he was offered indemnity, in the office, and money also to a large criminate parties politically of time; but his answer was true they want a perjured scoundrel else for him—I am not the man.

The slightest variation from corrected. The child should face to the truth, that falsehood would should recoil from the mean unworthy of the character of virtue, once planted in the foundation for all other manly

He should be taught the inviolability of a promise, and must be kept.

Punctuality must be insisted waste our own time, far less that the railroad comes in in aid of and tide, which wait for no man.

There are lesser virtues of priety of manner belonging to to enhance the comfort of those not to be neglected. The strict manners of three hundred requirements of our day.

I would train a child to that of others that would forbid the peelings of an apple or an by might slip at the hazard of him to keep expressions of

necessities of every kind religiously in the background. He should learn that, while the aims of life should be high and pure, all the virtues should manifest themselves in an attractive light; the beautiful being the essence of all truth, all goodness, all that is lasting and immortal in man, should be reverently cultivated as a part of each and all.

E. O. S.

Failure.—Some rare and fortune-favored mortals live their threescore years and ten through one long train of successes, ceaselessly sunning themselves in the light and heat of triumph; others, all unblessed and all too common, spend their days in a dismal succession of failures—a succession of petty, insignificant failures, which only sour and embitter us slowly by their perpetual recurrence; or a succession of ruinous, heart-breaking failures, one only of which were enough to mar all the beauty of a life-time, whether it came at the beginning of the struggle, to deaden forever all after-sense of pain or pleasure; or just in the heat of the battle, to hasten age and rob life's summer-time of its glory, as the chill wind of autumn lays bare the branches; or at the very end of a beautiful, crowded existence, to show, before the sleep and the forgetting, a life-work crumbled to dust.

How many famous men, how many men of genius, how many men whose names the world will not let die, have lived these disappointing, unsuccessful lives, in spite of gifted natures, splendid talents, wonderful powers! A Swift ceaselessly warring against the world, forever looking at happiness through other men's eyes; a Mme. de Staël with, at the very end, "not one of her capabilities developed to the utmost, except that of suffering;" a Dante wandering sorrow-stricken and poor and exiled over the face of the earth, and making his bitter cry, "*Come è duro calle!*" How hard indeed their path to these, and strangely many besides, whose stories, as the great names of the world, have come down to us!

But what shall be said of the countless struggling, everyday, commonplace men and women who day after day battle with misfortune, year after year stand face to face with defeat and loss and ruin, the histories of whose lives are unrecorded, at all events on earth? We are running against them every hour, while we are wasting our pity on the happy, restful dead; the weary, hopeless-eyed, sad-faced individuals who do not understand the meaning of the word success, who have not known what happiness is, who have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, whose constant companion has been misfortune from their very cradles, whom failure will accompany to their very graves! Vainly they struggle and cry out against the hardships and the woe and the injustice of their fate, or bravely they stifle their miseries deep down in

—"hearts that break, and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses."

till sooner or later they at last find fortune smiling at them through the gate of death, and stretch forth eager hands to touch her beckoning fingers.

The very word failure—under which heading, indeed, one might class the whole sum of human misery—though it

stand merely as the record of the most trifling loss or disappointment, is full of bitterness. Indeed, those trifling disappointments and losses, those mere little withered blades of grass and fallen leaves in the great forest of our life, are often even harder to bear than the great devastating, desolating shocks which come upon some of us, and darken all the color of our days. For there is a certain excitement after the news of panic, crash, and ruin, a necessity for instant action and strenuous exertion in the very fact of having to begin life again—of having to leave the dear old home, and bid farewell to all the loved, familiar places—of having to find out the best thing to be done, and to do it—which help, in spite of ourselves, to soften the blow. But when you miss your train, your dress doesn't fit, your dinner is badly cooked—there you are; there is nothing for it but uncontrollable vexation of spirit and unalleviated bitterness of soul.

Proportionately gigantic failures begin with earliest childhood, and fall no less heavily there than on enduring manhood. When every day is as a life-time, and the nursery the world, the sudden crash of a huge tower of bricks, built up with cautious tiny figures through a long morning, means a sense of utter ruin and despair for an hour afterward. The escape of a great bright butterfly, the ever fruitlessness of the search for fairies, the discovery of Birdie lying dead in the bottom of his cage, the sudden and total disappearance of the Persian kitten—all these are failures huge and bitter to the sufferers. Napoleon eating his heart out in St. Helena, Columbus sickening day after day for a sight of land, Eugenie de Guérin dying of her brother's loss and her baffled hopes of letting the world know him as she knew him, can have had no greater sense of defeated aims and shattered dreams than these. And who shall measure the bitterness of her sense of failure to the clever little girl, the head of her class, who just loses the prize she has been striving to gain through the whole year?—to the captain of the school, who finds himself worsted in the great fight with the bully?—to the reading and undergraduate who, after working for the whole of the "long," is plucked for his "Little Go," or to the boating undergraduate who discovers his boat to be nowhere on the Cam or the Isis? The pain may not be as enduring; comfort and oblivion may gather round more readily; but the immediate sense of failure must be altogether as great as that of a Cœur de Lion weeping in sight of beautiful, never-to-be-conquered Jerusalem, of a Joan of Arc bound to the stake instead of leading victorious armies, of a Prince Charlie hiding among the mountains after Culloden.

And so with all the failures of everyday-life. You give a party, and ask all the nicest people in town, make your rooms a fairyland with flowers and dim, sweet lights, provide enchanting music and daintiest foods, see every detail arranged to perfection and carried out without a hitch; and then, at length, when your last guest has departed, you and your husband are left looking blankly at one another, and wondering vaguely what made it all so unspeakably slow! Was it because those A's always bring an element of discord with them? Was it because nothing goes off really well now without the B's? Was it because your pretty, carefully-flower-bedecked rooms had been just too empty or just too

